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THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES,

A

FOUNDLING.

VOL. III.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

——Mores hominum multorum vidit——

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THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the History goes forward about twelve Hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing Instructions very necessary to be perused by modern Critics.

READER, it is impossible we should know what Sort of Person thou wilt be: For, perhaps, thou may'st be as learned in human Nature as *Shakespear* himself was; and, perhaps, thou may'st be no wiser than some of his Editors. Now lest this latter should be the Case, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholesome Admonitions; that thou may'st not as grossly misunder-

ſtand and miſrepreſent us, as ſome of the ſaid Editors have miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented their Author.

Firſt, then, we warn thee not too haſtily to condemn any of the incidents in this our Hiſtory, as impertinent and foreign to our main Deſign, becauſe thou doſt not immediately conceive in what Manner ſuch Incident may conduce to that Deſign. This Work may, indeed, be conſidered as a great Creation of our own; and for a little Reptile of a Critic to preſume to find Fault with any of its Parts, without knowing the Manner in which the Whole is connected, and before he comes to the final Cataſtrophe, is a moſt preſumptuous Abſurdity. The Alluſion and Metaphor we have here made uſe of, we muſt acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our Occaſion; but there is, indeed, no other which is at all adequate to expreſs the Difference between an Author of the firſt Rate, and a Critic of the loweſt.

Another Caution we would give thee, my good Reptile, is, that thou doſt not find out too near a Reſemblance between certain Characters here introduced; as for Inſtance, between the Landlady who appears in the Seventh Book, and her in the Ninth. Thou art to know, Friend, that there are certain Characteriſtics, in which moſt Individuals of every Profeſſion and Occupation agree. To be able to preſerve theſe Characteriſtics, and at the ſame Time to diverſify their Operations, is one Talent of a good Writer. Again, to mark the nice Diſtinction between two Perſons actuated by the ſame Vice or Folly, is another; and as this laſt Talent is found in very few Writers, ſo is the true Diſcernment

of

of it found in as few Readers; though, I believe, the Obſervation of this forms a very principal Pleaſure in thoſe who are capable of the Diſcovery: Every Perſon, for Inſtance, can diſtinguiſh between Sir *Epicure Mammon*, and Sir *Fopling Flutter*; but to note the Difference between Sir *Fopling Flutter* and Sir *Courtly Nice*, requires a more exquiſite Judgment: For want of which, vulgar Spectators of Plays very often do great Injuſtice in the Theatre; where I have ſometimes known a Poet in Danger of being convicted as a Thief, upon much worſe Evidence than the Reſemblance of Hands hath been held to be in the Law. In reality, I apprehende very amorous Widow on the Stage would run the Hazard of being condemned as a ſervile Imitation of *Dido*, but that happily very few of our Play-houſe Critics underſtand enough of *Latin* to read *Virgil*.

In the next Place, we muſt admoniſh thee, my worthy Friend (for, perhaps, thy Heart may be better than thy Head) not to condemn a Character as a bad one, becauſe it is not perfectly a good one. If thou doſt delight in theſe Models of Perfection, there are Books enow written to gratify thy Taſte; but as we have not, in the Courſe of our Converſation, ever happened to meet with any ſuch Perſon, we have not choſen to introduce any ſuch here. To ſay the Truth, I a little queſtion whether mere Man ever arrived at this conſummate Degree of Excellence, as well as whether there hath ever exiſted a Monſter bad enough to verify that

——*nulla virtute redemptum*
A vitiis——*

* Whoſe Vices are not allayed with a ſingle Virtue.

in *Juvenal:* Nor do I, indeed, conceive the good Purpoſes ſerved by inſerting Characters of ſuch angelic Perfection, or ſuch diabolical Depravity, in any Work of Invention: Since from contemplating either, the Mind of Man is more likely to be overwhelmed with Sorrow and Shame, than to draw any good Uſes from ſuch Patterns; for in the former Inſtance he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a Pattern of Excellence, in his Nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and in contemplating the latter, he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy Senſations, at ſeeing the Nature, of which he is a Partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a Creature.

In Fact, if there be enough of Goodneſs in a Character to engage the Admiration and Affection of a well-diſpoſed Mind, though there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little Blemiſhes, *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our Compaſſion rather than our Abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral Uſe than the Imperfections which are ſeen in Examples of this Kind; ſince ſuch form a Kind of Surpriſe, more apt to affect and dwell upon our Minds, than the Faults of very vicious and wicked Perſons. The Foibles and Vices of Men in whom there is great Mixture of Good, become more glaring Objects, from the Virtues which contraſt them, and ſhew their Deformity; and when we find ſuch Vices attended with their evil Conſequence to our favourite Characters, we are not only taught to ſhun them for our own Sake, but to hate them for the Miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

And

And now, my Friend, having given you theſe few Admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our Hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

Containing the Arrival of an Iriſh *Gentleman, with very extraordinary Adventures which enſued at the Inn.*

NOW the little trembling Hare, which the Dread of all her numerous Enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous Animal, Man, had confined all the Day to her Lurking-places, ſports wantonly o'er the Lawns: Now on ſome hollow Tree the Owl, ſhrill Choriſter of the Night, hoots forth Notes which might charm the Ears of ſome modern Connoiſſeurs in Muſick: Now in the Imagination of the half-drunk Clown, as he ſtaggers through the Church-yard, or rather Charnel-yard, to his Home, Fear paints the bloody Hobgoblin: Now Thieves and Ruffians are awake, and honeſt Watchmen faſt aſleep. In plain *Engliſh*, it was now Midnight; and the Company at the Inn, as well as thoſe who have been already mentioned in this Hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the Evening, were all in Bed. Only *Suſan* the Chambermaid was now ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the Kitchen, before ſhe retired to the Arms of the fond expecting Hoſtler

In this Poſture were Affairs at the Inn, when a Gentleman arrived there Poſt. He immediately alighted from his Horſe, and coming up to *Suſan*, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed Manner, being almoſt out of Breath with

Eagerneſs, whether there was any Lady in the Houſe. The Hour of Night, and the Behaviour of the Man, who ſtared very wildly all the Time, a little ſurprized *Suſan*, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any Anſwer: Upon which the Gentleman, with redoubled Eagerneſs, begged her to give him a true Information, ſaying, he had loſt his Wife, and was come in Purſuit of her.

'Upon my Shoul,' cries he, 'I have been near 'catching her already in two or three Places, if 'I had not found her gone juſt as I came up with 'her. If ſhe be in the Houſe, do carry me up in 'the Dark and ſhew her to me; and if ſhe be 'gone away before me, do tell me which Way 'I ſhall go after her to meet her, and upon my 'Shoul, I will make you the richeſt poor Woman 'in the Nation.' He then pulled out a Handful of Guineas, a Sight which would have bribed Perſons of much greater Conſequence than this poor Wretch, to much worſe Purpoſes.

Suſan, from the Account ſhe had received of Mrs. *Waters*, made not the leaſt Doubt but that ſhe was the very identical Stray whom the right Owner purſued. As ſhe concluded, therefore, with great Appearance of Reaſon, that ſhe never could get Money in an honeſter Way than by reſtoring a Wife to her Huſband, ſhe made no Scruple of aſſuring the Gentleman, that the Lady he wanted was then in the Houſe; and was preſently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal Promiſes, and ſome Earneſt paid into her Hands) to conduct him to the Bed-chamber of Mrs. *Waters*.

It hath been a Cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite World, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial

ſtantial Reaſons, that a Huſband ſhall never enter his Wife's Apartment without firſt knocking at the Door. The many excellent Uſes of this Cuſtom need ſcarce be hinted to a Reader who hath any Knowledge of the World: For by this Means the Lady hath Time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable Object out of the Way; for there are ſome Situations, in which nice and delicate Women would not be diſcovered by their Huſbands.

To ſay the Truth, there are ſeveral Ceremonies inſtituted among the poliſhed Part of Mankind, which, though they may, to coarſer Judgments, appear as Matters of mere Form, are found to have much of Subſtance in them, by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the Cuſtom above mentioned been obſerved by our Gentlemen in the preſent Inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the Door, but not with one of thoſe gentle Raps which is uſual on ſuch Occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the Door locked, he flew at it with ſuch Violence, that the Lock immediately gave way, the Door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the Room.

He had no ſooner recovered his Legs, than forth from the Bed, upon his Legs likewiſe appeared———with Shame and Sorrow are we obliged to proceed———our Hero himſelf, who, with a menacing Voice, demanded of the Gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open his Chamber in that outrageous Manner.

The Gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a Miſtake, and was going to aſk Pardon and retreat, when, on a ſudden, as the Moon

ſhone very bright, he caſt his Eyes on Stays, Gowns, Petticoats, Caps, Ribbons, Stockings, Garters, Shoes, Clogs, *&c.* all which lay in a diſordered Manner on the Floor. All theſe operating on the natural Jealouſy of his Temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all Power of Speech; and, without returning any Anſwer to *Jones*, he endeavoured to approach the Bed.

Jones immediately interpoſing, a fierce Contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to Blows on both Sides. And now Mrs. *Waters* (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame Bed) being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her Sleep, and ſeeing two Men fighting in her Bedchamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent Manner, crying out Murder! Robbery! and more frequently Rape! which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe Words of Exclamation are uſed by Ladies in a Fright, as Fa, la, la, ra, da, *&c.* are in Muſick only as the Vehicles of Sound, and without any fixed Ideas.

Next to the Lady's Chamber was depoſited the Body of an *Iriſh* Gentleman, who arrived too late at the Inn to have been mentioned before. This Gentleman was one of thoſe whom the *Iriſh* call a Calabalaro, or Cavalier. He was a younger Brother of a good Family, and having no Fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: For which Purpoſe he was proceeding to the *Bath* to try his Luck with Cards and the Women.

This young Fellow lay in Bed reading one of Mrs. *Behn*'s Novels; for he had been inſtructed by a Friend, that he would find no more effectual Method of recommending himſelf to the Ladies than the improving his Underſtanding, and filling his

his Mind with good Literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the violent Uproar in the next Room, than he leapt from his Bolſter, and taking his Sword in one Hand, and the Candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs. *Waters*'s Chamber.

If the Sight of another Man in his Shirt at firſt added ſome Shock to the Decency of the Lady, it made her preſently Amends by conſiderably abating her Fears; for no ſooner had the Calabalaro enter'd the Room, than he cry'd out, 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, what the Devil is the *Maning* 'of this?' Upon which the other immediately anſwered, 'O, Mr. *Macklachlan*, I am rejoiced 'you are here:—This Villain hath debauched 'my Wife, and is got into Bed with her.'—'What Wife?' cries *Macklachlan*, 'do not I 'know Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very well, and don't I 'ſee that the Lady, whom the Gentleman who 'ſtands here in his Shirt is lying in Bed with, 'is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the Glimpſe he had of the Lady, as by her Voice, which might have been diſtinguiſhed at a greater Diſtance than he now ſtood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate Miſtake, began to aſk many Pardons of the Lady; and then turning to *Jones*, he ſaid, 'I would have you take Notice I 'do not aſk your Pardon, for you have *bate* me; 'for which I am reſolved to have your Blood in 'the Morning.'

Jones treated this Menace with much Contempt; and Mr. *Macklachlan* anſwered, 'Indeed, 'Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, you may be aſhamed of your 'ownſelf, to diſturb People at this Time of 'Night; If all the People in the Inn were not

'asleep, you would have awakened them as you 'have me. The Gentleman has ſerved you very 'rightly. Upon my Conſcience, tho' I have no 'Wife, if you had treated her ſo, I would have 'cut your Throat.'

Jones was ſo confounded with his Fears for his Lady's Reputation, that he knew neither what to ſay or do; but the Invention of Women is, as hath been obſerved, much readier than that of Men. She recollected that there was a Communication between her Chamber and that of Mr. *Jones*; relying, therefore, on his Honour and her own Aſſurance, ſhe anſwered, 'I know not what 'you mean, Villains! I am Wife to none of 'you. Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!'—And now the Landlady coming into the Room, Mrs. *Waters* fell upon her with the utmoſt Virulence, ſaying, 'She thought herſelf in a ſober Inn, and 'not in a Bawdy-houſe; but that a Set of Vil-'lains had broke into her Room, with an Intent 'upon her Honour, if not upon her Life; and 'both, ſhe ſaid, were equally dear to her.'

The Landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor Woman in Bed had done before. She cry'd, 'She was undone, and that the Reputation 'of her Houſe, which was never blown upon 'before, was utterly deſtroyed.' Then turning to the Men, ſhe cry'd, 'What, in the Devil's 'Name, is the Reaſon of all this Diſturbance in 'the Lady's Room?' *Fitzpatrick*, hanging down his Head, repeated, 'that he had committed a 'Miſtake, for which he heartily aſked Pardon,' and then retired with his Countrymen. *Jones*, who was too ingenious to have miſſed the Hint given him by his Fair-One, boldly aſſerting, 'That he had run to her Aſſiſtance upon hearing

'the

'the Door broke open; with what Deſign he 'could not conceive, unleſs of robbing the Lady; 'which if they intended, he ſaid, he had the 'good Fortune to prevent.' 'I never had a 'Robbery committed in my Houſe ſince I have 'kept it,' cries the Landlady: 'I wou'd have 'you to know, Sir, I harbour no Highwaymen 'here; I ſcorn the Word, thof I ſay it. None 'but honeſt, good Gentlefolks, are welcome to 'my Houſe; and, I thank good Luck, I have 'always had enow of ſuch Cuſtomers; indeed 'as many as I could entertain. Here hath been 'my Lord ——' and then ſhe repeated over a Catalogue of Names and Titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a Breach of Privilege by inſerting.

Jones, after much Patience, at length interrupted her, by making an Apology to Mrs. *Waters*, for having appeared before her in his Shirt, aſſuring her, 'That nothing but a Concern for 'her Safety could have prevailed on him to do it.' The Reader may inform himſelf of her Anſwer, and, indeed, of her whole Behaviour to the End of the Scene, by conſidering the Situation which ſhe affected, it being that of a modeſt Lady, who was awakened out of her Sleep by three ſtrange Men in her Chamber. This was the Part which ſhe undertook to perform; and, indeed, ſhe executed it ſo well, that none of our Theatrical Actreſſes could exceed her, in any of their Performances, either on or off the Stage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an Argument, to prove how extremely natural Virtue is to the Fair Sex: For tho' there is not, perhaps, one in ten thouſand who is capable of making a good Actreſs; and even among theſe

we rarely ſee two who are equally able to perſonate the ſame Character; yet this of Virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well thoſe Individuals who have it not, as thoſe who poſſeſs it, can all act it to the utmoſt Degree of Perfection.

When the Men were all departed, Mrs. *Waters* recovering from her Fear, recovered likewiſe from her Anger, and ſpoke in much gentler Accents to the Landlady, who did not ſo readily quit her Concern for the Reputation of her Houſe, in Favour of which ſhe began again to number the many great Perſons who had ſlept under her Roof; but the Lady ſtopt her ſhort, and having abſolutely acquitted her of not having had any Share in the paſt Diſturbance, begged to be left to her Repoſe, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped to enjoy unmoleſted during the Remainder of the Night. Upon which the Landlady, after much Civility, and many Court'ſies, took her Leave.

CHAP. III.

A Dialogue between the Landlady and Suſan *the Chambermaid, proper to be read by all Inn-keepers and their Servants; with the Arrival and affable Behaviour of a beautiful young Lady; which may teach Perſons of Condition how they may acquire the Love of the whole World.*

THE Landlady remembering that *Suſan* had been the only Perſon out of Bed when the Door was burſt open, reſorted preſently to her, to enquire into the firſt Occaſion of the Diſturbance, as well as who the ſtrange Gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Suſan

Suſan related the whole Story which the Reader knows already, varying the Truth only in ſome Circumſtances, as ſhe ſaw convenient, and totally concealing the Money which ſhe had received. But whereas her Miſtreſs had in the Preface to her Enquiry ſpoken much in Compaſſion for the Fright which the Lady had been in, concerning any intended Depredations on her Virtue, *Suſan* could not help endeavouring to quiet the Concern which her Miſtreſs ſeemed to be under on that Account, by ſwearing heartily ſhe ſaw *Jones* leap out from her Bed.

The Landlady fell into a violent Rage at theſe Words. 'A likely Story truly,' cried ſhe, 'that 'a Woman ſhould cry out, and endeavour to 'expoſe herſelf, if that was the Caſe! I deſire to 'know what better Proof any Lady can give of 'her Virtue than her crying out, which, I be-'lieve, twenty People can witneſs for her ſhe 'did? I beg, Madam, you would ſpread no ſuch 'Scandal of any of my Gueſts: For it will not 'only reflect on them, but upon the Houſe; and 'I am ſure no Vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly 'People come here.'

'Well,' ſays *Suſan*, 'then I muſt not believe 'my own Eyes.' 'No, indeed, muſt you not 'always,' anſwered her Miſtreſs; 'I would not 'have believed my own Eyes againſt ſuch good 'Gentlefolks. I have not had a better Supper 'ordered this half Year than they ordered laſt 'Night; and ſo eaſy and good-humoured were 'they, that they found no Fault with my *Wor-'ceſterſhire* Perry, which I ſold them for *Cham-'pagne*; and to be ſure it is as well taſted, and 'as wholeſome as the beſt *Champagne* in the 'Kingdom, otherwiſe I would ſcorn to give it 'em.

'and

'and they drank me two Bottles. No, no, I will 'never believe any Harm of ſuch ſober good Sort 'of People.'

Suſan being thus ſilenced, her Miſtreſs proceeded to other Matters. 'And ſo you tell me,' continued ſhe, 'that the ſtrange Gentleman came 'Poſt, and there is a Footman without with the 'Horſes; why then, he is certainly ſome of 'your great Gentlefolks too. Why did not 'you aſk him whether he'd have any Supper? 'I think he is in the other Gentleman's Room; 'go up and aſk whether he called. Perhaps he'll 'order ſomething when he finds any Body ſtirring 'in the Houſe to dreſs it. Now don't commit 'any of your uſual Blunders, by telling him the 'Fire's out, and the Fowls alive. And if he 'ſhould order Mutton, don't blab out, that we 'have none. The Butcher, I know, killed a 'Sheep juſt before I went to Bed, and he never 'refuſes to cut it up warm when I deſire it. Go, 'remember there's all Sorts of Mutton and 'Fowls; go, open the Door, with, *Gentlemen, d'ye call*; and if they ſay nothing, aſk what his 'Honour will be pleaſed to have for Supper. 'Don't forget his Honour. Go; if you don't 'mind all theſe Matters better, you'll never come 'to any Thing.'

Suſan departed, and ſoon returned with an Account, that the two Gentlemen were got both into the ſame Bed. 'Two Gentlemen,' ſays the Landlady, 'in the ſame Bed! that's im-'poſſible; they are two arrant Scrubs, I warrant 'them; and, I believe, young Squire *Allworthy* 'gueſſed right, that the Fellow intended to rob 'her Ladyſhip: For if he had broke open the 'Lady's Door with any of the wicked Deſigns

of

'of a Gentleman, he would never have ſneaked 'away to another Room to ſave the Expence of a 'Supper and a Bed to himſelf. They are cer-'tainly Thieves, and their ſearching after a Wife 'is nothing but a Pretence.'

In theſe Cenſures, my Landlady did Mr. *Fitz-patrick* great Injuſtice; for he was really born a Gentleman, though not worth a Groat; and though, perhaps, he had ſome few Blemiſhes in his Heart as well as in his Head, yet being a ſneaking or a niggardly Fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was ſo generous a Man, that whereas he had received a very handſome Fortune with his Wife, he had now ſpent every Penny of it, except ſome little Pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this, he had uſed her with ſuch Cruelty, that together with his Jealouſy, which was of the bittereſt Kind, it had forced the poor Woman to run away from him.

This Gentleman then being well tired with his long Journey from *Cheſter* in one Day, with which, and ſome good dry Blows he had received in the Scuffle, his Bones were ſo ſore, that added to the Soreneſs of his Mind, it had quite deprived him of any Appetite for eating. And being now ſo violently diſappointed in the Woman, whom, at the Maid's Inſtance, he had miſtaken for his Wife, it never once entered into his Head, that ſhe might nevertheleſs be in the Houſe, though he had erred in the firſt Perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the Diſſuaſions of his Friend from ſearching any farther after her that Night, and accepted the kind Offer of Part of his Bed.

The

The Footman and Poſt-boy were in a different Diſpoſition. They were more ready to order, than the Landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real Truth of the Caſe, and that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was no Thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold Meat before them, which they were devouring with great Greedineſs, when *Partridge* came into the Kitchen. He had been firſt awaked by the Hurry which we have before ſeen; and while he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his Pillow, a Screech Owl had given him ſuch a Serenade at his Window, that he leapt in a moſt horrible Affright from his Bed, and huddling on his Clothes with great Expedition, ran down to the Protection of the Company, whom he heard talking below in the Kitchen.

His Arrival detained my Landlady from returning to her Reſt: For ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two Gueſts to the Care of *Suſan*; but the Friend of young Squire *Allworthy* was not to be ſo neglected, eſpecially as he called for a Pint of Wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame Quantity of Perry to the Fire: For this readily anſwered to the Name of every Kind of Wine.

The *Iriſh* Footman was retired to Bed, and the Poſt-boy was going to follow; but *Partridge* invited him to ſtay, and partake of his Wine, which the Lad very thankfully accepted. The Schoolmaſter was indeed afraid to return to Bed by himſelf; and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the Company of my Landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that of the Boy, in whoſe Preſence he apprehended no Danger from the Devil or any of his Adherents.

And

And now arrived another Poſt-boy at the Gate, upon which *Suſan*, being ordered out, returned, introducing two young Women in Riding-habits, one of which was ſo very richly laced, that *Partridge* and the Poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their Chairs, and my Landlady fell to her Court'ſies, and her Ladyſhips, with great Eagerneſs.

The Lady in the rich Habit ſaid, with a Smile of great Condeſcenſion, 'If you will give me 'Leave, Madam, I will warm myſelf a few Mi-'nutes at your Kitchen Fire; for it is really very 'cold; but I muſt inſiſt on diſturbing no one 'from his Seat.' This was ſpoken on Account of *Partridge*, who had retreated to the other End of the Room, ſtruck with the utmoſt Awe and Aſtoniſhment at the Splendor of the Lady's Dreſs. Indeed ſhe had a much better Title to Reſpect than this: For ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful Creatures in the World.

The Lady earneſtly deſired *Partridge* to return to his Seat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her Gloves, and diſplayed to the Fire two Hands, which had every Property of Snow in them, except that of melting. Her Companion, who was indeed her Maid, likewiſe pulled off her Gloves, and diſcovered what bore an exact Reſemblance, in Cold and Colour, to a Piece of frozen Beef.

'I wiſh, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your 'Ladyſhip would not think of going any farther 'to-night. I am terribly afraid your Ladyſhip 'will not be able to bear the Fatigue.'

'Why ſure,' cries the Landlady, 'her Lady-'ſhip's Honour can never intend it. O bleſs me, 'farther to-night indeed! Let me beſeech your 'Ladyſhip not to think on't.———But to be

'ſure,

'ſure, your Ladyſhip can't. What will your 'Honour be pleaſed to have for Supper? I have 'Mutton of all Kinds, and ſome nice Chicken.'

'I think, Madam,' ſaid the Lady, 'it would 'be rather Breakfaſt than Supper; but I can't 'eat any Thing; and if I ſtay, ſhall only lie 'down for an Hour or two. However, if you 'pleaſe, Madam, you may get me a little Sack-'whey, made very ſmall and thin.'

'Yes, Madam,' cries the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, 'I have ſome excellent White-wine.' 'You 'have no Sack then?' ſays the Lady. 'Yes, an't 'pleaſe your Honour, I have; I may challenge 'the Country for that—But let me beg your 'Ladyſhip to eat ſomething.'

'Upon my Word, I can't eat a Morſel,' anſwered the Lady; 'and I ſhall be much obliged 'to you, if you will pleaſe to get my Apartment 'ready as ſoon as poſſible: For I am reſolved to 'be on Horſeback again in three Hours.'

'Why, *Suſan*,' cries the Landlady, 'is there 'a Fire lit yet in the *Wild-gooſe*?——I am ſorry, 'Madam, all my beſt Rooms are full. Several 'People of the firſt Quality are now in Bed.— 'Here's a great young Squire, and many other 'great Gentlefolks of Quality.'

Suſan anſwered, 'That the *Iriſh* Gentlemen 'were got into the *Wild-gooſe*.'

'Was ever any Thing like it!' ſays the Miſtreſs; 'why the Devil would you not keep ſome 'of the beſt Rooms for the Quality, when you 'know ſcarce a Day paſſes without ſome calling 'here?——If they be Gentlemen, I am certain, 'when they know it is for her Ladyſhip, they will 'get up again.'

'Not

'Not upon my Account,' ſays the Lady; 'I 'will have no Perſon diſturbed for me. If you 'have a Room that is commonly decent, it will 'ſerve me very well, though it be never ſo plain. 'I beg, Madam, you will not give yourſelf ſo 'much Trouble on my Account.' 'O, Madam, cries the other, 'I have ſeveral very good Rooms 'for that Matter, but none good enough for 'your Honour's Ladyſhip. However, as you are 'ſo condeſcending to take up with the beſt I have, 'do, *Suſan*, get a Fire in the *Roſe* this Minute. 'Will your Ladyſhip be pleaſed to go up now, or 'ſtay till the Fire is lighted?' 'I think I have 'ſufficiently warmed myſelf,' anſwered the Lady; 'ſo if you pleaſe I will go now. I am afraid 'I have kept People, and particularly that Gen-'tleman (meaning *Partridge*) too long in the 'Cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think 'of keeping any Perſon from the Fire this dread-'ful Weather.' She then departed with her Maid, the Landlady marching with two lighted Candles before her.

When that good Woman returned, the Converſation in the Kitchen was all upon the Charms of the young Lady. There is indeed in perfect Beauty a Power which none almoſt can withſtand: For my Landlady, though ſhe was not pleaſed at the Negative given to the Supper declared ſhe had never ſeen ſo lovely a Creature. *Partridge* ran out into the moſt extravagant Encomiums on her Face, though he could not refrain from paying ſome Compliments to the Gold Lace on her Habit: The Poſt-boy ſung forth the Praiſes of her Goodneſs, which were likewiſe echoed by the other Poſt-boy, who was now come in. 'She is a true good Lady, I warrant

'her,'

'her,' says he: 'for she hath Mercy upon dumb 'Creatures; for she asked me every now and then 'upon the Journey, if I did not think she should 'hurt the Horses by riding too fast; and when 'she came in, she charged me to give them as 'much Corn as ever they would eat.

Such Charms are there in Affability, and so sure is it to attract the Praises of all Kinds of People. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. *Hussey**. It is equally sure to set off every Female Perfection to the highest Advantage, and to palliate and conceal every Defect. A short Reflection which we could not forbear making in this Place, where my Reader hath seen the Loveliness of an affable Deportment; and Truth will now oblige us to contrast it, by shewing the Reverse.

CHAP. IV.

Containing infallible Nostrums for procuring universal Disesteem and Hatred.

THE Lady had no sooner laid herself on her Pillow, than the Waiting-woman returned to the Kitchen to regale with some of those Dainties which her Mistress had refused.

The Company, at her Entrance, shewed her the same Respect which they had before paid to her Mistress, by rising; but she forgot to imitate her, by desiring them to sit down again. Indeed it was scarce possible they should have done so: For she placed her Chair in such a Posture, as to occupy almost the whole Fire. She then ordered a Chicken to be broiled that Instant, declaring if it was not ready in a Quarter of an

* A celebrated Mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for setting off the Shapes of Women.

Hour,

Hour, ſhe would not ſtay for it. Now though the ſaid Chicken was then at Rooſt in the Stable, and required the ſeveral Ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the Gridiron, my Landlady would nevertheleſs have undertaken to do all within the Time; but the Gueſt being unfortunately admitted behind the Scenes, muſt have been Witneſs to the *Fouberie*; the poor Woman was therefore obliged to confeſs that ſhe had none in the Houſe; 'But, Ma-'dam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can get any Kind of Mutton 'in an Inſtant from the Butcher's.'

'Do you think then,' anſwered the Waiting-Gentlewoman, 'that I have the Stomach of a 'Horſe, to eat Mutton at this Time of Night? 'Sure you People that keep Inns imagine your 'Betters are like yourſelves. Indeed I expected 'to get nothing at this wretched Place. I wonder my Lady would ſtop at it. I ſuppoſe none 'but Tradeſmen and Graziers ever call here.' The Landlady fired at this Indignity offered to her Houſe; however, ſhe ſuppreſſed her Temper, and contended herſelf with ſaying, 'Very good 'Quality frequented it, ſhe thanked Heaven!' 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of Quality! 'I believe I know more of People of Quality than 'ſuch as you.—But, prithee, without troubling 'me with any of your Impertinence, do tell me 'what I can have for Supper; for though I cannot eat Horſe-fleſh, I am really hungry.' 'Why 'truly, Madam,' anſwered the Landlady, 'you 'could not take me again at ſuch a Diſadvantage: For I muſt confeſs, I have nothing in 'the Houſe, unleſs a cold Piece of Beef, which 'indeed a Gentleman's Footman and the Poſt-boy 'have almoſt cleared to the Bone.' 'Woman,'

ſaid

ſaid Mrs. *Abigail*, (ſo for Shortneſs we will call her) 'I intreat you not to make me ſick. If I 'had faſted a Month, I could not eat what had 'been touched by the Fingers of ſuch Fellows: 'Is there nothing neat or decent to be had in this 'horrid Place?' 'What think you of ſome 'Eggs and Bacon, Madam?' ſaid the Landlady. 'Are your Eggs new laid? Are you certain they 'were laid To-day? And let me have the Bacon 'cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure any 'Thing that's groſs.—Prithee try if you can do 'a little tolerably for once, and don't think you 'have a Farmer's Wife, or ſome of thoſe Crea-'tures in the Houſe.'—The Landlady began then to handle her Knife; but the other ſtopt her, ſaying; 'Good Woman, I muſt inſiſt upon your 'firſt waſhing your Hands; for I am extremely 'nice, and have been always uſed from my 'Cradle to have every Thing in the moſt elegant 'Manner.'

The Landlady, who governed herſelf with much Difficulty, began now the neceſſary Preparations; for as to *Suſan*, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch Diſdain that the poor Wench was as hard put to it, to reſtrain her Hands from Violence, as her Miſtreſs had been to hold her Tongue. This indeed *Suſan* did not entirely: For tho' ſhe literally kept it within her Teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-ups, as 'good Fleſh and Blood as yourſelf,' with other ſuch indignant Phraſes.

While the Supper was preparing, Mrs. *Abigail* began to lament ſhe had not ordered a Fire in the Parlour; but ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. 'However,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have Novelty to recom-'mend a Kitchen; for I do not believe I ever eat

'in

'in one before.' Then turning to the Poſt-boys, ſhe aſked them, 'Why they were not in the 'Stable with their Horſes? If I muſt eat my hard 'Fare here, Madam,' cries ſhe to the Landlady, 'I beg the Kitchen may be kept clear, that I may 'not be ſurrounded with all the Black-guards in 'Town. As for you, Sir,' ſays ſhe to *Partridge*, 'you look ſomewhat like a Gentleman, and may 'ſit ſtill if you pleaſe; I don't deſire to diſturb 'any body but Mob.'

'Yes, yes, Madam, cries *Partridge*, I am a 'Gentleman, I do aſſure you, and I am not ſo 'eaſily to be diſturbed. *Non ſemper vox caſualis 'eſt verbo nominativus.*' This *Latin* ſhe took to be ſome Affront, and anſwered, 'You may be a 'Gentleman, Sir, but you don't ſhew yourſelf 'as one, to talk *Latin* to a Woman.' *Partridge* made a gentle Reply, and concluded with more *Latin*; upon which ſhe toſſed up her Noſe, and contented herſelf by abuſing him with the Name of a great Scholar.

The Supper being now on the Table, Mrs. *Abigail* eat very heartily, for ſo delicate a Perſon; and while a ſecond Courſe of the ſame was by her order preparing, ſhe ſaid, 'And ſo, Madam, 'you tell me your Houſe is frequented by People 'of great Quality?'

The Landlady anſwered in the Affirmative, ſaying, 'There was a great many very good 'Quality and Gentlefolks in it now. There's 'young Squire *Allworthy*, as that Gentleman 'there knows.'

'And pray who is this young Gentleman of 'Quality, this young Squire *Allworthy?*' ſaid *Abigail.*

'Who

'Who ſhould he be,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'but 'the Son and Heir of the great Squire *Allworthy*, 'of *Somerſetſhire*.'

'Upon my Word,' ſaid ſhe, 'you tell me 'ſtrange News: For I know Mr. *Allworthy* of '*Somerſetſhire* very well, and I know he hath no 'Son alive.'

The Landlady pricked up her Ears at this, and *Partridge* looked a little confounded. However, after a ſhort Heſitation, he anſwered, 'Indeed, 'Madam, it is true, every body doth not know 'him to be Squire *Allworthy*'s Son; for he was 'never married to his Mother; but his Son he 'certainly is, and will be his Heir too as certainly 'as his Name is *Jones*.' At that Word *Abigail* let drop the Bacon, which ſhe was conveying to her Mouth, and cried out 'You ſurprize me, Sir, 'Is it poſſible Mr. *Jones* ſhould be now in the 'Houſe?' '*Quare non?*' anſwered *Partridge*, 'it is poſſible, and it is certain.'

Abigail now made Haſte to finiſh the Remainder of her Meal, and then repaired back to her Miſtreſs, when the Converſation paſſed, which may be read in the next Chapter.

CHAP V.

Shewing who the amiable Lady, and her unamiable Maid, were.

AS in the Month of *June*, the Damaſk Roſe, which Chance hath planted among the Lilies, with their candid Hue mixes his Vermillion: Or, as ſome playſome Heifer in the pleaſant Month of *May* diffuſes her odoriferous Breath over the flowery Meadows: Or as, in the blooming Month of

of *April*, the gentle, conſtant Dove, perched on ſome fair Bough, ſits meditating on her Mate; ſo looking a hundred Charms, and breathing as many Sweets, her Thoughts being fixed on her *Tommy*, with a Heart as good and innocent, as her Face was beautiful: *Sophia* (for it was ſhe herſelf) lay reclining her lovely Head on her Hand, when her Maid entered the Room, and running directly to the Bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—who doth 'your Ladyſhip think is in the Houſe?' *Sophia* ſtarting up, cried, 'I hope my Father hath not 'overtaken us.' 'No, madam, it is one worth 'a hundred Fathers; Mr. *Jones* himſelf is here at 'this very Inſtant.' 'Mr. *Jones!*' ſays *Sophia*, 'it 'is impoſſible; I cannot be ſo fortunate.' Her Maid averred the Fact, and was preſently detached by her Miſtreſs to order him to be called; for ſhe ſaid ſhe was reſolved to ſee him immediately.

Mrs. *Honour* had no ſooner left the Kitchen in the Manner we have before ſeen, than the Landlady fell ſeverely upon her. The poor Woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul Language for ſome Time; and now it ſcoured out of her Mouth, as Filth doth from a Mud-Cart, when the Board which confines it, is removed. *Partridge* likewiſe, ſhovelled in his Share of Calumny; and, what may ſurpriſe the Reader, not only beſpatter'd the Maid, but attempted to ſully the Lily-white Character of *Sophia* herſelf. 'Never a Barrel the better Herring,' cries he. '*Noſcitur a ſocio*, is a true Saying. It muſt be 'confeſſed indeed that the Lady in the fine Gar'ments is the civiller of the two; but I warrant 'neither of them are a Bit better than they ſhould 'be. A Couple of *Bath* Trulls, I'll anſwer 'for them; your Quality don't ride about at this

'Time o'Night without Servants.' 'Sbodlikins, 'and that's true,' cries the Landlady, 'you have 'certainly hit upon the very Matter; for Quality 'don't come into a House without beſpeaking a 'Supper whether they eat any or no.'

While they were thus diſcourſing, Mrs. *Honor* returned and diſcharged her Commiſſion, by bidding the Landlady immediately wake Mr. *Jones*, and tell him a Lady wanted to ſpeak with him. The Landlady referred her to *Partridge*, ſaying, 'He was the Squire's Friend; but for her Part, 'ſhe never called Men-folks, eſpecially Gentle-'men,' and then walked ſullenly out of the Kitchen. *Honour* applied herſelf to *Partridge*; but he refuſed; 'For my Friend,' cries he, 'went 'to Bed very late, and he would be very angry 'to be diſturbed ſo ſoon.' Mrs. *Honour* inſiſted ſtill to have him called, ſaying, 'She was ſure 'inſtead of being angry, that he would be to the 'higheſt Degree delighted when he knew the 'Occaſion.' 'Another Time, perhaps, he might,' cries *Partridge*; 'but *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. 'One Woman is enough at once for a rea-'ſonable Man.' 'What do you mean by one 'Woman, Fellow?' cries *Honour*. 'None of 'your Fellow,' anſwered *Partridge*. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that *Jones* was in Bed with a Wench, and made uſe of an Expreſſion too indelicate to be here inſerted; which ſo enraged Mrs. *Honour*, that ſhe called him ſaucy Jackanapes, and returned in a violent Hurry to her Miſtreſs, whom ſhe acquainted with the Succeſs of her Errand, and with the Account ſhe had received; which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated, being as angry with *Jones*, as if he had pronounced all the Words that came from the Mouth

of

of *Partridge*. She discharged a Torrent of Abuse on the Master, and advised her Mistress to quit all Thoughts of a Man who had never shewn himself deserving of her. She then ripped up the Story of *Molly Seagrim*, and gave the most malicious Turn to his formerly quitting *Sophia* herself; which, I must confess, the present Incident not a little countenanced.

The Spirits of *Sophia* were too much dissipated by Concern to enable her to stop the Torrent of her Maid. At last, however, she interrupted her, saying, 'I never can believe this; some Villain 'hath belied him. You say you had it from his 'Friend; but surely it is not the Office of a Friend 'to betray such Secrets.' 'I suppose,' cries *Honour*, 'the Fellow is his Pimp, for I never 'saw so ill-looking a Villain. Besides, such pro-'fligate Rakes as Mr. *Jones* are never ashamed of 'these Matters.'

To say the Truth, this Behaviour of *Partridge* was a little inexcusable; but he had not slept off the effect of the Dose which he swallowed the Evening before; which had, in the Morning, received the Addition of above a Pint of Wine, or indeed rather of Malt Spirits; for the Perry was by no Means pure. Now that Part of his Head which Nature designed for the Reservoir of Drink, being very shallow, a small Quantity of Liquor overflowed it, and opened the Sluices of his Heart; so that all the Secrets there deposited run out. These Sluices were indeed naturally very ill secured. To give the best-natured Turn we can to his Disposition, he was a very honest Man; for as he was the most inquisitive of Mortals, and eternally prying into the Secrets of others; so he very faithfully paid them by com-

municating, in Return, every Thing within his Knowlege.

While *Sophia*, tormented with Anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what Reſolution to take, *Suſan* arrived with the Sack-whey. Mrs. *Honour* immediately adviſed her Miſtreſs in a Whiſper, to pump this Wench, who probably could inform her of the Truth. *Sophia* approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, Child, now 'anſwer me truly what I am going to aſk you, 'and I promiſe you I will very well reward you. 'Is there a young Gentleman in this Houſe, a 'handſome young Gentleman that—' Here *Sophia* bluſhed and was confounded——'A young 'Gentleman,' cries *Honour*, 'that came hither 'in Company with that ſaucy Raſcal who is now 'in the Kitchen?' *Suſan* anſwered, 'There was.' —'Do you know any Thing of any Lady?' continues *Sophia*, 'any Lady? I don't aſk you 'whether ſhe is handſome or no; perhaps ſhe is 'not, that's nothing to the Purpoſe; but do you 'know of any Lady?' 'La, Madam,' cries *Honour*, 'you will make a very bad Examiner. 'Harkee, Child,' ſays ſhe, 'is not that very 'young Gentleman now in Bed with ſome naſty 'Trull or other?' Here *Suſan* ſmiled, and was ſilent. 'Anſwer the Queſtion, Child,' ſays *Sophia*, 'and here's a Guinea for you. 'A Guinea! '*Madam*,' cries *Suſan*; 'La, what's a Guinea? 'If my Miſtreſs ſhould know it, I ſhall certainly 'loſe my Place that very Inſtant.' 'Here's an-'other for you,' ſays *Sophia*, 'and I promiſe you 'faithfully your Miſtreſs ſhall never know it.'— *Suſan*, after a very ſhort Heſitation, took the Money, and told the whole Story, concluding with ſaying, 'If you have any great Curioſity,

'Madam,

'Madam, I can ſteal ſoftly into his Room, and 'ſee whether he be in his own Bed or no.' She accordingly did this by *Sophia*'s Deſire, and returned with an Anſwer in the Negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. *Honour* begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of ſo worthleſs a Fellow. 'Why 'there,' ſays *Suſan*, 'I hope, Madam, your 'Ladyſhip won't be offended; but pray, Madam, 'is not your Ladiſhip's Name Madam *Sophia* '*Weſtern*?' 'How is it poſſible you ſhould know 'me?' anſwered *Sophia*. 'Why that Man that 'the Gentlewoman ſpoke of, who is in the Kit-'chen, told about you laſt Night. But I hope 'your Ladyſhip is not angry with me.' 'Indeed, 'Child,' ſaid ſhe, 'I am not; pray tell me all, 'and I promiſe you I'll reward you.' 'Why, 'Madam,' continued *Suſan*, 'that Man told us 'all in the Kitchen, that Madam *Sophia Weſtern* '—Indeed I don't know how to bring it out.'—Here ſhe ſtopt, till having received Encouragement from *Sophia*, and being vehemently preſſed by Mrs. *Honour*, ſhe proceeded thus:—'He told 'us Madam, though to be ſure it is all a Lie, 'that your Ladyſhip was dying for Love of the 'young Squire, and that he was going to the 'Wars to get rid of you. I thought to myſelf 'then he was a falſe-hearted Wretch; but now 'to ſee ſuch a fine, rich, beautiful Lady as you 'be, forſaken for ſuch an ordinary Woman; for 'to be ſure ſo ſhe is, and another Man's Wife 'into the Bargain. It is ſuch a ſtrange unnatural 'Thing, in a Manner.'

Sophia gave her a third Guinea, and telling her ſhe would certainly be her Friend, if ſhe mentioned nothing of what had paſſed, nor informed

any one who ſhe was, diſmiſſed the Girl with Orders to the Poſt-Boy to get the Horſes ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her Maid, ſhe told her truſty Waiting-woman, 'That ſhe never 'was more eaſy than at preſent. I am now con-'vinced,' ſaid ſhe, 'he is not only a Villain, but 'a low, deſpicable Wretch. I can forgive all 'rather than his expoſing my Name in ſo barba-'rous a Manner. That renders him the Object 'of my Contempt. Yes, *Honour*, I am now 'eaſy. I am indeed. I am very eaſy;' and then ſhe burſt into a violent Flood of Tears.

After a ſhort Interval, ſpent chiefly by *Sophia*, in crying and aſſuring her Maid that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, *Suſan* arrived with an Account that the Horſes were ready, when a very extraordinary Thought ſuggeſted itſelf to our young Heroine, by which Mr. *Jones* would be acquainted with her having been at the Inn, in a Way, which if any Sparks of Affection for her remained in him, would be ſome Puniſhment, at leaſt, for his Faults.

The Reader will be pleaſed to remember a little Muff, which hath had the Honour of being more than once remembered already in this Hiſtory. This Muff, ever ſince the Departure of Mr. *Jones*, had been the conſtant Companion of *Sophia* by Day, and her Bedfellow by Night; and this Muff ſhe had at this very Inſtant upon her Arm; whence ſhe took it off with great Indignation, and having writ her Name with her Pencil upon a Piece of Paper, which ſhe pinned to it, ſhe bribed the Maid to convey it into the empty Bed of Mr. *Jones*, in which, if he did not find it,

ſhe

ſhe charged her to take ſome Method of conveying it before his Eyes in the Morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. *Honour* had eaten, in which Bill was included an Account for what ſhe herſelf might have eaten, ſhe mounted her Horſe, and once more aſſuring her Companion that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, continued her Journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing among other Things, the Ingenuity of Partridge, *the Madneſs of* Jones, *and the Folly of* Fitzpatrick.

IT was now paſt Five in the Morning, and other Company began to riſe and come to the Kitchen, among whom were the Serjeant and the Coachman, who being thoroughly reconciled, made a Libation, or, in the *Engliſh* Phraſe, drank a hearty Cup together.

In this Drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the Behaviour of *Partridge*, who, when the Serjeant drank a Health to King *George*, repeated only the Word King; nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight againſt his own Cauſe, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink againſt it.

Mr. *Jones* being now returned to his own Bed, (but from whence he returned we muſt beg to be excuſed from relating) ſummoned *Partridge* from this agreeable Company, who, after a ceremonious Preface, having obtained Leave to offer his Advice, delivered himſelf as follows:

'It is, Sir, an old Saying, and a true one, 'that a wiſe Man may ſometimes learn Counſel

'from a Fool; I wiſh therefore I might be ſo bold 'as to offer you my Advice, which is to return 'home again, and leave theſe *Horrida Bella*, theſe 'bloody Wars, to Fellows who are contented 'to ſwallow Gunpowder, becauſe they have no-'thing elſe to eat. Now every body knows your 'Honour wants for nothing at Home; when 'that's the Caſe, why ſhould any Man travel 'abroad?'

'*Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'thou art certainly a 'Coward; I wiſh therefore thou would'ſt return 'home thyſelf, and trouble me no more.'

'I aſk your Honour's Pardon,' cries *Partridge*, 'I ſpoke on your Account more than my own; 'for as to me, Heaven knows my Circumſtances 'are bad enough, and I am ſo far from being 'afraid, that I value a Piſtol, or a Blunderbuſs, 'or any ſuch Thing, no more than a Pop-gun. 'Every Man muſt die once, and what ſignifies 'the Manner how; beſides, perhaps, I may come 'off with the loſs only of an Arm or a Leg. I 'aſſure you, Sir, I was never leſs afraid in my 'Life; and ſo if your Honour is reſolved to go 'on, I am reſolved to follow you. But, in that 'Caſe, I wiſh I might give my Opinion. To 'be ſure it is a ſcandalous Way of travelling, 'for a great Gentleman like you to walk afoot. 'Now here are two or three good Horſes in the 'Stable, which the Landlord will certainly make 'no Scruple of truſting you with; but if he 'ſhould, I can eaſily contrive to take them; and 'let the worſt come to the worſt, the King would 'certainly pardon you, as you are going to fight 'in his Cauſe.'

Now as the Honeſty of *Partridge* was equal to his Underſtanding, and both dealt only in ſmall Matters,

Matters, he would never have attempted a Roguery of this Kind, had he not imagined it altogether ſafe; for he was one of thoſe who have more Conſideration of the Gallows than of the Fitneſs of Things; but, in Reality, he thought he might have committed this Felony without any Danger: For, beſides that he doubted not but the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* would ſufficiently quiet the Landlord, he conceived they ſhould be altogether ſafe, whatever turn Affairs might take; as *Jones*, he imagined, would have Friends enough on one Side, and as his Friends would as well ſecure him on the other.

When Mr. *Jones* found that *Partridge* was in earneſt in his Propoſal, he very ſeverely rebuked him, and that in ſuch bitter Terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and preſently turned the Diſcourſe to other Matters, ſaying, he believed they were then in a Bawdy-Houſe, and that he had, with much ado, prevented two Wenches from diſturbing his Honour in the Middle of the Night. 'Heyday!' ſays he, 'I 'believe they got into your Chamber whether I 'would or no; for here lies the Muff of one of 'them on the Ground.' Indeed, as *Jones* returned to his Bed in the Dark, he had never perceived the Muff on the Quilt, and in leaping into his Bed he had tumbled it on the Floor. This *Partridge* now took up, and was going to put it into his Pocket, when *Jones* deſired to ſee it. The Muff was ſo very remarkable, that our Hero might poſſibly have recollected it without the Information annexed. But his Memory was not put to that hard Office; for at the ſame Inſtant he ſaw and read the Words *Sophia Weſtern* upon the Paper which was pinned to it. His Looks now grew

frantick in a Moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'O Heavens, how came this Muff here!' 'I 'know no more than your Honour,' cries *Partridge*; 'but I saw it upon the Arm of one of 'the Women who would have disturbed you, if I 'would have suffered them.' 'Where are they?' cries *Jones*, jumping out of Bed, and laying hold of his Clothes. 'Many Miles off, I believe, by 'this Time,' said *Partridge*. And now *Jones*, upon further Enquiry, was sufficiently assured that the Bearer of this Muff was no other than the lovely *Sophia* herself.

The Behaviour of *Jones* on this Occasion, his Thoughts, his Looks, his Words, his Actions, were such as *beggar all Description*. After many bitter Execrations on *Partridge*, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor Fellow, who was frightened out of his Wits, to run down and hire him Horses at any Rate; and a very few Minutes afterwards, having shuffled on his Clothes, he hastened down Stairs to execute the Orders himself, which he had just before given.

But before we proceed to what passed on his Arrival in the Kitchen, it will be necessary to recur to what there had happened since *Partridge* had first left it on his Master's Summons.

The Serjeant was just marched off with his Party, when the two *Irish* Gentlemen arose, and came down Stairs; both complaining, that they had been so often waked by the Noises in the Inn, that they had never once been able to close their Eyes all Night.

The Coach, which had brought the young Lady and her Maid, and which, perhaps the Reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned Coach belonging to Mr.

Mr. *King* of *Bath*, one of the worthieſt and honeſteſt Men that ever dealt in Horſe fleſh, and whoſe Coaches we heartily recommend to all our Readers who travel that Road. By which Means they may, perhaps, have the Pleaſure of riding in the very Coach, and being driven by the very Coachman, that is recorded in this Hiſtory.

The Coachman having but two Paſſengers, and hearing Mr. *Maclachlan* was bound to *Bath*, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate Price. He was induced to this by the Report of the Oſtler, who ſaid, that the Horſe which Mr. *Maclachlan* had hired from *Worceſter*, would be much more pleaſed with returning to his Friends there, than to proſecute a long Journey; for that the ſaid Horſe was rather a two-legged than a four-legged Animal.

Mr. *Maclachlin* immediately cloſed with the Propoſal of the Coachman, and, at the ſame Time, perſuaded his Friend *Fitzpatrick* to accept of the fourth Place in the Coach. This Conveyance the Soreneſs of his Bones made more agreeable to him than a Horſe; and being well aſſured of meeting with his Wife at *Bath*, he thought a little Delay would be of no Conſequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the ſharper Man of the two, no ſooner heard that this Lady came from *Cheſter*, with the other Circumſtances which he learned from the Oſtler, than it came into his Head that ſhe might poſſibly be his Friend's Wife, and preſently acquainted him with this Suſpicion, which had never once occurred to *Fitzpatrick* himſelf. To ſay the Truth, he was one of thoſe Compoſitions which Nature makes up in too great

a Hurry, and forgets to put any Brains into their Head.

Now it happens to this Sort of Men, as to bad Hounds, who never hit off a Fault themſelves; but no ſooner doth a Dog of Sagacity open his Mouth, than they immediately do the ſame, and without the Guidance of any Scent, run directly forwards as faſt as they are able. In the ſame Manner, the very Moment Mr. *Maclachlan* had mentioned his Apprehenſion, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* inſtantly concurred, and flew directly up Stairs to ſurprize his Wife, before he knew where ſhe was; and unluckily (as Fortune loves to play Tricks with thoſe Gentlemen who put themſelves entirely under her Conduct) ran his Head againſt ſeveral Doors and Poſts to no Purpoſe. Much kinder was ſhe to me, when ſhe ſuggeſted that Simile of the Hounds, juſt before inſerted; ſince the poor Wife may, on theſe Occaſions, be ſo juſtly compared to a hunted Hare. Like that little wretched Animal, ſhe pricks up her Ears to liſten after the Voice of her Purſuer; like her, flies away trembling when ſhe hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and deſtroyed in the End.

This was not however the Caſe at preſent; for after a long fruitleſs Search, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* returned to the Kitchen, where, as if this had been a real Chace, entered a Gentleman hallowing as Hunters do when the Hounds are at a Fault. He was juſt alighted from his Horſe, and had many Attendants at his Heels.

Here, Reader, it may be neceſſary to acquaint thee with ſome Matters, which, if thou doſt know already, thou art wiſer than I take thee to be. And this Information thou ſhalt receive in the next Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In which are concluded the Adventures that happened at the Inn at Upton.

IN the firſt place then, this Gentleman juſt arrived was no other Perſon than Squire *Weſtern* himſelf, who was come hither in Purſuit of his Daughter; and had he fortunately been two Hours earlier, he had found not only her, but his Niece into the Bargain; for ſuch was the Wife of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who had run away with her five Years before, out of the Cuſtody of that ſage Lady Madam *Weſtern*.

Now this Lady had departed from the Inn much about the ſame Time with *Sophia:* For having been waked by the Voice of her Huſband, ſhe had ſent up for the Landlady, and being by her appriſed of the Matter, had bribed the good Woman, at an extravagant Price, to furniſh her with Horſes for her Eſcape. Such Prevalence had Money in this Family; and though the Miſtreſs would have turned away her Maid for a corrupt Huſſy, if ſhe had known as much as the Reader, yet ſhe was no more Proof againſt Corruption herſelf than poor *Suſan* had been.

Mr. *Weſtern* and his Nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any Notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a ſtolen Match, and conſequently an unnatural one in the Opinion of the good Squire, he had, from the Time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young Creature, who was then no more than Eighteen, as a Monſter,

Monſter, and had never ſince ſuffered her to be named in his Preſence.

The Kitchen was now a Scene of univerſal Confuſion. *Weſtern* enquiring after his Daughter, and *Fitzpatrick* as eagerly after his Wife, when *Jones* entered the Room, unfortunately having *Sophia*'s Muff in his Hand.

As ſoon as *Weſtern* ſaw *Jones*, he ſet up the ſame Holla as is uſed by Sportſmen when their Game is in View. He then immediately run up and laid hold of *Jones*, crying, 'We have got the 'Dog, Fox, I warrant the Bitch is not far off.' The Jargon which followed for ſome Minutes, where many ſpoke different Things at the ſame Time, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe, ſo it would be no leſs unpleaſant to read.

Jones having, at length, ſhaken Mr. *Weſtern* off, and ſome of the Company having interfered between them, our Hero proteſted his Innocence as to knowing any thing of the Lady; when Parſon *Supple* ſtepped up, and ſaid, 'It is Folly to deny 'it; for why, the Marks of Guilt are in thy 'Hands. I will myſelf affevere it and bind it by 'an Oath, that the Muff thou beareſt in thy 'Hand belongeth unto Madam *Sophia*; for I have 'frequently obſerved her, of later Days, to bear 'it about her.' 'My Daughter's Muff!' cries the Squire, in a Rage. 'Hath he got my Daugh-'ter's Muff! Bear Witneſs, the Goods are found 'upon him. I'll have him before a Juſtice of 'Peace this Inſtant. Where is my Daughter, 'Villain?' 'Sir,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I beg you would 'be pacified. The Muff, I acknowledge, is the 'young Lady's; but, upon my Honour, I have 'never ſeen her.' At theſe Words *Weſtern* loſt all Patience, and grew inarticulate with Rage.

Some

Some of the Servants had acquainted *Fitzpatrick* who Mr. *Weſtern* was. The good *Iriſhman* therefore thinking he had now an Opportunity to do an Act of Service to his Uncle, and by that Means might poſſibly obtain his Favour, ſtept up to *Jones*, and cried out, 'Upon my Conſcience, 'Sir, you may be aſhamed of denying your having 'ſeen the Gentleman's Daughter before my Face, 'when you know I found you there upon the Bed 'together.' Then turning to *Weſtern*, he offered to conduct him immediately to the Room where his Daughter was; which Offer being accepted, he, the Squire, the Parſon, and ſome others, aſcended directly to Mrs. *Water*'s Chamber, which they entered with no leſs Violence than Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had done before.

The poor Lady ſtarted from her Sleep with as much Amazement as Terror, and beheld at her Bed-ſide a Figure which might very well be ſuppoſed to have eſcaped out of *Bedlam*. Such Wildneſs and Confuſion were in the Looks of Mr. *Weſtern*; who no ſooner ſaw the Lady, than he ſtarted back, ſhewing ſufficiently by his Manner, before he ſpoke, that this was not the Perſon ſought after.

So much more tenderly do Women value their Reputation than their Perſons, that though the latter ſeemed now in more Danger than before, yet as the former was ſecure, the Lady ſcreamed not with ſuch Violence as ſhe had done on the other Occaſion. However, ſhe no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe abandoned all Thoughts of further Repoſe; and as ſhe had ſufficient Reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent Lodging, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all poſſible Expedition.

Mr.

Mr. *Weſtern* now proceeded to ſearch the whole Houſe, but to as little Purpoſe as he had diſturbed poor Mrs. *Waters*. He then returned diſconſolate into the Kitchen, where he found *Jones* in the Cuſtody of his Servants.

This violent Uproar had raiſed all the People in the Houſe, though it was yet ſcarcely Day-light. Among theſe was a grave Gentleman, who had the Honour to be in the Commiſſion of the Peace for the County of *Worceſter*. Of which Mr. *Weſtern* was no ſooner informed, than he offered to lay his Complaint before him. The Juſtice declined executing his Office, as he ſaid he had no Clerk preſent, nor any Book about Juſtice-Buſineſs; and that he could not carry all the Law in his Head about ſtealing away Daughters, and ſuch Sort of Things.

Here Mr. *Fitzpatrick* offered to lend him his Aſſiſtance; informing the Company that he had been himſelf bred to the Law. (And indeed he had ſerved three Years as Clerk to an Attorney in the North of *Ireland*, when chuſing a genteeler Walk in Life, he quitted his Maſter, came over to *England*, and ſet up that Buſineſs which requires no Apprenticeſhip, namely, that of a Gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded as hath been already mentioned.

Mr. *Fitzpatrick* declared that the Law concerning Daughters was out of the preſent Caſe; that ſtealing a Muff was undoubtedly Felony, and the Goods being found upon the Perſon, were ſufficient Evidence of the Fact.

The Magiſtrate, upon the Encouragement of ſo learned a Coadjutor, and upon the violent Interceſſion of the Squire, was at length prevailed upon

upon to ſeat himſelf in the Chair of Juſtice, where being placed, upon viewing the Muff which *Jones* ſtill held in his Hand, and upon the Parſon's ſwearing it to be the Property of Mr. *Weſtern*, he deſired Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to draw up a Commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

Jones now deſired to be heard, which was at laſt, with Difficulty, granted him. He then produced the Evidence of Mr. *Partridge*, as to the finding it; but what was ſtill more, *Suſan* depoſed that *Sophia* herſelf had delivered the Muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the Chamber where Mr. *Jones* had found it.

Whether a natural Love of Juſtice, or the extraordinary Comelineſs of *Jones*, had wrought on *Suſan* to make the Diſcovery, I will not determine; but ſuch were the Effects of her Evidence, that the Magiſtrate, throwing himſelf back in his Chair, declared that the Matter was now altogether as clear on the Side of the Priſoner, as it had before been againſt him; with which the Parſon concurred, ſaying, The Lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent Perſon to Durance. The Juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the Priſoner, and broke up the Court.

Mr. *Weſtern* now gave every one preſent a hearty Curſe, and immediately ordering his Horſes, departed in Purſuit of his Daughter, without taking the leaſt Notice of his Nephew *Fitzpatrick*, or returning any Anſwer to his Claim of Kindred, notwithſtanding all the Obligations he had juſt received from that Gentleman. In the Violence, moreover, of his Hurry, and of his Paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the Muff of *Jones*: I ſay luckily,

luckily, for he would have died on the Spot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his Friend *Partridge*, ſet forward the Moment he had paid his Reckoning, in Queſt of his lovely *Sophia*, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the Purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take Leave of Mrs. *Waters*; of whom he deteſted the very Thoughts, as ſhe had been, tho' not deſignedly, the Occaſion of his miſſing the happieſt Interview with *Sophia*, to whom he now vowed eternal Conſtancy.

As for Mrs. *Waters*, ſhe took the Opportunity of the Coach which was going to *Bath*, for which Place ſhe ſet out in Company with the two *Iriſh* Gentlemen, the Landlady kindly lending her her Clothes; in Return for which ſhe was contented only to receive about double their Value, as a Recompence for the Loan. Upon the Road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who was a very handſome Fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the Abſence of his Wife.

Thus ended the many odd Adventures which Mr. *Jones* encountered at his Inn at *Upton*, where they talk, to this Day, of the Beauty and lovely Behaviour of the charming *Sophia*, by the Name of the *Somerſetſhire* Angel.

CHAP. VIII.

In which the Hiſtory goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our Hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary Appearance

Appearance of *Sophia* and her Father at the Inn at *Upton*.

The Reader may be pleaſed to remember, that in the Ninth Chapter of the Seventh Book of our Hiſtory, we left *Sophia*, after a long Debate between Love and Duty, deciding the Cauſe, as it uſually, I believe, happens, in Favour of the former.

This Debate had ariſen as we have there ſhewn, from a Viſit which her Father had juſt before made her, in order to force her Conſent to a Marriage with *Bliſil*: and which he had underſtood to be fully implied in her Acknowledgement, *that ſhe neither muſt, nor could refuſe any abſolute Command of his.*

Now from this Viſit the Squire retired to his Evening Potation, overjoyed at the Succeſs he had had with his Daughter; and as he was of a ſocial Diſpoſition, and willing to have Partakers in his Happineſs, the Beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the Kitchen; ſo that before Eleven in the Evening, there was not a ſingle Perſon ſober in the Houſe, except only Mrs. *Weſtern* herſelf, and the charming *Sophia*.

Early in the Morning a Meſſenger was diſpatched to ſummon Mr. *Bliſil*: For though the Squire imagined that young Gentleman had been much leſs acquainted than he really was, with the former Averſion of his Daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her Conſent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended Bride herſelf would confirm it with her Lips. As to the Wedding, it had the Evening before been fixed, by the Male Parties, to be celebrated on the next Morning ſave one.

Breakfaſt

Breakfaſt was now ſet forth in the Parlour, where Mr. *Bliſil* attended, and where the Squire and his Siſter likewiſe were aſſembled; and now *Sophia* was ordered to be called.

O, *Shakeſpear*, had I thy Pen! O, *Hogarth*, had I thy Pencil! then would I draw the Picture of the poor Serving Man, who, with pale Countenance, ſtaring Eyes, chattering Teeth, faultering Tongue, and trembling Limbs,

> (E'en ſuch a Man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
> So dull, ſo dead in Look, ſo Woe begone,
> Drew *Priam*'s Curtains in the Dead of Night,
> And would have told him, Half his *Troy* was burn'd)

enter'd the Room, and declared,—*That Madam* Sophia *was not to be found.*

'Not to be found!' cries the Squire, ſtarting from his Chair; 'Zounds and D——nation! 'Blood and Fury! Where, when, how, what, '—Not to be found! where?'

'La, Brother,' ſaid Mrs. *Weſtern*, with true political Coldneſs, 'you are always throwing 'yourſelf into ſuch violent Paſſions for nothing. 'My Niece, I ſuppoſe, is only walked out into 'the Garden. I proteſt you are grown ſo unrea-'ſonable, that it is impoſſible to live in the Houſe 'with you.'

'Nay, nay,' anſwered the Squire, returning as ſuddenly to himſelf, as he had gone from himſelf; 'if that be all the Matter, it ſignifies not much; 'but, upon my Soul, my Mind miſgave me, 'when the Fellow ſaid ſhe was not to be found.' He then gave Orders for the Bell to be rung in the Garden, and ſat himſelf contentedly down.

No

No two Things could be more the Reverſe of each other, than were the Brother and Siſter, in moſt Inſtances; particularly in this, That as the Brother never foreſaw any Thing at a Diſtance, but was moſt ſagacious in immediately ſeeing every Thing the Moment it had happen'd; ſo the Siſter eternally foreſaw at a Diſtance, but was not ſo quick-ſighted to Objects before her Eyes. Of both theſe the Reader may have obſerved Examples: And, indeed, both their ſeveral Talents were exceſſive: For as the Siſter often foreſaw what never came to paſs, ſo the Brother often ſaw much more than was actually the Truth.

This was not however the Caſe at preſent. The ſame Report was brought from the Garden, as before had been brought from the Chamber, that Madam *Sophia* was not to be found.

The Squire himſelf now ſallied forth, and began to roar forth the Name of *Sophia* as loudly, and in as hoarſe a Voice, as whilome did *Hercules* that of *Hylas:* And as the Poet tells us, that the whole Shore echoed back the Name of that beautiful Youth; ſo did the Houſe, the Garden, and all the neighbouring Fields, reſound nothing but the Name of *Sophia*, in the hoarſe Voices of the Men, and in the ſhrill Pipes of the Women; while Echo ſeemed ſo pleaſed to repeat the beloved Sound, that if there is really ſuch a Perſon, I believe *Ovid* hath belied her Sex.

Nothing reigned for a long Time but Confuſion; till at laſt the Squire having ſufficiently ſpent his Breath, returned to the Parlour, where he found Mrs. *Weſtern* and Mr. *Bliſil*, and threw himſelf with the utmoſt Dejection in his Countenance, into a great Chair.

Here

Here Mrs. *Weſtern* began to apply the following Conſolation:

"Brother, I am ſorry for what hath happened; "and that my Niece ſhould have behaved herſelf "in a Manner ſo unbecoming her family; but "it is all your own Doings, and you have no- "body to thank but yourſelf. You know ſhe "hath been educated always in a Manner directly "contrary to my Advice, and now you ſee the "Conſequence. Have I not a thouſand Times "argued with you about giving my Niece her "own Will? But you know I never could pre- "vail upon you; and when I had taken ſo much "Pains to eradicate her headſtrong Opinions, and "to rectify your Errors in Policy, you know ſhe "was taken out of my Hands; ſo that I "have nothing to anſwer for. Had I been "truſted entirely with the Care of her Educa- "tion, no ſuch Accident as this had ever befallen "you: So that you muſt comfort yourſelf by "thinking it was all your own Doing; and, in- "deed, what elſe could be expected from ſuch "Indulgence?"

"Zounds! Siſter," anſwered he, "you are "enough to make one mad. Have I indulged "her? Have I given her her Will?—It was no "longer ago than laſt Night that I threatened, "if ſhe diſobeyed me, to confine her to her "Chamber upon Bread and Water, as long as "ſhe lived.—You would provoke the Patience of "*Job*."

"Did ever mortal hear the like?" replied ſhe. "Brother, if I had not the Patience of fifty "*Jobs*, you would make me forget all Decency "and Decorum. Why would you interfere?

"Did

" Did I not beg you, did I not entreat you to " leave the whole Conduct to me? You have " defeated all the Operations of the Campaign by " one falſe Step. Would any Man in his Senſes " have provoked a Daughter by ſuch Threats as " theſe? How often have I told you, that *Engliſh* " Women are not to be treated like *Circaſſian* * " Slaves. We have the Protection of the World: " We are to be won by gentle Means only, and " not to be hectored and bullied, and beat into " Compliance. I thank Heaven, no *Salique* Law " governs here. Brother, you have a Roughneſs " in your Manner which no Woman but myſelf " would bear. I do not wonder my Niece was " frightened and terrified into taking this Mea- " ſure; and to ſpeak honeſtly, I think my Niece " will be juſtified to the World for what ſhe hath " done. I repeat it to you again, Brother, you " muſt comfort yourſelf by remembering that it is " all your own Fault. How often have I ad- " viſed ——" Here *Weſtern* roſe haſtily from his Chair, and, venting two or three horrid Imprecations, ran out of the Room.

When he was departed, his Siſter expreſſed more Bitterneſs (if poſſible) againſt him, than ſhe had done while he was preſent; for the Truth of which ſhe appealed to Mr. *Biſil*, who, with great Complacence, acquieſced entirely in all ſhe ſaid; 'but excuſed all the Faults of Mr. *Weſtern*, as 'they muſt be conſidered,' he ſaid, 'to have 'proceeded from the too inordinate Fondneſs of a 'Father, which muſt be allowed the Name of 'an amiable Weakneſs.' So much the more 'inexcuſable,' anſwered the Lady; 'for whom

* Poſſibly *Circaſſian*.

'doth

'doth he ruin by his Fondneſs, but his own 'Child?' To which *Bliſil* immediately agreed.

Mrs. *Weſtern* than began to expreſs great Confuſion on the Account of Mr. *Bliſil*, and of the Uſage which he had received from a Family to which he intended ſo much Honour. On this Subject ſhe treated the Folly of her Niece with great Severity; but concluded with throwing the Whole on her Brother, who, ſhe ſaid, was inexcuſable to have proceeded ſo far without better Aſſurances of his Daughter's Conſent: 'But he 'was (ſays ſhe) always of a violent, headſtrong 'Temper; and I can ſcarce forgive myſelf for all 'the Advice I have thrown away upon him.'

After much of this Kind of Converſation; which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the Reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. *Bliſil* took his Leave, and returned home, not highly pleaſed with his Diſappointment; which, however, the Philoſophy which he had acquired from *Square*, and the Religion infuſed into him by *Thwackum*, together with ſomewhat elſe, taught him to bear rather better than more paſſionate Lovers bear theſe Kinds of Evils.

CHAP. IX.

The Eſcape of Sophia.

IT is now Time to look after *Sophia*; whom the Reader, if he loves her half ſo well as I do, will rejoice to find eſcaped from the Clutches of her paſſionate Father, and from thoſe of her diſpaſſionate Lover.

Twelve Times did the Iron Regiſter of Time beat on the ſonorous Bell-metal, ſummoning the Ghoſts

Ghoſts to riſe, and walk their nightly Round.—In plainer Language, it was Twelve o'Clock, and all the Family, as we have ſaid, lay buried in Drink and Sleep, except only Mrs. *Weſtern*, who was deeply engaged in reading a political Pamphlet, and except our Heroine, who now ſoftly ſtole down Stairs, and having unbarred and unlocked one of the Houſe-doors, ſallied forth, and haſtened to the Place of Appointment.

Notwithſtanding the many pretty Arts, which Ladies ſometimes practiſe, to diſplay their Fears on every little Occaſion (almoſt as many as the other Sex uſes to conceal theirs) certainly there is a Degree of Courage, which not only becomes a Woman, but is often neceſſary to enable her to diſcharge her Duty. It is indeed, the Idea of Fierceneſs, and not of Bravery, which deſtroys the Female Character: For who can read the Story of the juſtly celebrated *Arria*, without conceiving as high an Opinion of her Gentleneſs and Tenderneſs, as of her Fortitude? At the ſame Time, perhaps, many a Woman, who ſhrieks at a Mouſe or a Rat, may be capable of poiſoning a Huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

Sophia, with all the Gentleneſs which a Woman can have, had all the Spirit which ſhe ought to have. When, therefore, ſhe came to the Place of Appointment, and, inſtead of meeting her Maid, as was agreed, ſaw a Man ride directly up to her, ſhe neither ſcreamed out, nor fainted away: Not that her Pulſe then beat with its uſual Regularity; for ſhe was, at firſt, under ſome Surpriſe and Apprehenſion: But theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the Man, pulling off his Hat, aſked her, in a very ſub-

miſſive Manner, 'If her Ladyſhip did not expect 'to meet another Lady?' And then proceeded to inform her, that 'that he was ſent to conduct her 'to that Lady'

Sophia could have no poſſible Suſpicion of any Falſhood on this Account: She therefore mounted reſolutely behind the Fellow who conveyed her ſafe to a Town about five Miles diſtant, where ſhe had the Satisfaction of finding the good Mrs. *Honour*: For as the Soul of the Waiting-woman was wrapt up in thoſe very Habiliments which uſed to enwrap her Body, ſhe could by no Means bring herſelf to truſt them out of her Sight. Upon theſe, therefore, ſhe kept Guard in Perſon while ſhe detached the aforeſaid Fellow after her Miſtreſs, having given him all proper Inſtructions.

They now debated what Courſe to take, in order to avoid the Purſuit of Mr. *Weſtern*, who, they knew, would ſend after them in a few Hours. The *London* Road had ſuch Charms for *Honour*, that ſhe was deſirous of going on directly; alledging, that as *Sophia* could not be miſſed till Eight or Nine the next Morning, her Purſuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which Way ſhe had gone. But *Sophia* had too much at Stake to venture any Thing to Chance; nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender Limbs, in a Conteſt which was to be decided only by Swiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the Country, for at leaſt twenty or thirty Miles, and then to take the direct Road to *London*. So, having hired Horſes to go twenty Miles, one Way, when ſhe intended to go twenty Miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame Guide, behind whom ſhe had riden from her

her Father's Houſe; the Guide having now taken up behind him, in the Room of *Sophia*, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely Burthen; being, indeed, a huge Portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide Ornaments, by Means of which the fair *Honour* hoped to gain many Conqueſts, and, finally, to make her Fortune in *London* City.

When they had gone about two hundred Paces from the Inn, on the *London* Road, *Sophia* rode up to the Guide, and with a Voice much fuller of honey than ever was that of *Plato*, though his Mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a Beehive, begged him to take the firſt Turning which led towards *Briſtol*.

Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great Believer of modern Miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain Truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf: But the Fidelity of an Hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted. The Horſe, then, on which the Guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed by *Sophia*'s Voice, that he made a full Stop, and expreſt an Unwillingneſs to proceed any farther.

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural Cauſe ſeems adequate to the Effect: For as the Guide at that Moment deſiſted from a conſtant Application of his armed Right Heel (for, like *Hudibras*, he wore but one Spur) it is more than poſſible, that this Omiſſion alone might occaſion the Beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other Times.

But if the Voice of *Sophia* had really an Effect on the Horſe, it had very little on the Rider.

He answered somewhat surlily, 'That Measter 'had ordered him to go a different Way, and 'that he should lose his Place, if he went any 'other than that he was ordered.'

Sophia finding all her Persuasions had no Effect, began now to add irresistible Charms to her Voice; Charms, which, according to the Proverb, make the old Mare trot, instead of standing still; Charms! to which modern Ages have attributed all that irresistible Force, which the Antients imputed to perfect Oratory. In a Word, she promised she would reward him to his utmost Expectation.

The Lad was not totally deaf to these Promises; but he disliked their being indefinite: For tho' perhaps he had never heard that Word, yet that in Fact was his Objection. He said, 'Gentlevolks did not consider the Case of poor 'Volks; that he had like to have been turned 'away the other Day, for riding about the 'Country with a Gentleman from Squire *Allworthy*'s, who did not reward him as he should 'have done.'

'With whom?' says *Sophia* eagerly—'With 'a Gentleman from Squire *Allworthy*'s', repeated the Lad; 'the Squire's Son, I think they call 'un.'—'Whither? which Way did he go?' says *Sophia*. 'Why a little o'one Side o' *Bristol*, 'about twenty Miles off,' answered the Lad.—'Guide me,' says *Sophia*, 'to the same Place, 'and I'll give thee a Guinea, or two if one is 'not sufficient.' 'To be certain,' said the Boy, 'it is honestly worth two, when your Ladyship 'considers what a Risk I run; but, however, if 'your Ladyship will promise me the two Guineas, I'll e'en venture; To be certain it is a sinful 'Thing

'Thing to ride about my Maſter's Horſes; but 'one Comfort is, I can only be turned away, and 'two Guineas will partly make me Amends.'

The Bargain being thus ſtruck, the Lad turned aſide into the *Briſtol* Road, and *Sophia* ſet forward in Purſuit of *Jones*, highly contrary to the Remonſtrances of Mrs. *Honour*, who had much more Deſire to ſee *London*, than to ſee Mr. *Jones*: For indeed ſhe was not his Friend with her Miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome Neglect in certain pecuniary Civilities, which are by Cuſtom due to the Waiting-gentlewoman in all Love Affairs, and more eſpecially to thoſe of a clandeſtine Kind. This we impute rather to the Careleſſneſs of his Temper, than to any Want of Generoſity; but perhaps ſhe derived it from the latter Motive. Certain it is, that ſhe hated him very bitterly on that Account, and reſolved to take every Opportunity of injuring him with her Miſtreſs. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that ſhe had gone to the very ſame Town and Inn whence *Jones* had ſtarted, and ſtill more unlucky was ſhe, in having ſtumbled on the ſame Guide, and on this accidental Diſcovery which *Sophia* had made.

Our Travellers arrived at *Hambrook* * at the Break of Day, where *Honour* was, againſt her Will, charged to enquire the Rout which Mr. *Jones* had taken. Of this, indeed, the Guide himſelf could have informed them; but *Sophia*, I know not for what Reaſon, never aſked him the Queſtion.

When Mrs. *Honour* had made her Report from the Landlord, *Sophia*, with much Difficulty, pro-

* This was the Village where *Jones* met the Quaker.

cured ſome indifferent Horſes, which brought her to the Inn, where *Jones* had been confined rather by the Misfortune of meeting with a Surgeon, than by having met with a broken Head.

Here *Honour* being again charged with a Commiſſion of Enquiry, had no ſooner applied herſelf to the Landlady, and had deſcribed the Perſon of Mr. *Jones*, than that ſagacious Woman began, in the vulgar Phraſe, to ſmell a Rat. When *Sophia* therefore entered the Room, inſtead of anſwering the Maid, the Landlady addreſſing herſelf to the Miſtreſs, began the following Speech. 'Good-'lack-a-day! why there now, who would have 'thought it! I proteſt the loveliеſt Couple that 'ever Eye beheld. I ſackins, Madam, it is no 'Wonder the Squire run on ſo about your Lady-'ſhip. He told me indeed you was the fineſt 'Lady in the World, and to be ſure ſo you be. 'Mercy on him, poor Heart, I bepitied him ſo 'I did, when he uſed to hug his Pillow, and call 'it his dear Madam *Sophia*.—I did all I could to 'diſſuade him from going to the Wars: I told 'him there were Men enow that were good for 'nothing elſe but to be killed, that had not the 'Love of ſuch fine Ladies.' 'Sure,' ſays *Sophia*, 'the good Woman is diſtracted.' 'No, 'no,' cries the Landlady, 'I am not diſtracted. 'What doth your Ladyſhip think I dont't know 'then? I aſſure you he told me all.' 'What 'ſaucy Fellow,' cries *Honour*, 'told you any 'Thing of my Lady?' 'No ſaucy Fellow,' anſwered the Landlady, 'but the young Gentleman 'you enquired after, and a very pretty young 'Gentleman he is, and he loves Madam *Sophia* '*Weſtern* to the Bottom of his Soul.' 'He love 'my Lady! I'd have you to know, Woman,

'ſhe

'ſhe is meat for his Maſter.'—'Nay, *Honour*,' ſaid *Sophia*, interrupting her, 'don't be angry 'with the good Woman; ſhe intends no Harm.' 'No, marry, don't I,' anſwered the Landlady, emboldened by the ſoft Accents of *Sophia*; and then launched into a long Narrative, too tedious to be here ſet down, in which ſome Paſſages dropt, that gave a little Offence to *Sophia*, and much more to her Waiting-woman, who hence took Occaſion to abuſe poor *Jones* to her Miſtreſs the Moment they were alone together, ſaying, 'that 'he muſt be a very pitiful Fellow, and could 'have no Love for a Lady, whoſe Name he 'would thus proſtitute in an Alehouſe.'

Sophia did not ſee his Behaviour in ſo very diſadvantageous a Light, and was perhaps more pleaſed with the violent Raptures of his Love (which the Landlady exaggerated as much as ſhe had done every other Circumſtance) than ſhe was offended with the reſt; and indeed ſhe imputed the Whole to the Extravagance, or rather Ebullience of his Paſſion, and to the Openneſs of his Heart.

This Incident, however, being afterwards revived in her Mind, and placed in the moſt odious Colours by *Honour*, ſerved to heighten and give Credit to thoſe unlucky Occurrences at *Upton*, and aſſiſted the Waiting-woman in her Endeavours to make her Miſtreſs depart from that Inn without ſeeing *Jones*.

The Landlady, finding *Sophia* intended to ſtay no longer than till her Horſes were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, ſoon withdrew; when *Honour* began to take her Miſtreſs to Taſk (for indeed ſhe uſed great Freedom) and

after a long Harangue, in which she reminded her of her Intention to go to *London*, and gave frequent Hints of the Impropriety of pursuing a young Fellow, she at last concluded with this serious Exhortation: 'For Heaven's Sake, Madam, 'consider what you are about, and whither you 'are going.'

This Advice to a Lady who had already rode near forty Miles, and in no very agreeable Season, may seem foolish enough. It may be supposed she had well considered and resolved this already; nay, Mrs. *Honour*, by the Hints she threw out, seemed to think so; and this, I doubt not, is the Opinion of many Readers, who have, I make no Doubt, been long since well convinced of the Purpose of our Heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton Baggage.

But in Reality this was not the Case. *Sophia* had been lately so distracted between Hope and Fear, her Duty and Love to her Father, her Hatred to *Blifil*, her Compassion, and (why should we not confess the Truth?) her Love for *Jones*; which last, the Behaviour of her Father, of her Aunt, of every one else, and more particularly of *Jones* himself, had blown into a Flame; that her Mind was in that confused State, which may be truly said to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the Consequence of either.

The prudent and sage Advice of her Maid produced, however, some cool Reflection; and she at length determined to go to *Gloucester*, and thence to proceed directly to *London*.

But unluckily a few Miles before she entered that Town, she met the Hack-Attorney, who, as is before-mentioned, had dined there with Mr. *Jones*.

Jones. This Fellow being well known to Mrs. *Honour*, ſtopt and ſpoke to her; of which *Sophia* at that Time took little Notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular Account from *Honour* of this Man afterwards at *Glouceſter*, and hearing of the great Expedition he uſually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before obſerved) he was particularly famous, recollecting likewiſe, that ſhe had overheard Mrs. *Honour* inform him, that they were going to *Glouceſter*, ſhe began to fear leſt her Father might, by this Fellow's Means, be able to trace her to that City; wherefore if ſhe ſhould there ſtrike into the *London* Road, ſhe apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her Reſolution; and having hired Horſes to go a Week's Journey, a Way which ſhe did not intend to travel, ſhe again ſet forward, after a light Refreſhment, contrary to the Deſire and earneſt Entreaties of her Maid, and to the no leſs vehement Remonſtrances of Mrs. *Whitefield*, who, from good Breeding, or perhaps from good Nature (for the poor young Lady appeared much fatigued) preſſed her very heartily to ſtay that Evening at *Glouceſter*.

Having refreſhed herſelf only with ſome Tea, and with lying about two Hours on the Bed, while her Horſes were getting ready, ſhe reſolutely left Mrs. *Whitefield*'s about Eleven at Night, and ſtriking directly into the *Worceſter* Road, within leſs than four Hours arrived at that very Inn where we laſt ſaw her.

Having thus traced our Heroine very particularly back from her Departure, till her Arrival

at *Upton*, we ſhall in a very few Words bring her Father to the ſame Place; who having received the firſt Scent from the Poſt-boy, who conducted his Daughter to *Hambrook*, very eaſily traced her afterwards to *Glouceſter*; whence he purſued her to *Upton*, as he had learned Mr. *Jones* had taken that Rout, (for *Partridge*, to uſe the Squire's Expreſſion, left every where a ſtrong Scent behind him) and he doubted not in the leaſt but *Sophia* travelled, or, as he phraſed it, ran the ſame Way. He uſed indeed a very coarſe Expreſſion, which need not be here inſerted; as Fox-hunters, who alone would underſtand it, will eaſily ſuggeſt it to themſelves.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three Days.

CHAP. I.

A Cruſt for the Critics.

IN our laſt initial Chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable ſet of Men, who are called Critics, with more Freedom than becomes us; ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great Condeſcenſion from Authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the Reaſons of our Conduct to this auguſt Body; and here we ſhall perhaps place them in a Light, in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

This Word Critic is of *Greek* Derivation, and ſignifies Judgment. Hence, I preſume, ſome Perſons who have not underſtood the Original, and

have ſeen the *Engliſh* Tranſlation of the Primitive, have concluded that it meant Judgment in the legal Senſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to Condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that Opinion, as the greateſt Number of Critics hath of late Years been found amongſt the Lawyers. Many of theſe Gentlemen, from Deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the Bench in *Weſtminſter-hall*, have placed themſelves on the Benches at the Play-houſe, where they have exerted their judicial Capacity, and have given Judgment, *i. e.* condemned without Mercy.

The Gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable Offices in the Commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their Favour, we ſhould do ſo; but as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another Officer of Juſtice of a much lower Rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own Judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote Reſemblance.

But in Reality there is another Light, in which theſe modern Critics may with great Juſtice and Propriety be ſeen; and this is that of a common Slanderer. If a Perſon who pries into the Characters of others, with no other Deſign but to diſcover their Faults, and to publiſh them to the World, deſerves the Title of a Slanderer of the Reputation of Men; why ſhould not a Critic, who reads with the ſame malevolent View, be as properly ſtiled the Slanderer of the Reputation of Books?

Vice

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject Slave; Society produces not a more odious Vermin; nor can the Devil receive a Guest more worthy of him, nor possibly more welcome to him, than a Slanderer. The World, I am afraid, regards not this Monster with Half the Abhorrence which he deserves; and I am more afraid to assign the Reason of this criminal Lenity shewn towards him; yet it is certain that the Thief looks innocent in the Comparison; nay, the Murderer himself can seldom stand in Competition with his Guilt: For Slander is a more cruel Weapon than a Sword, as the Wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One Method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the basest and most execrable of all, which bears an exact Analogy to the Vice here exclaimed against, and that is Poison. A Means of Revenge so base, and yet so horrible, that it was once wisely distinguished by our Laws from all other Murders, in the peculiar Severity of Punishment.

Besides the dreadful Mischiefs done by Slander, and the Baseness of the Means by which they are effected, there are other Circumstances that highly aggravate its atrocious Quality: For it often proceeds from no Provocation, and seldom promises itself any Reward, unless some black and infernal Mind may propose a Reward in the Thoughts of having procured the Ruin and Misery of another.

Shakespear hath nobly touched this Vice, when he says,

Who steals my Purse, steals Trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been Slave to Thousands;

But

But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good Reader will doubtleſs agree; but much of it will probably ſeem too ſevere, when applied to the Slanderer of Books. But let it here be conſidered, that both proceed from the ſame wicked Diſpoſition of Mind, and are alike void of the Excuſe of Temptation. Nor ſhall we conclude the Injury done this Way to be very ſlight, when we conſider a Book as the Author's Offſpring, and indeed as the Child of his Brain.

The Reader who hath ſuffered his Muſe to continue hitherto in a Virgin State, can have but a very inadequate Idea of this Kind of paternal Fondneſs. To ſuch we may parody the tender Exclamation of *Macduff*. *Alas! Thou haſt written no Book.* But the Author whoſe Muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic Strain, perhaps will accompany me with Tears (eſpecially if his Darling be already no more) while I mention the uneaſineſs with which the big Muſe bears about her Burden, the painful Labour with which ſhe produces it, and laſtly, the Care, the Fondneſs, with which the tender Father nouriſhes his Favourite, till it be brought to Maturity, and produced into the World.

Nor is there any paternal Fondneſs which ſeems leſs to favour of abſolute Inſtinct, and which may ſo well be reconciled to worldly Wiſdom, as this. Theſe Children may moſt truly be called the Riches of their Father; and many of them have with true filial Piety fed the Parent in his old Age; ſo that not only the Affection, but

but the Intereſt of the Author may be highly injured by thoſe Slanderers, whoſe poiſonous Breath brings his Book to an untimely End.

Laſtly, the Slander of a Book is, in Truth, the Slander of the Author: For as no one can call another Baſtard, without calling the Mother Whore; ſo neither can any one give the Names of ſad Stuff, horrid Nonſenſe, *&c.* to a Book, without calling the Author a Blockhead; which tho' in a moral Senſe it is a preferable Appellation to that of Villain, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly Intereſt.

Now however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the Truth of it; nay, may, perhaps, think I have not treated the Subject with decent Solemnity; but ſurely a Man may ſpeak Truth with a ſmiling Countenance. In reality, to depreciate a Book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured Office; and a moroſe ſnarling Critic may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad Man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining Part of this Chapter, to explain the Marks of this Character, and to ſhow what Criticiſm I here intend to obviate: For I can never be underſtood, unleſs by the very Perſons here meant, to inſinuate, that there are no proper Judges of Writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the Commonwealth of Literature any of thoſe noble Critics, to whoſe Labours the learned World are ſo greatly indebted. Such were *Ariſtotle*, *Horace*, and *Longinus* among the Antients, *Dacier* and *Boſſu* among the *French*, and ſome perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authoriſed to execute at leaſt a judicial Authority in *Foro Literario*.

But

But without aſcertaining all the proper Qualifications of a Critic, which I have touched on elſewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the Cenſures of any one paſt upon Works which he hath not himſelf read. Such Cenſurers as theſe, whether they ſpeak from their own Gueſs or Suſpicion, or from the Report and Opinion of others, may properly be ſaid to ſlander the Reputation of the Book they condemn.

Such may likewiſe be ſuſpected of deſerving this Character, who, without aſſigning any particular Faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory Terms; ſuch as vile, dull, da—d Stuff, &c. and particularly by the Uſe of the Monoſyllable LOW; a Word which becomes the Mouth of no Critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, tho' there may be ſome Faults juſtly aſſigned in the Work; yet if thoſe are not in the moſt eſſential Parts, or, if they are compenſated by greater Beauties, it will ſavour rather of the Malice of a Slanderer, than of the Judgment of a true Critic, to paſs a ſevere Sentence upon the whole, merely on Account of ſome vicious Part. This is directly contrary to the Sentiments of *Horace*.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura———

But where the Beauties, more in Number, ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual Line
(That with ſome trivial Faults unequal flows)
A careleſs Hand, or human Frailty ſhows.
Mr. FRANCIS.

Fo-,

For, as *Martial* ſays, *Aliter non fit, Avite, Liber. No Book can be otherwiſe compoſed.* All Beauty of Character, as well as of Countenance, and indeed of every Thing human, is to be tried in this Manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if ſuch a Work as this Hiſtory, which hath employed ſome Thouſands of Hours in the compoſing, ſhould be liable to be condemned, becauſe ſome particular Chapter, or perhaps Chapters, may be obnoxious to very juſt and ſenſible Objections. And yet nothing is more common than the moſt rigorous Sentence upon Books ſupported by ſuch Objections, which if they were rightly taken (and that they are not always) do by no Means go to the Merit of the Whole. In the Theatre eſpecially, a ſingle Expreſſion, which doth not coincide with the Taſte of the Audience, or with any individual Critic of that Audience, is ſure to be hiſſed; and one Scene, which ſhould be diſapproved, would hazard the whole Piece. To write within ſuch ſevere Rules as theſe, is as impoſſible as to live up to ſome ſplenetic Opinions; and if we judge according to the Sentiments of ſome Critics, and of ſome Chriſtians, no Author will be ſaved in this World, and no man in the next.

CHAP. II.

The Adventures which Sophia *met with, after her leaving* Upton.

OUR Hiſtory, juſt before it was obliged to turn about and travel backwards, had mentioned the Departure of *Sophia* and her Maid from the Inn; we ſhall now therefore purſue the Steps of

of that lovely Creature, and leave her unworthy Lover a little longer to bemoan his ill Luck, or rather his ill Conduct.

Sophia having directed her Guide to travel through Bye-Roads acroſs the Country, they now paſſed the *Severn*, and had ſcarce got a Mile from the Inn, when the young Lady, looking behind her, ſaw ſeveral Horſes coming after on full Speed. This greatly alarmed her Fears, and ſhe called to the Guide to put on as faſt as poſſible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full Gallop. But the faſter they went, the faſter were they followed; and as the Horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken. A happy Circumſtance for poor *Sophia*; whoſe Fears, joined to her Fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her Spirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female Voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt Manner, and with the utmoſt Civility. This Greeting, *Sophia*, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her Breath, with like Civility, and with the higheſt Satisfaction to herſelf, returned.

The Travellers who joined *Sophia*, and who had given her ſuch Terror, conſiſted, like her own Company, of two Females and a Guide. The two Parties proceeded three full Miles together before any one offered again to open their Mouths; when our Heroine having pretty well got the better of her Fear, (but yet being ſomewhat ſurprized that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great Road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral Turnings) accoſted the ſtrange Lady in a moſt obliging Tone, and ſaid, 'She was very happy to find they were 'both travelling the ſame Way.' The other, who,

who, like a Ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, 'That the Happineſs was entirely hers; that ſhe was a perfect Stranger in that Country, and was ſo overjoyed at meeting a Companion of her own Sex, that ſhe had perhaps been guilty of an Impertinence, which required great Apology, in keeping Pace with her.' More Civilities paſſed between theſe two Ladies; for Mrs. *Honour* had now given Place to the fine Habit of the Stranger, and had fallen into the Rear. But tho' *Sophia* had great Curioſity to know why the other Lady continued to travel on through the ſame Bye-Roads with herſelf, nay, tho' this gave her ſome Uneaſineſs; yet Fear, or Modeſty, or ſome other Conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the Queſtion.

The ſtrange Lady now laboured under a Difficulty which appears almoſt below the Dignity of Hiſtory to mention. Her Bonnet had been blown from her Head no leſs than five Times within the laſt Mile; nor could ſhe come at any Ribbon or Handkerchief to tie it under her Chin. When *Sophia* was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a Handkerchief for this Purpoſe; which while ſhe was pulling from her Pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the Management of her Horſe, for the Beaſt now unluckily making a falſe Step, fell upon his Fore-Legs, and threw his fair Rider from his Back.

Tho' *Sophia* came Head foremoſt to the Ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt Damage; and the ſame Circumſtances which had perhaps contributed to her Fall now preſerved her from Confuſion; for the Lane which they were then paſſing was narrow and very much overgrown with Trees, ſo that the Moon could here afford very little

little Light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a Cloud, that it was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe Means the young Lady's Modeſty, which was extremely delicate, eſcaped as free from Injury as her Limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated in her Saddle, having received no other Harm than a little Fright by her Fall.

Day light at length appeared in its full Luſtre, and now the two Ladies, who were riding over a Common Side by Side, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame Moment both their Eyes became fixed; both their Horſes ſtopt, and both ſpeaking together, with equal Joy pronounced; the one the Name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriot*.

This unexpected Encounter ſurprized the Ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious Reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange Lady could be no other than Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, the Couſin of Miſs *Weſtern*, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the Inn a few Minutes after her.

So great was the Surprize and Joy which theſe two Couſins conceived at this Meeting (for they had formerly been moſt intimate Acquaintance and Friends, and had long lived together with their Aunt *Weſtern*) that it is impoſſible to recount Half the Congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural Queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going.

This at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but, eaſy and natural as the Queſtion may ſeem, *Sophia* found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain Anſwer. She begged her Couſin therefore to ſuſpend all Curioſity, till they arrived at ſome Inn, 'which, I ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'can

'can hardly be far distant; and believe me, *Har-*
'*riet*, I suspend as much Curiosity on my Side;
'for indeed I believe our Astonishment is pretty
'equal.'

The Conversation which passed between these Ladies on the Road, was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and less certainly was that between the two Waiting-women: For they likewise began to pay their Compliments to each other. As for the Guides, they were debarred from the Pleasure of Discourse, the one being placed in the Van, and the other obliged to bring up the Rear.

In this Posture they travelled many Hours, till they came into a wide and well-beaten Road, which, as they turned to the Right, soon brought them to a very fair promising Inn; where they all alighted: But so fatigued was *Sophia*, that, as she had sat her Horse during the last five or six Miles with great Difficulty, so was she now incapable of dismounting from him without Assistance. This the Landlord, who had hold of her Horse, presently perceiving, offered to lift her in his Arms, from her Saddle; and she too readily accepted the Tender of his Service. Indeed Fortune seems to have resolved to put *Sophia* to the Blush that Day, and the second malicious Attempt succeeded better than the first; for my Landlord had no sooner received the young Lady in his Arms, than his Feet, which the Gout had lately very severely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the same Time, with no less Dexterity than Gallantry, contrived to throw himself under his charming Burthen, so that he alone received any Bruise from the Fall; for the great Injury which happened to *Sophia*, was a violent

violent Shock given to her Modeſty, by an immoderate Grin, which, at her riſing from the Ground, ſhe obſerved in the Countenances of moſt of the Bye-Standers. This made her ſuſpect what had really happened, and what we ſhall not here relate for the Indulgence of thoſe Readers who are capable of laughing at the Offence given to a young Lady's Delicacy. Accidents of this Kind we have never regarded in a comical Light; nor will we ſcruple to ſay, that he muſt have a very inadequate Idea of the Modeſty of a beautiful young Woman, who would wiſh to ſacrifice it to ſo paultry a Satisfaction as can ariſe from Laughter.

This Fright and Shock, joined to the violent Fatigue which both her Mind and Body had undergone, almoſt overcame the excellent Conſtitution of *Sophia*, and ſhe had ſcarce Strength ſufficient to totter into the Inn, leaning on the Arm of her Maid. Here ſhe was no ſooner ſeated than ſhe called for a Glaſs of Water; but Mrs. *Honour*, very judiciouſly, in my Opinion, changed it into a Glaſs of Wine.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* hearing from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had not been in Bed during the two laſt Nights, and obſerving her to look very pale and wan with her Fatigue, earneſtly entreated her to refreſh herſelf with ſome Sleep. She was yet a Stranger to her Hiſtory, or her Apprehenſions; but had ſhe known both, ſhe would have given the ſame Advice; for Reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her; and their long Journey through Bye-Roads ſo entirely removed all Danger of Purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that Account.

Sophia

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the Council of her Friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her Maid. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewiſe offered to bear her Couſin Company, which *Sophia*, with much Complaiſance, accepted.

The Miſtreſs was no ſooner in Bed, than the Maid prepared to follow her Example. She began to make many Apologies to her Siſter *Abigail* for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a Place as an Inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a Nap as herſelf, and deſired the Honour of being her Bedfellow. *Sophia*'s Maid agreed to give her a Share of her Bed, but put in her Claim to all the Honour. So after many Court'ſies and Compliments, to Bed together went the Waiting-women, as their Miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my Landlord (as indeed it is with the whole Fraternity) to enquire particularly of all Coachmen, Footmen, Poſtboys, and others, into the Names of all his Gueſts; what their Eſtate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular Circumſtances which attended our Travellers, and eſpecially their retiring all to Sleep at ſo extraordinary and unuſual an Hour as Ten in the Morning, ſhould excite his Curioſity. As ſoon therefore as the Guides entered the Kitchen, he began to examine who the Ladies were, and whence they came; but the Guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little Satisfaction. On the contrary, they rather inflamed his Curioſity than extinguiſhed it.

This Landlord had the Character, among all his Neighbours, of being a very ſagacious Fellow. He was thought to ſee farther and deeper into

into Things than any Man in the Parish, the Parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his Look had contributed not a little to procure him this Reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a Pipe in his Mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His Behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the Opinion of his Wisdom. In his Department he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow Voice; and though his Sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many Hums and Has, Ay, Ays, and other Expletives: So that though he accompanied his Words with certain explanatory Gestures, such as shaking or nodding the Head, or pointing with his Fore-finger, he generally left his Hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a Hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last Circumstance alone may, indeed, very well account for his Character of Wisdom; since Men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand Secret, upon which several Impostors on Mankind have totally relied for the Success of their Frauds.

This polite Person now taking his Wife aside, asked her, 'What she thought of the Ladies 'lately arrived?' 'Think of them?' said the Wife, 'why what should I think of them?' 'I 'know,' answered he, 'what I think. The Guides 'tell strange Stories. One pretends to be come 'from *Gloucester*, and the other from *Upton*; and 'neither of them, for what I can find, can tell 'whither they are going. But what People ever 'travel across the Country from *Upton* hither,

'especially

'especially to *London*? And one of the Maid 'Servants, before she alighted from her Horse, 'asked, if this was not the *London* Road? Now 'I have put all these Circumstances together, and 'whom do you think I have found them out to 'be?' 'Nay,' answered she, 'you know I never 'pretend to guess at your Discoveries.'—It is 'a good Girl,' replied he, chucking her under the Chin; 'I must own you have always sub-'mitted to my Knowledge of these Matters. 'Why then, depend upon it; mind what I say, '—depend upon it, they are certainly some of 'the Rebel Ladies, who, they say, travel with 'the young Chevalier; and have taken a round-'about Way to escape the Duke's Army.'

'Husband,' quoth the Wife, 'you have cer-'tainly hit it; for one of them is dress as fine as 'any Princess; and, to be sure, she looks for all 'the World like one.—But yet, when I consider 'one Thing,—'When you consider!' cries the Landlord contemptuously——'Come, pray let's 'hear what you consider.'——'Why it is,' an-swered the Wife, 'that she is too humble to be 'any very great Lady; for while our *Betty* was 'warming the Bed, she called her nothing but 'Child, and my Dear, and Sweetheart; and 'when *Betty* offered to pull off her Shoes and 'Stockings, she would not suffer her, saying, she 'would not give her the Trouble.'

'Pooh!' answered the Husband, 'this is no-'thing. Don't think, because you have seen 'some great Ladies rude and uncivil to Persons 'below them, that none of them know how to 'behave themselves when they come before their 'Inferiors? I think, I know people of Fashion 'when I see them. I think I do. Did not she

'call for a glaſs of Water when ſhe came in? 'Another Sort of Women would have called for 'a Dram; you know they would. If ſhe be 'not a Woman of very great Quality, ſell me 'for a Fool; and I believe thoſe who buy me will 'have a bad Bargain. Now, would a Woman 'of her Quality travel without a Footman, unleſs 'upon ſome ſuch extraordinary Occaſion?' 'Nay, to be ſure, Huſband,' cried ſhe, 'you know 'theſe Matters better than I, or moſt Folk.' 'I 'think I do know ſomething,' ſaid he. 'To be 'ſure' anſwered the Wife, 'the poor little Heart 'looked ſo piteous, when ſhe ſat down in the 'Chair, I proteſt I could not help having a Com-'paſſion for her, almoſt as much as if ſhe had been 'a poor Body. But what's to be done, Huſ-'band? If an ſhe be a Rebel, I ſuppoſe you in-'tend to betray her up to the Court. Well, ſhe's 'a ſweet-tempered, good-humoured Lady, be ſhe 'what ſhe will, and I ſhall hardly refrain from 'crying when I hear ſhe is hanged or beheaded.' 'Pooh,' anſwered the Huſband!——'But as to 'what's to be done is not ſo eaſy a Matter to 'determine. I hope, before ſhe goes away, we 'ſhall have the News of a Battle: For if the Che-'valier ſhould get the better, ſhe may gain us In-'tereſt at Court, and make our Fortunes with-'out betraying her.' 'Why that's true,' replied the Wife; 'and I heartily hope ſhe will have it 'in her Power. Certainly ſhe's a ſweet good 'Lady; it would go horribly againſt me to have 'her come to any Harm.' 'Pooh,' cries the Landlord, 'Women are always ſo tender-hearted. 'Why you would not harbour Rebels, would ye?' 'No, certainly, anſwered the Wife; 'and as for 'betraying her, come what will on't, nobody

'can

'can blame us. It is what any body would do 'in our Case.'

While our politic Landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the Reputation of great Wisdom among his Neighbours, was engaged in debating this Matter with himself (for he paid little Attention to the Opinion of his Wife) News arrived, that the Rebels had given the Duke the Slip, and had got a Day's March towards *London*; and soon after arrived a famous *Jacobite* 'Squire, who, with great Joy in his Countenance, shook the Landlord by the Hand, saying, 'All's our own, Boy: 'Ten thousand honest *Frenchmen* are landed in '*Suffolk*. Old *England* for ever! Ten thousand '*French* my brave Lad! I am going to tap away 'directly.'

This News determined the Opinion of the wise Man, and he resolved to make his Court to the young Lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said) discovered that she was no other than Madam *Jenny Cameron* herself.

CHAP. III.

A very short Chapter, in which however is a Sun, a Moon, a Star, and an Angel.

THE Sun (for he keeps very good Hours at this Time of the Year) had been some Time retired to Rest, when *Sophia* arose, greatly refreshed by her Sleep, which, short as it was, nothing but her extreme Fatigue could have occasioned; for though she had told her Maid, and perhaps herself too, that she was perfectly easy, when she left *Upton*; yet it is certain her Mind was a little affected with that Malady which is

attended with all the reſtleſs Symptoms of a Fever, and is perhaps the very Diſtemper which Phyſicians mean (if they mean any thing) by the Fever on the Spirits.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* likewiſe left her Bed at the ſame time; and having ſummoned her Maid, immediately dreſſed herſelf. She was really a very pretty Woman, and had ſhe been in any other Company but that of *Sophia*, might have been thought beautiful; but when Mrs. *Honour* of her own Accord attended (for her Miſtreſs would not ſuffer her to be waked) and had equipped our Heroine, the Charms of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who had performed the Office of the Morning Star, and had preceded greater Glories, ſhared the Fate of that Star, and were totally eclipſed the Moment thoſe Glories ſhone forth.

Perhaps *Sophia* never looked more beautiful than ſhe did at this Inſtant. We ought not therefore to condemn the Maid of the Inn for her Hyperbole; who when ſhe deſcended, after having lighted the Fire, declared, and ratified it with an Oath, that if ever there was an Angel upon Earth, ſhe was now above Stairs.

Sophia had acquainted her Couſin with her Deſign to go to *London*; and Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had agreed to accompany her; for the Arrival of her Huſband at *Upton* had put an End to her Deſign of going to *Bath*, or to her Aunt *Weſtern*. They had therefore no ſooner finiſhed their Tea, than *Sophia* propoſed to ſet out, the Moon then ſhining extremely bright, and as for the Froſt ſhe defied it; nor had ſhe any of thoſe Apprehenſions which many young Ladies would have felt at travelling by Night; for ſhe had as we have before obſerved,

ſome

ſome little Degree of natural Courage; and this her preſent Senſations, which bordered ſomewhat on Deſpair, greatly increaſed. Beſides as ſhe had already travelled twice with Safety, by the Light of the Moon, ſhe was the better emboldened to truſt to it a third Time.

The Diſpoſition of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was more timorous; for though the greater Terrors had conquered the leſs, and the Preſence of her Huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an Hour from *Upton*; yet being now arrived at a Place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his Purſuit, theſe leſſer Terrors of I know not what, operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly intreated her Couſin to ſtay till the next Morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the Dangers of travelling by Night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an Exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her Couſin out of theſe Apprehenſions, at laſt gave way to them. Perhaps, indeed, had ſhe known of her Father's Arrival at *Upton*, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for as to *Jones*, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great Horror at the Thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the Truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it; though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this Wiſh from the Reader, as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous Emotions of the Soul, to which the Reaſon is often a Stranger.

When our young Ladies had determined to remain all that Evening in the Inn, they were attended by the Landlady. who deſired to know what their Ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such Charms were there in the Voice, in the Manner, and in the affable Deportment of *Sophia*,

that she ravished the Landlady to the highest Degree; and that good Woman, concluding that she had attended *Jenny Cameron*, became in a Moment a staunch *Jacobite*, and wished heartily well to the young Pretender's Cause, from the great Sweetness and Affability with which she had been treated by his supposed Mistress.

The two Cousins now began to impart to each other their reciprocal Curiosity, to know what extraordinary Accidents on both Sides occasioned this so strange and unexpected Meeting. At last Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, having obtained of *Sophia* a Promise of communicating likewise in her Turn, began to relate what the Reader, if he is desirous to know her History, may read in the ensuing Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The History of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. *Fitzpatrick*, after a Silence of a few Moments, fetching a deep Sigh, thus began:

'It is natural to the Unhappy to feel a secret 'Concern in recollecting those Periods of their 'Lives which have been most delightful to them. 'The Remembrance of past Pleasures affects us 'with a Kind of tender Grief, like what we 'suffer for departed Friends; and the Ideas 'of both may be said to haunt our Imagina-'tions.

'For this Reason, I never reflect without Sor-'row on those Days (the happiest far of my Life) 'which we spent together, when both were 'under the Care of my Aunt *Western*. Alas! why

'are

'are Miſs *Graveairs* and Miſs *Giddy* no more? 'You remember, I am ſure, when we knew each 'other by no other Names. Indeed you gave the 'latter Appellation with too much Cauſe. I have 'ſince experienced how much I deſerved it. You, 'my *Sophia*, was always my Superior in every 'Thing, and I heartily hope you will be ſo in 'your Fortune. I ſhall never forget the wiſe and 'matronly Advice you once gave me, when I 'lamented being diſappointed of a Ball, though 'you could not be then fourteen Years old.— 'O my *Sophia*, how bleſt muſt have been my 'Situation, when I could think ſuch a Diſappoint-'ment a Misfortune; and when indeed it was 'the greateſt I had ever known!'

'And yet, my dear *Harriet*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'it was then a ſerious Matter with you. Comfort 'yourſelf therefore with thinking, that what-'ever you now lament may hereafter appear as 'trifling and contemptible as a Ball would at this 'Time.'

'Alas! my *Sophia*,' replied the other Lady, 'you yourſelf will think otherwiſe of my preſent 'Situation; for greatly muſt that tender Heart be 'altered, if my Misfortunes do not draw many 'a Sigh, nay, many a Tear, from you. The 'Knowledge of this ſhould perhaps deter me from 'relating what I am convinced will ſo much 'affect you.'—Here Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ſtopt, till at the repeated Intreaties of *Sophia*, ſhe thus pro-ceeded:

'Though you muſt have heard much of my 'Marriage; yet, as Matters may probably have 'been miſrepreſented, I will ſet out from the 'very Commencement of my unfortunate Ac-'quaintance with my preſent Huſband; which was

'was at *Bath*, ſoon after you left my Aunt, and 'returned home to your Father.

'Among the gay young Fellows who were at 'this Seaſon at Bath, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was one. 'He was handſome, degagé, extremely gallant, 'and in his Dreſs exceeded moſt others. In ſhort, 'my Dear, if you was unluckily to ſee him now, 'I could deſcribe him no better than by telling 'you he was the very Reverſe of every Thing 'which he is: For he hath ruſticated himſelf ſo 'long, that he is become an abſolute wild *Iriſh-* 'man. But to proceed in my Story; the Qua- 'lifications which he then poſſeſſed ſo well recom- 'mended him, that though the People of 'Quality at that Time lived ſeparate from the reſt 'of the Company, and excluded them from all 'their Parties, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* found means to 'gain Admittance. It was perhaps no eaſy Mat- 'ter to avoid him; for he required very little or 'no Invitation; and as being handſome and 'genteel, he found it no difficult Matter to in- 'gratiate himſelf with the Ladies; ſo, he having 'frequently drawn his Sword, the Men did not 'care publickly to affront him. Had it not been 'for ſome ſuch Reaſon, I believe he would have 'been ſoon expelled by his own Sex; for ſurely 'he had no ſtrict Title to be preferred to the '*Engliſh* Gentry; nor did they ſeem inclined to 'ſhew him any extraordinary Favour. They all 'abuſed him behind his Back, which might pro- 'bably proceed from Envy; for he was well 'received, and very particularly diſtinguiſhed by 'the Women.

'My Aunt, though no Perſon of Quality her- 'ſelf, as ſhe had always lived about the Court, 'was enrolled in that Party: For by whatever

'Means

'Means you get into the Polite Circle, when 'you are once there, it is ſufficient Merit for you 'that you are there. This Obſervation, young 'as you was, you could ſcarce avoid making from 'my Aunt, who was free, or reſerved, with all 'People juſt as they had more or leſs of this 'Merit.

'And this Merit, I believe it was, which 'principally recommended Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to her 'Favour. In which he ſo well ſucceeded, that 'he was always one of her private Parties. Nor 'was he backward in returning ſuch Diſtinction; 'for he ſoon grew ſo very particular in his Beha-'viour to her, that the Scandal Club firſt began 'to take Notice of it, and the better diſpoſed 'Perſons made a Match between them. For my 'own Part, I confeſs, I made no doubt but that 'his Deſigns were ſtrictly honourable, as the 'Phraſe is; that is, to rob a Lady of her For-'tune by Way of Marriage. My Aunt was, I 'conceived, neither young enough nor handſome 'enough to attract much wicked Inclination; 'but ſhe had matrimonial Charms in great Abun-'dance.

'I was the more confirmed in this Opinion, 'from the extraordinary Reſpect which he 'ſhewed to myſelf, from the firſt Moment of 'our Acquaintance. This I underſtood as an 'Attempt to leſſen, if poſſible, that Diſinclina-'tion which my Intereſt might be ſuppoſed to 'give me towards the Match; and I know not 'but in ſome Meaſure it had the Effect: For as 'I was well contented with my own Fortune, 'and of all People the leaſt a Slave to intereſted 'Views; ſo I could not be violently the Enemy 'of a Man with whoſe Behaviour to me I was

'greatly pleaſed; and the more ſo, as I was the 'only Object of ſuch Reſpect; for he behaved 'at the ſame Time, to many Women of Quality 'without any Reſpect at all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he ſoon changed 'it into another Kind of Behaviour, which was 'perhaps more ſo. He now put on much Soft-'neſs and Tenderneſs, and languiſhed and ſighed 'abundantly. At Times, indeed, whether from 'Art or Nature I will not determine, he gave 'his uſual Looſe to Gaiety and Mirth; but this 'was always in general Company, and with other 'Women; for even in a Country-Dance, when 'he was not my Partner, he became grave; and 'put on the ſofteſt Look imaginable, the Mo-'ment he approached me. Indeed he was in all 'Things ſo very particular towards me, that I 'muſt have been blind not to have diſcovered it. 'And, and, and—' 'And you was more pleaſed 'ſtill, my dear *Harriet*,' cries *Sophia*; 'you need 'not be aſhamed,' added ſhe, ſighing; 'for ſure 'there are irreſiſtable Charms in Tenderneſs, 'which too many Men are able to affect.' 'True,' anſwered her Couſin,: 'Men, who in all other 'Inſtances want common Senſe, are very *Machi-'avels* in the Art of Loving. I wiſh I did not 'know an Inſtance.—Well, Scandal now began 'to be as buſy with me as it had before been with 'my Aunt; and ſome good Ladies did not ſcruple 'to affirm, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had an Intrigue 'with us both.

'But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing, my Aunt 'never ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect, 'that which was viſible enough, I believe, from 'both our Behaviours. One would indeed think, 'that Love quite put out the Eyes of an old

'Woman

'Woman. In Fact, they ſo greedily ſwallow 'the Addreſſes which are made to them, that, 'like an outrageous Glutton, they are not at 'Leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt others at 'the ſame Table. This I have obſerved in more 'Caſes than my own; and this was ſo ſtrongly 'verified by my Aunt, that, tho' ſhe often found 'us together at her Return from the Pump, the 'leaſt canting Word of his, pretending Impa-'tience at her Abſence, effectually ſmothered all 'Suſpicion. One Artifice ſucceeded with her to 'Admiration. This was his treating me like a 'little Child, and never calling me by any other 'Name in her Preſence, but that of Pretty 'Miſs. This indeed did him ſome Diſſervice 'with your humble Servant; but I ſoon ſaw 'through it, eſpecially as in her Abſence he be-'haved to me, as I have ſaid, in a different Man-'ner. However, if I was not greatly diſobliged 'by a Conduct of which I had diſcovered the De-'ſign, I ſmarted very ſeverely for it: For my 'Aunt really conceived me to be what her Lover '(as ſhe thought him) called me, and treated me 'in all Reſpects, as a perfect Infant. To ſay 'the Truth, I wonder ſhe had not inſiſted on my 'again wearing Leading-ſtrings.

'At laſt, my Lover, (for ſo he was) thought 'proper, in a moſt ſolemn Manner, to diſcloſe 'a Secret which I had known long before. He 'now placed all the Love which he had pretended 'to my Aunt to my Account. He lamented, in 'very pathetic Terms, the Encouragement ſhe 'had given him, and made a high Merit of the 'tedious Hours, in which he had undergone her 'Converſation.—What ſhall I tell you my dear

'*Sophia*?—Then I will confeſs the Truth. I was 'pleaſed with my Man. I was pleaſed with my 'Conqueſt. To rival my Aunt, delighted me; 'to rival ſo many other Women, charmed me. 'In ſhort, I am afraid, I did not behave as I 'ſhould do, even upon the very firſt Declara-'tion.—I wiſh I did not almoſt give him poſitive 'Encouragement before we parted.

'The *Bath* now talked loudly, I might almoſt 'ſay, roared againſt me. Several young Wo-'men affected to ſhun my Acquaintance, not ſo 'much, perhaps, from any real Suſpicion, as from 'a Deſire of baniſhing me from a Company, in 'which I too much engroſſed their Favourite Man. 'And here I cannot omit expreſſing my Grati-'tude to the Kindneſs intended me by Mr. *Noſh*; 'who took me one Day aſide, and gave me 'Advice, which, if I had followed, I had been a 'happy Woman. "Child," ſays he, "I am "ſorry to ſee the Familiarity which ſubſiſts be-"tween you and a Fellow who is altogether un-"worthy of you, and I am afraid will prove "your Ruin. As for your old ſtinking Aunt, if "it was to be no Injury to you, and my pretty "*Sophia Weſtern* (I aſſure you I repeat his Words) "I ſhould be heartily glad, that the Fellow was "in Poſſeſſion of all that belongs to her. I never "adviſe old Women: For if they take it into "their Heads to go to the Devil, it is no more "poſſible, than worth while, to keep them from "him. Innocence and Youth and Beauty are "worthy a better Fate, and I would ſave them "from his Clutches. Let me adviſe you there-"fore, dear Child, never ſuffer this Fellow to be "particular with you again,"——'Many more

"Things

'Things he ſaid to me, which I have now for-
'gotten, and indeed I attended very little to them
'at that Time: For Inclination contradicted all
'he ſaid; and beſides I could not be perſuaded,
'that Women of Quality would condeſcend to
'Familiarity with ſuch a Perſon as he deſcribed.

'But I am afraid, my Dear, I ſhall tire you
'with a Detail of ſo many minute Circumſtances.
'To be conciſe, therefore, imagine me married;
'imagine me with my Huſband, at the Feet of
'my Aunt; and then imagine the maddeſt Wo-
'man in *Bedlam* in a raving Fit, and your Ima-
'gination will ſuggeſt to you no more than what
'really happened.

'The very next Day my Aunt left the Place,
'partly to avoid ſeeing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* or myſelf,
'and as much perhaps to avoid ſeeing any one
'elſe; for, though I am told ſhe hath ſince de-
'nied every thing ſtoutly, I believe ſhe was then
'a little confounded at her Diſappointment.
'Since that Time I have written to her many
'Letters, but never could obtain an Anſwer,
'which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat the heavier, as
'ſhe herſelf was, though undeſignedly, the Occa-
'ſion of all my Sufferings: For had it not been
'under the Colour of paying his Addreſſes to
'her, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* would never have found
'ſufficient Opportunities to have engaged my
'Heart, which, in other Circumſtances, I ſtill
'flatter myſelf would not have been an eaſy Con-
'queſt to ſuch a Perſon. Indeed, I believe I
'ſhould not have erred ſo groſsly in my Choice,
'if I had relied on my own Judgment; but I
'truſted totally to the Opinion of others, and
'very fooliſhly took the Merit of a Man for
'granted, whom I ſaw ſo univerſally well received

'by

'by the Women. What is the Reaſon, my 'Dear, that we, who have Underſtandings equal 'to the wiſeſt and greateſt of the other Sex, ſo 'often make Choice of the filliſt Fellows for 'Companions and Favourites? It raiſes my In-'dignation to the higheſt Pitch, to reflect on the 'Numbers of Women of Senſe who have been 'undone by Fools.' Here ſhe paused a Moment; but *Sophia* making no Anſwer, ſhe proceeded as in the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the Hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick *is continued.*

'WE remained at *Bath* no longer than a 'Fortnight after our Wedding: For as 'to any Reconciliation with my Aunt, there 'were no Hopes; and of my Fortune, not one 'Farthing could be touched till I was at Age, of 'which I now wanted more than two Years. 'My Huſband therefore was reſolved to ſet out 'for *Ireland*; againſt which I remonſtrated very 'earneſtly, and inſiſted on a Promiſe which he 'had made me before our Marriage, that I 'ſhould never take this Journey againſt my Con-'ſent; and indeed I never intended to conſent to 'it; nor will any body, I believe, blame me 'for the Reſolution; but this, however, I ne-'ver mentioned to my Huſband; and petitioned 'only for the Reprieve of a Month; but he had 'fixed the Day, and to that Day he obſtinately 'adhered.

'The Evening before our Departure, as we 'were diſputing this Point with great Eagerneſs

'on

" on both Sides, he ſtarted ſuddenly from his " Chair, and left me abruptly, ſaying, he was " going to the Rooms. He was hardly out of the " Houſe, when I ſaw a Paper lying on the Floor, " which I ſuppoſe, he had careleſly pulled from " his Pocket, together with his Handkerchief. " This Paper I took up, and finding it to be a " Letter, I made no Scruple to open and read it; " and indeed I read it ſo often, that I can repeat " it to you almoſt Word for Word. This then " was the Letter.

" To Mr. *Brian Fitzpatrick*.

" *Sir*,

" YOURS received, and am ſurpriſed you " ſhould uſe me in this Manner, as have " never ſeen any of your Caſh, unleſs for one " Linſey-Woolſey Coat, and your Bill now is " upwards of 150*l*. Conſider, Sir, how often " you have fobbed me off with your being ſhortly " married to this Lady, and t'other Lady; " but I can neither live on Hopes or Promiſes, " nor will my Woollen-draper take any ſuch " in Payment. You tell me you are ſecure of " having either the Aunt or the Niece, and " that you might have married the Aunt before " this, whoſe Jointure you ſay is immenſe, but " that you prefer the Niece on Account of her " ready Money. Pray Sir, take a Fool's Ad- " vice for once, and marry the firſt you can get. " You will pardon my offering my Advice, as " you know I ſincerely wiſh you well. Shall " draw on you *per* next Poſt, in Favour of " Meſſieurs *John Drugget* and Company, at four-

" teen

" teen Days, which doubt not your honouring,
" and am,

" *Sir*,

" *Your humble Servant*,

" SAMUEL COSGRAVE."

' This was the Letter, Word for Word. Gueſs,
' my dear Girl, gueſs how this Letter affected
' me. *You prefer the Niece on Account of her*
' *ready Money!* If every one of theſe Words
' had been a Dagger, I could with Pleaſure have
' ſtabbed them into his Heart; but I will not
' recount my frantic Behaviour on the Occaſion.
' I had pretty well ſpent my Tears before his
' Return home; but ſufficient Remains of them
' appeared in my ſwollen Eyes. He threw him-
' ſelf ſuddenly into his Chair, and for a long
' Time we were both ſilent. At length, in a
' haughty Tone, he ſaid, " I hope, Madam,
" your Servants have packed up all your Things;
" for the Coach will be ready by Six in the
" Morning." ' My Patience was totally ſubdued
' by this Provocation, and I anſwered, " No,
" Sir, there is a Letter ſtill remains unpacked;"
' and then throwing it on the Table, I fell to up-
' braiding him with the moſt bitter Language I
' could invent.

' Whether Guilt, or Shame, or Prudence,
' reſtrained him, I cannot ſay; but tho' he is the
' moſt paſſionate of Men, he exerted no Rage on
' this Occaſion. He endeavoured, on the con-
' trary, to pacify me by the moſt gentle Means.
' He ſwore the Phraſe in the Letter to which I
' principally objected was not his, nor had he
' ever written any ſuch. He owned indeed the

' having

'having mentioned his Marriage, and that Pre-
'ference which he had given to myſelf, but de-
'nied with many Oaths the having aſſigned any
'ſuch Reaſon. And he excuſed the having men-
'tioned any ſuch Matter at all, on Account of
'the Straits he was in for Money, ariſing, he
'ſaid, from his having too long neglected his
'Eſtate in *Ireland*. And this, he ſaid, which he
'could not bear to diſcover to me, was the only
'Reaſon of his having ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on
'our Journey. He then uſed ſeveral very en-
'dearing Expreſſions, and concluded by a very
'fond Careſs, and many violent Proteſtations of
'Love.

'There was one Circumſtance, which tho' he
'did not appeal to it, had much Weight with me
'in his Favour, and that was the Word Jointure
'in the Taylor's Letter, whereas my Aunt never
'had been married, and this Mr. *Fitzpatrick* well
'knew.——As I imagined therefore that the Fel-
'low muſt have inſerted this of his own Head, or
'from Hearſay, I perſuaded myſelf he might have
'ventured likewiſe on that odious Line on no
'better Authority. What Reaſoning was this,
'my Dear? Was I not an Advocate rather than
'a Judge?—But why do I mention ſuch a Cir-
'cumſtance as this, or appeal to it for the Juſti-
'fication of my Forgiveneſs?—In ſhort, had he
'been guilty of twenty times as much, Half the
'Tenderneſs and Fondneſs which he uſed would
'have prevailed on me to have forgiven him. I
'now made no farther Objections to our ſetting
'out, which we did the next Morning, and in
'a little more than a Week arrived at the Seat of
'Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.

'Your

'Your Curiosity will excuse me from relating 'any Occurrences which past during our Jour-'ney: For it would be indeed highly disagreeable 'to travel it over again, and no less so to you to 'travel it over with me.

'This Seat, then, is an ancient Mansion-'house: If I was in one of those merry Humours 'in which you have so often seen me, I could 'describe it to you ridiculously enough. It looked 'as if it had been formerly inhabited by a Gentle-'man. Here was Room enough, and not the 'less Room on Account of the Furniture; For 'indeed there was very little in it. An old Wo-'man, who seemed coeval with the Building, and 'greatly resembled her whom *Chamont* mentions 'in the *Orphan*, received us at the Gate; and in 'a Howl scarce human, and to me unintelligible, 'welcomed her Master home. In short, the 'whole Scene was so gloomy and melancholy, 'that it threw my Spirits into the lowest Dejec-'tion; which my Husband discerning, instead of 'relieving, increased by two or three malicious 'Observations. "There are good Houses, "Madam," says he, "as you find, in other Places "besides *England*; but perhaps you had rather be "in dirty Lodgings at *Bath*."

'Happy, my Dear, is the Woman, who in 'any State of Life hath a cheerful good-natured 'Companion to support and comfort her; but 'why do I reflect on happy Situations only to 'aggravate my own Misery! My Companion, 'far from clearing up the Gloom of Solitude, 'soon convinced me, that I must have been 'wretched with him in any Place, and in any 'Condition. In a Word, he was a surly Fel-

'low,

'low, a Character perhaps you have never ſeen: 'For indeed no Woman ever ſees it exemplified, 'but in a Father, a Brother, or a Huſband; and 'though you have a Father, he is not of that 'Character. This ſurly Fellow had formerly 'appeared to me the very Reverſe, and ſo he did 'ſtill to every other Perſon. Good Heaven! 'how is it poſſible for a Man to maintain a con-'ſtant Lie in his Appearance abroad and in 'Company, and to content himſelf with ſhewing 'diſagreeable Truth only at home? Here, my 'Dear, they make themſelves amends for the 'uneaſy Reſtraint which they put on their Tem-'pers in the World; for I have obſerved, the 'more merry and gay and good-humoured my 'Huſband hath at any Time been in Company, 'the more ſullen and moroſe he was ſure to be-'come at our next private Meeting. How ſhall 'I deſcribe his Barbarity? To my Fondneſs he 'was cold and inſenſible. My little comical 'Ways, which you, my *Sophia*, and which 'others have called ſo agreeable, he treated with 'Contempt. In my moſt ſerious Moments, he 'ſung and whiſtled: and whenever I was tho-'roughly dejected and miſerable, he was angry, 'and abuſed me: For though he was never 'pleaſed with my good Humour, nor aſcribed it 'to my Satisfaction in him; yet my low Spirits 'always offended him, and thoſe he imputed to 'my Repentance of having (as he ſaid) married 'an *Iriſhman*.

'You will eaſily conceive, my dear *Grave-'airs* (I aſk your Pardon, I really forgot my-'ſelf) that when a Woman makes an imprudent 'Match in the Senſe of the World; that is, 'when ſhe is not an arrant Proſtitute to pecuni-

'ary

'ary Intereſt, ſhe muſt neceſſarily have ſome 'Inclination and Affection for her Man. You 'will as eaſily believe that this Affection may 'poſſibly be leſſened; nay, I do aſſure you, Con-'tempt will wholly eradicate it. This Contempt 'I now began to entertain for my Huſband, 'whom I now diſcovered to be—I muſt uſe the 'Expreſſion—an arrant Blockhead. Perhaps you 'will wonder I did not make this Diſcovery long 'before; but Women will ſuggeſt a thouſand 'Excuſes to themſelves for the Folly of thoſe they 'like: Beſides, give me Leave to tell you, it re-'quires a moſt penetrating Eye to diſcern a Fool 'through the Diſguiſes of Gaiety and Good-'breeding.

'It will be eaſily imagined, that when I once 'deſpiſed my Huſband, as I confeſs to you I ſoon 'did, I muſt conſequently diſlike his Company; 'and indeed I had the Happineſs of being very 'little troubled with it; for our Houſe was now 'moſt elegantly furniſhed, our Cellars well ſtock-'ed, and Dogs and Horſes provided in great 'Abundance. As my Gentleman therefore en-'tertained his Neighbours with great Hoſpitality, 'ſo his Neighbours reſorted to him with great 'Alacrity; and Sports and Drinking conſumed 'ſo much of his Time, that a ſmall Part of his 'Converſation, that is to ſay, of his Ill-humours, 'fell to my Share.

'Happy would it have been for me, if I could 'as eaſily have avoided all other diſagreeable 'Company; but alas! I was confined to ſome 'which conſtantly tormented me; and the more, 'as I ſaw no Proſpect of being relieved from 'them. Theſe Companions were my own rack-'ing Thoughts, which plagued, and in a man-

'ner

'ner haunted me Night and Day. In this Situ-
'ation, I paſſed through a Scene, the Horrors
'of which can neither be painted nor imagined.
'Think, my Dear, figure, if you can, to your-
'ſelf what I muſt have undergone. I became a
'Mother by the Man I ſcorned, hated, and de-
'teſted. I went through all the Agonies and
'Miſeries of a Lying-in (ten Times more pain-
'ful in ſuch a Circumſtance, than the worſt La-
'bour can be, when one endures it for a Man
'one loves) in a Deſart, or rather indeed a Scene
'of Riot and Revel, without a Friend, without
'a Companion, or without any of thoſe agreeable
'Circumſtances which often alleviate, and per-
'haps ſometimes more than compenſate, the Suf-
'ferings of our Sex at this Seaſon.'

CHAP. VI.

In which the Miſtake of the Landlord throws Sophia *into a dreadful Conſternation.*

MRS. *Fitzpatrick* was proceeding in her Narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the Entrance of Dinner, greatly to the Concern of *Sophia:* For the Misfortunes of her Friend had raiſed her Anxiety, and left her no Appetite, but what Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was to ſatisfy by her Relation.

The Landlord now attended with a Plate under his Arm, and with the ſame Reſpect in his Countenance and Addreſs, which he would have put on, had the Ladies arrived in a Coach and Six.

The married Lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own Misfortunes than was her Couſin: For the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could

could hardly ſwallow a Morſel. *Sophia* likewiſe ſhewed more Concern and Sorrow in her Countenance than appeared in the other Lady; who having obſerved theſe Symptoms in her Friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying, 'Perhaps 'all may yet end better than either you or I expect.'

Our Landlord thought he had now an Opportunity to open his Mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. 'I am ſorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your Ladyſhip can't eat; for, to be ſure, 'you muſt be hungry after ſo long faſting. I 'hope your Ladyſhip is not uneaſy at any Thing: 'For, as Madam there ſays, all may end better 'than any body expects. A Gentleman, who 'was here juſt now, brought excellent News; and 'perhaps ſome Folks who have given other Folks 'the Slip, may get to *London* before they are overtaken; and if they do, I make no Doubt, but 'they will find People who will be very ready to 'receive them.'

All Perſons under the Apprehenſion of Danger convert whatever they ſee and hear into the Objects of that Apprehenſion. *Sophia* therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing Speech, that ſhe was known, and purſued by her Father. She was now ſtruck with the utmoſt Conſternation, and for a few Minutes deprived of the Power of Speech; which ſhe no ſooner recovered, than ſhe deſired the Landlord to ſend his Servants out of the Room, and then addreſſing herſelf to him, ſaid; 'I perceive, Sir, you know who we are; 'but I beſeech you——nay, I am convinced, if 'you have any Compaſſion or Goodneſs, you will 'not betray us.'

'I be-

'I betray your Ladyſhip!' quoth the Landlord; 'No; (and then he ſwore ſeveral very hearty Oaths) 'I would ſooner be cut into ten 'thouſand Pieces. I hate all Treachery. I! I 'never betrayed any one in my Life yet, and I 'am ſure I ſhall not begin with ſo ſweet a Lady 'as your Ladyſhip. All the World would very 'much blame me if I ſhould, ſince it will be in 'your Ladyſhip's Power ſo ſhortly to reward me. 'My Wife can witneſs for me, I knew your 'Ladyſhip the Moment you came into the 'Houſe: I ſaid it was your Honour, before I 'lifted you from your Horſe, and I ſhall carry 'the Bruiſes I got in your Ladyſhip's Service to 'the Grave; but what ſignified that, as long as 'I ſaved your Ladyſhip? To be ſure, ſome 'People this Morning would have thought of 'getting a Reward; but no ſuch Thought ever 'entered into my Head. I would ſooner ſtarve 'than take any Reward for betraying your Lady-'ſhip.'

'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſays *Sophia*, 'if it be 'ever in my Power to reward you, you ſhall not 'loſe by your Generoſity.'

'Alack-a-day! Madam!' anſwered the Landlord, 'in your Ladyſhip's Power! Heaven put it 'it as much into your Will. I am only afraid 'your Honour will forget ſuch a poor Man as 'an Innkeeper; but if your Ladyſhip ſhould not, 'I hope you will remember what Reward I 'refuſed—refuſed; that is, I would have refuſed, 'and to be ſure it may be called refuſing; for I 'might have had it certainly; and to be ſure you 'might have been in ſome Houſes;—but for my 'Part, I would not methinks for the World have 'your Ladyſhip wrong me ſo much, as to ima-

'gine

'gine I ever thought of betraying you, even be-
'fore I heard the good News.'

'What News, pray?' ſays *Sophia*, ſomewhat eagerly.

'Hath not your Ladyſhip heard it then!' cries the Landlord; 'nay, like enough: For I heard it 'only a few Minutes ago; and if I had never 'heard it, may the Devil fly away with me this 'Inſtant, if I would have betrayed your Honour; 'no, if I would, may I'—— Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful Imprecations, which *Sophia* at laſt interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the News.—He was going to anſwer, when Mrs. *Honour* came running into the Room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out, 'Madam, we 'are all undone, all ruined; they are come, they 'are come!' Theſe Words almoſt froze up the Blood of *Sophia*; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* aſked *Honour*, who were come?—'Who, anſwered ſhe, 'why the *French*; ſeveral hundred thouſands of 'them are landed, and we ſhall be all murdered 'and raviſhed.'

As a Miſer, who hath in ſome well-built City a Cottage, Value Twenty Shillings, when at a Diſtance he is alarmed with the News of a Fire, turns pale and trembles at his Loſs; but when he finds the beautiful Palaces only are burnt, and his own Cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf and ſmiles at his good Fortune: Or as (for we diſlike ſomething in the former Simile) the tender Mother, when terrified with the Apprehenſion that her darling Boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs and almoſt dead with Conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little Maſter is ſafe, and the *Victory* only with twelve hundred brave Men gone to the Bottom, Life and Senſe

again

again return, maternal Fondneſs enjoys the ſudden Relief from all its Fears, and the general Benevolence, which at another Time would have deeply felt the dreadful Cataſtrophe, lies faſt aſleep in her Mind.

So *Sophia*, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general Calamity of her Country, found ſuch immediate Satisfaction from the Relief of thoſe Terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her Father, that the Arrival of the *French* ſcarce made any Impreſſion on her. She gently chid her Maid for the Fright into which ſhe had thrown her; and ſaid, 'ſhe was glad it 'was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared ſomebody 'elſe was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the Landlord ſmiling, 'her 'Ladyſhip knows better Things; ſhe knows the '*French* are our very beſt Friends, and come over 'hither only for our Good. They are the Peo-'ple who are to make *Old England* flouriſh 'again. I warrant her Honour thought the Duke 'was coming; and that was enough to put her 'into a Fright. I was going to tell your Lady-'ſhip the News.---His Honour's Majeſty, Heaven 'bleſs him, hath given the Duke the Slip, 'and is marching as faſt as he can to *London*, 'and ten thouſand *French* are landed to join him 'on the Road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleaſed with this News, nor with the Gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any Suſpicion of the real Truth) ſhe durſt not ſhew any Diſlike. And now the Landlord, having removed the Cloth from the Table, withdrew; but at his Departure frequently repeated his Hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The Mind of *Sophia* was not at all eaſy under the Suppoſition of being known at this Houſe; for ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many Things which the Landlord had addreſſed to *Jenny Cameron*; ſhe therefore ordered her Maid to pump out of him by what Means he had become acquainted with her Perſon, and who had offered him the Reward for betraying her; ſhe likewiſe ordered the Horſes to be in Readineſs by Four in the Morning, at which Hour Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* promiſed to bear her Company; and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that Lady to continue her Story.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick *concludes her Hiſtory.*

WHILE Mrs. *Honour*, in Purſuance of the Commands of her Miſtreſs, ordered a Bowl of Punch, and invited my Landlord and Landlady to partake of it, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* thus went on with her Relation.

'Moſt of the Officers who were quartered at 'a Town in our Neighbourhood were of my 'Huſband's Acquaintance. Among theſe was a 'Lieutenant, a very pretty Sort of Man, and who 'was married to a Woman ſo agreeable both in 'her Temper and Converſation, that from our 'firſt knowing each other, which was ſoon after 'my Lying-in, we were almoſt inſeparable Com-'panions; for I had the good Fortune to make 'myſelf equally agreeable to her.

'The Lieutenant, who was neither a Sot nor 'a Sportſman, was frequently of our Parties; 'indeed, he was very little with my Huſband, and

'no

'no more than good Breeding conſtrained him
'to be, as he lived almoſt conſtantly at our Houſe.
'My Huſband often expreſſed much Diſſatisfac-
'tion at the Lieutenant's preferring my Com-
'pany to his; he was very angry with me on that
'Account, and gave me many a hearty Curſe
'for drawing away his Companions; ſaying,
"I ought to be d—ned for having ſpoiled one of
"the prettieſt Fellows in the World by making
"a Milk-ſop of him."

'You will be miſtaken, my dear *Sophia*, if
'you imagine that the Anger of my Huſband
'aroſe from my depriving him of a Companion;
'for the Lieutenant was not a Perſon with whoſe
'Society a Fool could be pleaſed; and if I ſhould
'admit the Poſſibility of this, ſo little Right had
'my Huſband to place the Loſs of his Companion
'to me, that I am convinced it was my Conver-
'ſation alone which induced him ever to come to
'the Houſe. No, Child, it was Envy, the
'worſt and moſt rancorous Kind of Envy, the
'Envy of Superiority of Underſtanding. The
'Wretch could not bear to ſee my Converſation
'preferred to his, by a Man of whom he could
'not entertain the leaſt Jealouſy. O my dear
'*Sophia*, you are a Woman of Senſe; if you mar-
'ry a Man, as is moſt probable you will, of leſs
'Capacity than yourſelf, make frequent Trials
'of his Temper before Marriage, and ſee whe-
'ther he can bear to ſubmit to ſuch a Superiority.
'—Promiſe me, *Sophy*, you will take this Ad-
'vice; for you will hereafter find its Importance.'

'It is very likely I ſhall never marry at all,' an-
ſwered *Sophia*; 'I think, at leaſt, I ſhall never
'marry a Man in whoſe Underſtanding I ſee any
'Defects before Marriage: And I promiſe you I

'would rather give up my own, than ſee any 'ſuch afterwards.' 'Give up your Underſtand-'ing!' replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; 'Oh fie, Child, 'I will not believe ſo meanly of you. Every 'thing elſe I might myſelf be brought to give 'up; but never this. Nature would not have 'alotted this Superiority to the Wife in ſo many 'Inſtances, if ſhe had intended we ſhould all of 'us have ſurrendered it to the Huſband. This 'indeed Men of Senſe never expect of us; of 'which the Lieutenant I have juſt mentioned 'was one notable Example; for though he had a 'very good Underſtanding, he always acknow-'ledged (as was really true) that his Wife had a 'better. And this, perhaps, was one Reaſon of 'the Hatred my Tyrant bore her.

'Before he would be ſo governed by a Wife, 'he ſaid, eſpecially ſuch an ugly B—— (for in-'deed ſhe was not a regular Beauty, but very 'agreeable and extremely genteel) he would ſee 'all the Women upon Earth at the Devil, which 'was a very uſual Phraſe with him. He ſaid, 'he wondered what I could ſee in her to be ſo 'charmed with her Company; ſince this Wo-'man, ſays he, hath come among us, there is 'an End of your beloved Reading, which you 'pretended to like ſo much, that you could not 'afford Time to return the Viſits of the Ladies 'in this Country; and I muſt confeſs I had been 'guilty of a little Rudeneſs this Way; for the 'Ladies there are at leaſt no better than the mere 'Country Ladies here; and I think I need make 'no other Excuſe to you for declining any Inti-'macy with them.

'This Correſpondence however continued a 'whole Year, even all the while the Lieutenant

'was

'was quartered in that Town: for which I was 'contented to pay the Tax of being conſtantly 'abuſed in the Manner above-mentioned by my 'Huſband; I mean when he was at Home; for he was frequently abſent a Month at a Time 'at *Dublin*, and once made a Journey of two 'Months to *London*; in all which Journies I 'thought it a very ſingular Happineſs that he 'never once deſired my Company; nay, by his 'frequent Cenſures on Men, who could not tra-'vel, as he phraſed it, without a Wife tied up 'to their Tail, he ſufficiently intimated that, 'had I been ever ſo deſirous of accompanying 'him, my Wiſhes would have been in vain; but, 'Heaven knows, ſuch Wiſhes were very far from 'my Thoughts.

'At length my Friend was removed from me, 'and I was again left to my Solitude, to the tor-'menting Converſation with my own Reflec-'tions, and to apply to Books for my only Com-'fort. I now read almoſt all Day long.—How 'many Books do you think I read in three 'Months?' 'I can't gueſs, indeed, Couſin,' anſwered *Sophia*.——'Perhaps half a Score.' 'Half a Score! half a Thouſand, Child,' an-'ſwered the other. 'I read a good deal in *Daniel*'s 'Engliſh Hiſtory of *France*; a great deal in *Plu-'tarch*'s Lives; the *Atalantis*, *Pope*'s *Homer*, '*Dryden*'s Plays, *Chillingworth*, the Counteſs 'D'*Anois*, and *Locke*'s Human Underſtanding.

'During this Interval, I wrote three very ſup-'plicating, and, I thought, moving Letters to 'my Aunt; but as I received no Anſwer to any 'of them, my Diſdain would not ſuffer me to 'continue my Application.'—Here ſhe ſtopt, and looking earneſtly at *Sophia*, ſaid, 'Methinks,

'my Dear, I read ſomething in your Eyes which 'reproaches me of a Neglect in another Place, 'where I ſhould have met with a kinder Return.' 'Indeed, dear *Harriet*,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'your 'Story is an Apology for any Neglect; but in-'deed I feel that I have been guilty of a Remiſſ-'neſs, without ſo good an Excuſe---Yet pray 'proceed; for I long, though I tremble, to hear 'the End.'

Thus then Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* reſumed her Narrative. 'My Huſband now took a ſecond Jour-'ney to *England*, where he continued upwards 'of three Months. During the greater Part of 'this Time, I led a Life which nothing but 'having led a worſe, could make me think to-'lerable; for perfect Solitude can never be recon-'ciled to a ſocial Mind, like mine, but when it 'relieves you from the Company of thoſe you 'hate. What added to my Wretchedneſs, was 'the Loſs of my little Infant: Not that I pretend 'to have had for it that extravagant Tenderneſs 'of which I believe I might have been capable 'under other Circumſtances; but I reſolved, in 'every Inſtance, to Diſcharge the Duty of the 'tendereſt Mother; and this Care prevented me 'from feeling the Weight of that heavieſt of all 'Things, when it can be at all ſaid to lie heavy 'on our Hands.

'I had ſpent full ten Weeks almoſt entirely by 'myſelf, having ſeen nobody all that Time, 'except my Servants, and a very few Viſitors, 'when a young Lady, a Relation to my Huſband, 'came from a diſtant Part of *Ireland* to viſit me. 'She had ſtaid once before a Week at my Houſe, 'and I then gave her a preſſing Invitation to re-'turn; for ſhe was a very agreeable Woman,

'and

'and had improved good natural Parts by a proper 'Education. Indeed ſhe was to me a moſt wel-'come Gueſt.

'A few Days after her Arrival, perceiving me 'in very low Spirits, without enquiring the 'Cauſe, which indeed ſhe very well knew, the 'young Lady fell to compaſſionating my Caſe. 'She ſaid, "Tho' Politeneſs had prevented me "from complaining of my Huſband's Behaviour "to his Relations, yet they all were very ſen-"ſible of it, and felt great Concern upon that "Account; but none more than herſelf:" And 'after ſome more general Diſcourſe on this Head, 'which I own I could not forbear countenancing, 'at laſt, after much previous Precaution and 'enjoined Concealment, ſhe communicated to 'me, as a profound Secret—that my Huſband 'kept a Miſtreſs.

'You will certainly imagine I heard this News 'with the utmoſt Inſenſibility.—Upon my Word, 'if you do, your Imagination will miſlead you. 'Contempt hath not ſo kept down my Anger to 'my Huſband, but that Hatred roſe again on 'this Occaſion. What can be the Reaſon of 'this? Are we ſo abominably ſelfiſh, that we 'can be concerned at others having Poſſeſſion 'even of what we deſpiſe? Or are we not rather 'abominably vain, and is not this the greateſt 'Injury done to our Vanity? What think you '*Sophia*?'

'I don't know, indeed,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'I 'have never troubled myſelf with any of theſe 'deep Contemplations; but I think the Lady 'did very ill in communicating to you ſuch a 'Secret.'

'And yet, my Dear, this Conduct is natural, replied Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; 'and when you have 'seen and read as much as myſelf, you will ac-'knowledge it to be ſo.'

'I am ſorry to hear it is natural,' returned *Sophia*; 'for I want neither Reading nor Experience 'to convince me, that it is very diſhonourable 'and very ill-natured: Nay, it is ſurely as ill-'bred to tell a Huſband or Wife of the Faults of 'each other, as to tell them of their own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, 'my 'Huſband at laſt returned; and if I am thorough-'ly acquainted with my own Thoughts, I hated 'him now more than ever; but I deſpiſed him 'rather leſs: For certainly nothing ſo much 'weakens our Contempt, as an Injury done to 'our Pride or our Vanity.

'He now aſſumed a Carriage to me, ſo very 'different from what he had lately worn, and ſo 'nearly reſembling his Behaviour the firſt Week 'of our Marriage, that had I now had any Spark 'of Love remaining, he might poſſibly, have re-'kindled my Fondneſs for him. But though 'Hatred may ſucceed to Contempt, and may, 'perhaps, get the better of it, Love, I believe, 'cannot. The Truth is, the Paſſion of Love is 'too reſtleſs to remain contented, without the 'Gratification which it receives from its Object; 'and one can no more be inclined to love with-'out loving, than we can have Eyes without 'ſeeing. When a Huſband, therefore, ceaſes to 'be the Object of this Paſſion, it is moſt pro-'bable ſome other Man—I ſay, my Dear, if your 'Huſband grows indifferent to you—if you once 'come to deſpiſe him—I ſay,—that is,—if you 'have the Paſſion of Love in you—Lud! I have

'be-

'bewildered myſelf ſo,—but one is apt, in theſe 'abſtracted Conſiderations, to loſe the Concate-'nation of Ideas, as Mr. *Locke* ſays.—In ſhort, 'the Truth is—in ſhort, I ſcarce know what it 'is; but as I was ſaying, my Huſband re-'turned, and his Behaviour, at firſt, greatly ſur-'priſed me; but he ſoon acquainted me with the 'Motive, and taught me to account for it. In 'a Word then, he had ſpent and loſt all the 'ready Money of my Fortune; and as he could 'mortgage his own Eſtate no deeper, he was now 'deſirous to ſupply himſelf with Caſh for his Ex-'travagance, by ſelling a little Eſtate of mine, 'which he could not do without my Aſſiſtance; 'and to obtain this Favour, was the whole and 'ſole Motive of all the Fondneſs which he now 'put on.

'With this I peremptorily refuſed to comply. 'I told him, and I told him truly, that had I 'been poſſeſſed of the *Indies* at our firſt Marriage, 'he might have commanded it all: For it had 'been a conſtant Maxim with me, that where a 'Woman diſpoſes of her Heart, ſhe ſhould always 'depoſite her Fortune; but as he had been ſo 'kind, long ago, to reſtore the former into my 'Poſſeſſion, I was reſolved likewiſe to retain what 'little remained of the latter.

'I will not deſcribe to you the Paſſion into 'which theſe Words, and the reſolute Air in 'which they were ſpoken, threw him: Nor will 'I trouble you with the whole Scene which ſuc-'ceeded between us. Out came, you may be 'well aſſured, the Story of the Miſtreſs; and out 'it did come, with all the Embelliſhments 'which Anger and Diſdain could beſtow upon 'it.

'Mr. *Fitzpatrick* ſeemed a little Thunder-
'ſtruck with this, and more confuſed than I had
'ſeen him; though his Ideas are always confuſed
'enough, Heaven knows. He did not, how-
'ever, endeavour to exculpate himſelf; but took
'a Method which almoſt equally confounded me.
'What was this but Recrimination! He affected
'to be jealous;—he may, for ought I know,
'be inclined enough to Jealouſy in his natural
'Temper: Nay, he muſt have had it from Na-
'ture, or the Devil muſt have put it into his
'Head; for I defy all the World to caſt a juſt
'Aſperſion on my Character: Nay, the moſt
'ſcandalous Tongues have never dared to cenſure
'my Reputation. My Fame, I thank Heaven,
'hath been always as ſpotleſs as my Life, and let
'Falſehood itſelf accuſe that, if it dare. No, my
'dear *Graveairs*, however provoked, however ill-
'treated, however injured in my Love, I have
'firmly reſolved never to give the leaſt Room
'for Cenſure on this Account.—And yet, my
'Dear, there are ſome People ſo malicious, ſome
'Tongues ſo venemous, that no Innocence can
'eſcape them. The moſt undeſigned Word,
'the moſt accidental Look, the leaſt Familiarity,
'the moſt innocent Freedom, will be miſcon-
'ſtrued, and magnified into I know not what,
'by ſome People. But I deſpiſe, my dear *Grave-*
'*airs*, I deſpiſe all ſuch Slander. No ſuch Ma-
'lice, I aſſure you, ever gave me an uneaſy Mo-
'ment. No, no, I promiſe you I am above all
'that—But where was I? O let me ſee, I told
'you my Huſband was jealous—And of whom,
'pray?—Why of whom but the Lieutenant I
'mentioned to you before? He was obliged to
'reſort above a Year and more back, to find
'any

'any Object for this unaccountable Paſſion, if 'indeed he really felt any ſuch, and was not an 'arrant Counterfeit, in order to abuſe me.

'But I have tired you already with too many 'Particulars. I will now bring my Story to a 'very ſpeedy Concluſion. In ſhort, then, after 'many Scenes very unworthy to be repeated, in 'which my Couſin engaged ſo heartily on my 'Side, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at laſt turned her out 'of Doors; when he found I was neither to be 'ſoothed nor bullied into Compliance, he took a 'very violent Method indeed. Perhaps you will 'conclude he beat me; but this, tho' he hath ap-'proached very near to it, he never actually did. 'He confined me to my Room, without ſuffering 'me to have either Pen, Ink, Paper, or Book; 'and a Servant every Day made my Bed, and 'brought me my Food.

'When I had remained a Week under this Im-'priſonment, he made a Viſit, and, with the Voice 'of a Schoolmaſter, or, what is often much the 'ſame, of a Tyrant, aſked me, "If I would yet "comply?" I anſwered very ſtoutly, "That "I would die firſt." "Then ſo you ſhall, and "be d—n'd," cries he; "for you ſhall never go "alive out of this Room."

'Here I remained a Fortnight longer; and, to 'ſay the Truth, my Conſtancy was almoſt ſub-'dued, and I began to think of Submiſſion; 'when one Day in the Abſence of my Huſ-'band, who was gone abroad for ſome ſhort 'Time, by the greateſt good Fortune in the 'World, an Accident happened.—I—at a Time 'when I began to give way to the utmoſt De-'ſpair—every Thing would be excuſable at ſuch

'at a Time---at that very Time I received--But it 'would take up an Hour to tell you all Particu-'lars.---In one Word, then, (for I will not tire 'you with Circumſtances) Gold, the common 'Key to all Padlocks, opened my Door, and ſet 'me at Liberty.

'I now made haſte to *Dublin*, where I imme-'diately procured a Paſſage to *England:* and was 'proceeding to *Bath*, in order to throw myſelf 'into the Protection of my Aunt, or of your Fa-'ther, or of any Relation who would afford it 'me. My Huſband overtook me laſt Night, at 'the Inn where I lay, and which you left a few 'Minutes before me: but I had the good Luck 'to eſcape him, and to follow you.

'And thus, my Dear, ends my Hiſtory: A 'tragical one, I am ſure, it is to myſelf; but, per-'haps, I ought rather to apologize to you for its 'Dulneſs.'

Sophia heaved a deep Sigh, and anſwered, 'In-'deed *Harriet*, I pity you from my Soul!---But 'what could you expect? Why, why, would 'you marry an *Iriſhman?*'

'Upon my Word,' replied her Couſin, 'your 'Cenſure is unjuſt. There are among the *Iriſh*, 'Men of as much Worth and Honour, as any 'among the *Engliſh:* Nay, to ſpeak the Truth, 'Generoſity of Spirit is rather more common 'among them. I have known ſome Examples 'there too of good Huſbands; and, I believe, 'theſe are not very plenty in *England.* Aſk me, 'rather, what I could expect when I married a 'Fool? and I will tell you a ſolemn Truth; I 'did not know him to be ſo.'---'Can no Man,' ſaid *Sophia*, in a very low and alter'd Voice, 'do you think, make a bad Huſband, who is

'not

'not a Fool?' 'That,' anſwered the other, 'is 'too general a Negative; but none, I believe, is 'ſo likely as a Fool to prove ſo. Among my Ac-'quaintance, the ſillieſt Fellows are the worſt 'Huſbands; and I will venture to aſſert, as a 'Fact, that a Man of Senſe rarely behaves very 'ill to a Wife, who deſerves very well.'

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful Alarm in the Inn, with the Arrival of an unexpected Friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the Deſire of her Couſin, related---not what follows, but what hath gone before in this Hiſtory: For which Reaſon the Reader will, I ſuppoſe, excuſe me, for not repeating it over again.

One Remark, however, I cannot forbear making on her Narrative, namely, that ſhe made no more mention of *Jones*, from the beginning to the End, than if there had been no ſuch Perſon alive. This I will never endeavour to account for, nor to excuſe. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of Diſhoneſty, it ſeems the more inexcuſable, from the apparent Openneſs and explicit Sincerity of the other Lady.---But ſo it was.

Juſt as *Sophia* arrived at the Concluſion of her Story, there arrived in the Room where the two Ladies were ſitting, a Noiſe, not unlike, in Loudneſs, to that of a Pack of Hounds juſt let out from their Kennel; nor in Shrillneſs, to Cats, when caterwauling; or to Screech-Owls; or, indeed, more like (for what Animal can reſemble a human Voice?) to thoſe Sounds, which, in the pleaſant Manſions of that Gate, which ſeems to derive

derive its Name from a Duplicity of Tongues, iſſue from the Mouths, and ſometimes from the Noſtrils of thoſe fair River-Nymphs, ycleped of old the *Naïades*; in the Vulgar Tongue tranſlated Oyſter-Wenches: For when, inſtead of the antient Libations of Milk and Honey and Oil, the rich Diſtillation from the Juniper-Berry, or perhaps, from Malt, hath, by the early Devotion of their Votaries, been poured forth in great Abundance, ſhould any daring Tongue with unhallowed Licenſe prophane, *i. e.* depreciate, the delicate fat *Milton* Oyſter, the Plaice ſound and firm, the Flounder as much alive as when in the Water, the Shrimp as big as a Prawn, the fine Cod alive but a few Hours ago, or any other of the various Treaſures, which thoſe Water-Deities, who fiſh the Sea and Rivers, have committed to the Care of the Nymphs, the angry *Naïades* liſt up their immortal Voices, and the prophane Wretch is ſtruck deaf for his Impiety.

Such was the Noiſe, which now burſt from one of the Rooms below; and ſoon the Thunder, which long had rattled at a Diſtance, began to approach nearer and nearer, 'till having aſcended by Degrees up Stairs, it at laſt entered the Apartment where the Ladies were. In ſhort, to drop all Metaphor and Figure, Mrs. *Honour* having ſcolded violently below Stairs, and continued the ſame all the Way up, came in to her Miſtreſs in a moſt outrageous Paſſion, crying out, 'What 'doth your Ladyſhip think? Would you imagine, that this impudent Villain, the Maſter of 'this Houſe, hath had the Impudence to tell me, 'nay, to ſtand it out to my Face, that your 'Ladyſhip is that naſty, ſtinking Wh——re,

'(*Jenny*

'
'(*Jenny Cameron* they call her) that runs about
'the Country with the Pretender! Nay, the
'lying, ſaucy Villain, had the Aſſurance to tell
me, that your Ladyſhip had owned yourſelf to
'be ſo: But I have clawed the Raſcal; I have
'left the Marks of my Nails in his impudent
'Face. My Lady!' ſays I, 'you ſaucy Scoun-
'drel: My Lady is no Meat for Pretenders. She
'is a young Lady of as good Faſhion, and Family,
'and Fortune, as any in *Somerſetſhire*. Did you
'never hear of the great Squire *Weſtern*, Sirrah!
'She is only Daughter; ſhe is,——and Heireſs
'to all his great Eſtate. My Lady to be called
'a naſty *Scotch* Wh—re by ſuch a Varlet—To
'be ſure, I wiſh I had knocked his Brains out
'with the Punch-Bowl.'

The principal Uneaſineſs with which *Sophia* was affected on this Occaſion, *Honour* had herſelf cauſed, by having in her Paſſion diſcovered who ſhe was. However, as this Miſtake of the Landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe Paſſages which *Sophia* had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired ſome Eaſe on that Account; nor could ſhe, upon the whole, forbear ſmiling. This enraged *Honour*, and ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Madam, I did not
'think your Ladyſhip would have made a laugh-
'ing Matter of it, to be called Whore by ſuch
'an impudent low Raſcal. Your Ladyſhip may
'be angry with me, for aught I know, for tak-
'ing your Part, ſince proffered Service, they ſay,
'ſtinks; but to be ſure I could never bear to hear
'a Lady of mine called Whore.—Nor will I
'bear it. I am ſure your Ladyſhip is as virtuous
'a Lady as ever ſat Foot on *Engliſh* Ground,
'and I will claw any Villain's Eyes out who
'dares for to offer to preſume for to ſay the leaſt
'Word

'Word to the contrary. No body ever could ſay 'the leaſt Ill of the Character of any Lady that 'ever I waited upon.'

Hinc illæ Lachrymæ; in plain Truth, *Honour* had as much Love for her Miſtreſs as moſt Servants have, that is to ſay—But beſides this, her Pride obliged her to ſupport the Character of the Lady ſhe waited on; for ſhe thought her own was in a very cloſe Manner connected with it. In Proportion as the Character of her Miſtreſs was raiſed, hers likewiſe, as ſhe conceived, was raiſed with it; and, on the contrary, ſhe thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this Subject, Reader, I muſt ſtop a Moment to tell thee a Story, 'The famous *Nell* '*Gwynn*, ſtepping one Day from a Houſe where 'ſhe had made a ſhort Viſit in her Coach, ſaw 'a great Mob aſſembled, and her Footman all 'bloody and dirty; the Fellow being aſked by 'his Miſtreſs, the Reaſon of his being in that 'Condition, anſwered, 'I have been fighting, 'Madam, with an impudent Raſcal who called 'your Ladyſhip a Wh--re.' 'You Blockhead,' replied Mrs. *Gwynn*, at this Rate you muſt fight 'every Day of your Life; why, you Fool, all 'the World knows it.' 'Do they!' cries the Fellow, in a muttering Voice, after he had ſhut the Coach-Door, 'they ſhan't call me a Whore's 'Footman for all that.'

Thus the Paſſion of Mrs. *Honour* appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in Reality, there was another Cauſe of her Anger; for which we muſt beg Leave to remind our Reader of a Circumſtance mentioned in the above Simile. There

are

are indeed certain Liquors, which being applied to our Paſſions, or to Fire, produce Effects the very Reverſe of theſe produced by Water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous Liquor called Punch is one. It was not therefore without Reaſon, that the learned Dr. *Cheney* uſed to call drinking Punch, pouring liquid Fire down your Throat.

Now Mrs. *Honour* had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid Fire down her Throat, that the Smoke of it began to aſcend into her Pericranium, and blinded the Eyes of Reaſon, which is there ſuppoſed to keep her Reſidence, while the Fire itſelf from the Stomach eaſily reached the Heart, and there inflamed the noble Paſſion of Pride. So that upon the whole we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent Rage of the Waiting-woman; tho' at firſt Sight we muſt confeſs the Cauſe ſeems inadequate to the Effect.

Sophia, and her Couſin both, did all in their Power to extinguiſh theſe Flames which had roared ſo loudly all over the Houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the Metaphor one Step farther, the Fire having conſumed all the Fuel which the Language affords, to wit, every reproachful Term in it, at laſt went out of its own Accord.

But tho' Tranquillity was reſtored above Stairs, it was not ſo below; where my Landlady highly reſented the Injury done to the Beauty of her Huſband, by the Fleſh-Spades of Mrs. *Honour*, called aloud for Revenge and Juſtice. As to the poor Man, who had principally ſuffered in the Engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the Blood which he loſt might have cooled his Anger:

Anger: For the Enemy had not only applied her Nails to his Cheeks, but likewiſe her Fiſt to his Noſtrils, which lamented the Blow with Tears of Blood in great Abundance. To this we may add Reflections on his Miſtake; but indeed nothing ſo effectually ſilenced his Reſentment, as the Manner in which he now diſcovered his Error; for as to the Behaviour of Mrs. *Honour*, it had the more confirmed him in his Opinion: but he was now aſſured by a Perſon of great Figure, and who was attended by a great Equipage, that one of the Ladies was a Woman of Faſhion, andh is intimate Acquaintance.

By the Orders of this Perſon, the Landlord now aſcended, and acquainted our fair Travellers, that a great Gentleman below deſired to do them the Honour of waiting on them. *Sophia* turned pale, and trembled at this Meſſage, tho' the Reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithſtanding the Landlord's Blunder, to have come from her Father; but Fear hath the common Fault of a Juſtice of Peace, and is apt to conclude haſtily from every ſlight Circumſtance, without examining the Evidence on both Sides.

To eaſe the Reader's Curioſity, therefore, rather than his Apprehenſions, we proceed to inform him, that an *Iriſh* Peer had arrived very late that Evening at an Inn in his Way to *London*. This Nobleman having ſallied from his Supper at the Hurricane before commemorated, had ſeen the Attendant of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and upon a ſhort Enquiry, was informed, that her Lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This Information he had no ſooner received, than he addreſſed himſelf to the Landlord, pacified him, and ſent him up Stairs,

Stairs, with Compliments rather civiller than thoſe which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the Waiting-woman herſelf was not the Meſſenger employed on this Occaſion; but we are ſorry to ſay, ſhe was not at preſent qualified for that, or indeed for any other Office. The Rum (for ſo the Landlord choſe to call the Diſtillation from Malt) had baſely taken the Advantage of the Fatigue which the poor Woman had undergone, and had made terrible Depredations on her noble Faculties, at a Time when they were very unable to reſiſt the Attack.

We ſhall not deſcribe this tragical Scene too fully; but we thought ourſelves obliged, by that hiſtoric Integrity, which we profeſs, ſhortly to hint a Matter which we would otherwiſe have been glad to have ſpared. Many Hiſtorians indeed, for want of this Integrity, or of Diligence, to ſay no worſe, often leave the Reader to find out theſe little Circumſtances in the Dark, and ſometimes to his great Confuſion and Perplexity.

Sophia was very ſoon eaſed of her cauſeleſs Fright by the Entry of the noble Peer, who was not only an intimate Acquaintance of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but in reality a very particular Friend of that Lady. To ſay Truth, it was by his Aſſiſtance, that ſhe had been enabled to eſcape from her Huſband; for this Nobleman had the ſame gallant Diſpoſition with thoſe renowned Knights, of whom we read in heroic Story, and had delivered many an impriſoned Nymph from Durance. He was indeed as bitter an Enemy to the ſavage Authority too often exerciſed by Huſbands and Fathers, over the Young and Lovely of the other Sex, as ever Knight-Errant was to the barbarous

barous Power of Enchanters: Nay, to ſay Truth, I have often ſuſpected that thoſe very Enchanters with which Romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the Huſbands of thoſe Days; and Matrimony itſelf was perhaps the enchanted Caſtle in which the Nymphs were ſaid to be confined.

This Nobleman had an Eſtate in the Neighbourhood of *Fitzpatrick*, and had been for ſome Time acquainted with the Lady. No ſooner therefore did he hear of her Confinement, than he earneſtly applied himſelf to procure her Liberty; which he preſently effected, not by ſtorming the Caſtle, according to the Example of antient Heroes; but by corrupting the Governor, in Conformity with the modern Art of War; in which Craft is held to be preferable to Valour, and Gold is found to be more irreſiſtable than either Lead or Steel.

This Circumſtance, however, as the Lady did not think it material enough to relate to her Friend, we would not at that Time impart it to the Reader. We rather choſe to leave him a while under a Suppoſition, that ſhe had found, or coined, or by ſome very extraordinary, perhaps ſupernatural Means, had poſſeſſed herſelf of the Money with which ſhe had bribed her Keeper, than to interrupt her Narrative by giving a Hint of what ſeemed to her of too little Importance to be mentioned.

The Peer, after a ſhort Converſation, could not forbear expreſſing ſome Surprize at Meeting the Lady in that Place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined ſhe had been gone to *Bath*. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very freely anſwered, 'That ſhe had been prevented in her Purpoſe by

'the

'the Arrival of a Perſon ſhe need not mention. 'In ſhort,' ſays ſhe,' I was overtaken by my 'Huſband (for I need not affect to conceal what 'the World knows too well already). I had the 'good Fortune to eſcape in a moſt ſurpriſing 'Manner, and am now going to *London* with 'this young Lady, who is a near Relation of 'mine, and who had eſcaped from as great a Ty-'rant as my own.'

His Lordſhip concluding that this Tyrant was likewiſe a Huſband, made a Speech full of Compliments to both the Ladies, and as full of Invectives againſt his own Sex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique Glances at the matrimonial Inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt Powers given by it to Man over the more ſenſible, and more meritorious Part of the Species. He ended his Oration with an Offer of his Protection, and of his Coach and Six, which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and at laſt, upon her Perſuaſions, by *Sophia*.

Matters being thus adjuſted, his Lordſhip took his Leave, and the Ladies retired to Reſt, where Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* entertained her Couſin with many high Encomiums on the Character of the noble Peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great Fondneſs for his Wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only Perſon of high Rank, who was entirely conſtant to the Marriage-Bed. 'Indeed,' added ſhe, 'my dear *Sophy*, that is a very 'rare Virtue among Men of Condition. Never expect it when you marry; for, believe 'me, if you do, you will certainly be de-'ceived.'

A gentle Sigh ſtole from *Sophia* at theſe Words, which perhaps contributed to form a Dream of no very

very pleaſant Kind; but as ſhe never revealed this Dream to any one, ſo the Reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP. IX.

The Morning introduced in ſome pretty Writing. A Stage-Coach. The Civility of Chambermaids. The heroic Temper of Sophia. *Her Generoſity. The Return to it. The Departure of the Company, and their Arrival at* London; *with ſome Remarks for the Uſe of Travellers.*

THOSE Members of the Society, who are born to furniſh the Bleſſings of Life, now began to light their Candles, in order to purſue their daily Labours, for the Uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe Bleſſings. The ſturdy Hind now attends the Levee of his Fellow Labourer the Ox; the cunning Artificer, the diligent Mechanic, ſpring from their hard Mattreſs; and now the bonny Houſemaid begins to repair the diſordered Drum-Room, while the riotous Authors of that Diſorder, in broken interrupted Slumbers, tumble and toſs, as if the Hardneſs of Down diſquieted their Repoſe.

In ſimple Phraſe, the Clock had no ſooner ſtruck Seven, than the Ladies were ready for their Journey; and, at their Deſire, his Lordſhip and his Equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a Matter of ſome Difficulty aroſe; and this was, how his Lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: For though in Stage-Coaches, where Paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much Luggage, the ingenious Coachman ſtows half a Dozen with perfect Eaſe into the Place of Four; for

for well he contrives that the fat Hoſteſs, or well-fed Alderman, may take up no more Room than the ſlim Miſs, or taper Maſter; it being the Nature of Guts, when well ſqueezed, to give Way, and to lie in a narrow Compaſs; yet in theſe Vehicles which are called, for Diſtinction-ſake, Gentlemen's Coaches, though they are often larger than the others, this Method of packing is never attemped.

His Lordſhip would have put a ſhort End to the Difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his Horſe; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no Means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded that the *Abigails* ſhould by Turns relieve each other on one of his Lordſhip's Horſes, which was preſently equipped with a Side-Saddle for that Purpoſe.

Every Thing being ſettled at the Inn, the Ladies diſcharged their former Guides, and *Sophia* made a Preſent to the Landlord, partly to repair the Bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on Account of what he had ſuffered under the Hands of her enraged Waiting-woman. And now *Sophia* firſt diſcovered a Loſs which gave her ſome Uneaſineſs; and this was of the hundred Pound Bank-Bill which her Father had given her at their laſt Meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable Trifle, was all the Treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook and tumbled all her Things to no Purpoſe; the Bill was not to be found: And ſhe was at laſt fully perſuaded that ſhe had loſt it from her Pocket, when ſhe had the Misfortune of tumbling from her Horſe in the dark Lane, as before recorded: A Fact that ſeemed the more probable, as ſhe now recollected

ſome

ſome Diſcompoſure in her Pockets which had happened at that Time, and the great Difficulty with which ſhe had drawn forth her Handkerchief the very Inſtant before her Fall, in order to relieve the Diſtreſſes of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.

Misfortunes of this Kind, whatever Inconveniences they may be attended with, are incapable of ſubduing a Mind in which there is any Strength, without the Aſſiſtance of Avarice. *Sophia* therefore, tho' nothing could be worſe timed than this Accident, at ſuch a Seaſon, immediately got the better of her Concern, and with her wonted Serenity and Cheerfulneſs of Countenanca, returned to her Company. His Lordſhip conducted the Ladies into the Vehicle, as he did likewiſe Mrs. *Honour*, who, after many Civilities, and more Dear Madams, at laſt yielded to the well-bred Importunities of her Siſter *Abigail*, and ſubmitted to be complimented with the firſt Ride in the Coach; in which indeed ſhe would afterwards have been contented to have purſued her whole Journey, had not her Miſtreſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs Intimations, at length forced her to take her Turn on Horſeback.

The Coach now, having received its Company, began to move forwards, attended by many Servants, and by two led Captains, who had before rode with his Lordſhip, and who would have been diſmiſſed from the Vehicle upon a much leſs worthy Occaſion, than was this of accommodating two Ladies. In this they acted only as Gentlemen; but they were ready at any Time to have performed the Office of a Footman, or indeed would have condeſcended lower, for the Honour of his Lordſhip's Company, and for the Convenience of his Table.

My

My Landlord was ſo pleaſed with the Preſent he had received from *Sophia*, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his Bruiſe, or his Scratches. The Reader will perhaps be curious to know the *Quantum* of this Preſent; but we cannot ſatisfy his Curioſity. Whatever it was, it ſatisfied the Landlord for his bodily Hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the Lady valued her Money: 'For to be ſure,' ſays he, 'one might have charged every Article double, 'and ſhe would have made no Cavil at the 'Reckoning.'

His Wife, however, was far from drawing this Concluſion; whether ſhe really felt any Injury done to her Huſband more than he did himſelf, I will not ſay; certain it is, ſhe was much leſs ſatisfied with the Generoſity of *Sophia*. 'Indeed,' cries ſhe, 'my Dear, the Lady knows better 'how to diſpoſe of her Money than you imagine. 'She might very well think we ſhould not put up 'ſuch a Buſineſs without ſome Satisfaction, and 'the Law would have coſt her an infinite deal 'more than this poor little Matter, which I 'wonder you would take.' 'You are always ſo 'bloodily wiſe,' quoth the Huſband: 'It would 'have coſt her more, would it? Doſt fancy I 'don't know that as well as thee? But would 'any of that more, or ſo much, have come into 'our Pockets? Indeed, if Son *Tom* the Lawyer 'had been alive, I could have been glad to have 'put ſuch a pretty Buſineſs into his Hands. He 'would have got a good Picking out of it; but I 'have no Relation now who is a Lawyer, and 'why ſhould I go to Law for the Benefit of 'Strangers?' 'Nay, to be ſure,' anſwered ſhe, 'you muſt know beſt.' 'I believe I do,' replied

plied he. 'I fancy, when Money is to be got, 'I can ſmell it out as well as another. Every 'body, let me tell you, would not have talked 'People out of this. Mind that, I ſay; every 'body would not have cajoled this out of her, 'mind that.' The Wife then joined in the Applauſe of her Huſband's Sagacity; and thus ended the ſhort Dialogue between them on this Occaſion.

We will therefore take our Leave of theſe good People, and attend his Lordſhip and his fair Companions, who made ſuch good Expedition, that they performed a Journey of ninety Miles in two Days, and on the ſecond Evening arrived in *London*, without having encountered any one Adventure upon the Road worthy the Dignity of this Hiſtory to relate. Our Pen, therefore, ſhall imitate the Expedition which it deſcribes, and our Hiſtory ſhall keep Pace with the Travellers who are its Subject. Good Writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious Traveller in this Inſtance, who always proportions his Stay at any Place, to the Beauties, Elegancies, and Curioſities which it affords. At *Eſher*, at *Stowe*, at *Wilton*, at *Eaſtbury*, and at *Prior's Park*, Days are too ſhort for the raviſhed Imagination; while we admire the wondrous Power of Art in improving Nature. In ſome of theſe, Art chiefly engages our Admiration; in others, Nature and Art contend for our Applauſe; but in the laſt, the former ſeems to triumph. Here Nature appears in her richeſt Attire, and Art dreſſed with the modeſtieſt Simplicity attends its benignant Miſtreſs. Here Nature indeed pours forth the choiceſt Treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this World; and here human Nature preſents you

you with an Object which can only be exceeded in the other.

The ſame Taſte, the ſame Imagination, which luxurious riots in theſe elegant Scenes, can be amuſed with Objects of far inferior Note. The Woods, the Rivers, the Lawns of *Devon*, and of *Dorſet*, attract the Eye of the ingenious Traveller, and retard his Pace, which Delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy Heath of *Bagſhot*, or that pleaſant Plain which extends itſelf Weſtward from *Stockbridge*, where no other Object than one ſingle Tree only in ſixteen Miles preſents itſelf to the View, unleſs the Clouds, in Compaſſion to our tired Spirits, kindly open their variegated Manſions to our Proſpect.

Not ſo travels the Money-meditating Tradeſman, the ſagacious Juſtice, the dignified Doctor, the warm-clad Grazier, with all the numerous Offspring of Wealth and Dulneſs. On they jogg, with equal Pace, through the verdant Meadows, or over the barren Heath, their Horſes meaſuring four Miles and a Half *per* Hour with the utmoſt Exactneſs; the Eyes of the Beaſt and of his Maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame Objects in the ſame Manner. With equal Rapture, the good Rider ſurvey the proudeſt Boaſts of the Architect, and thoſe fair Buildings, with which ſome unknown Name hath adorned the rich Cloathing-Town; where Heaps of Bricks are piled up as a kind of Monument, to ſhew that Heaps of Money have been piled there before.

And now, Reader, as we are in Haſte to attend our Heroine, we will leave to thy Sagacity to apply all this to the *Bœotian* Writers, and to thoſe

Authors who are their Oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our Aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this Occaſion; for tho' we will always lend thee proper Aſſiſtance in difficult Places, as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the Arts of Divination to diſcover our Meaning; yet we ſhall not indulge thy Lazineſs where nothing but thy own Attention is required; for thou art highly miſtaken if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we began this great Work, to leave thy Sagacity nothing to do; or that, without ſometimes exerciſing this Talent, thou wilt be able to travel through our Page with any Pleaſure or Profit to thyſelf.

CHAP. X.

Containing a Hint or two concerning Virtue, and a few more concerning Suſpicion.

OUR Company being arrived at *London*, were ſet down at his Lordſhip's Houſe, where, while they refreſhed themſelves after the Fatigue of their Journey, Servants were diſpatched to provide a Lodging for the two Ladies; for as her Ladyſhip was not then in Town, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* would by no means conſent to accept a Bed in the Manſion of the Peer.

Some Readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary Delicacy, as I may call it, of Virtue, as too nice and ſcrupulous; but we muſt make Allowances for her Situation, which muſt be owned to have been very tickliſh; and when we conſider the Malice of cenſorious Tongues, we muſt allow, if it was a Fault, the Fault was an Exceſs on the right Side, and which every Woman who

who is in the ſelf-ſame Situation will do well to imitate. The moſt formal Appearance of Virtue, when it is only an Appearance, may, perhaps, in very abſtracted Conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than Virtue itſelf without this Formality; but it will, however, be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular Caſes, for every Woman to ſupport either the one or the other.

A Lodging being prepared, *Sophia* accompanied her Couſin for that Evening; but reſolved early in the Morning to enquire after the Lady, into whoſe Protection, as we have formerly mentioned, ſhe had determined to throw herſelf, when ſhe quitted her Father's Houſe. And this ſhe was the more eager in doing, from ſome Obſervations ſhe had made during her Journey in the Coach.

Now as we would by no means fix the odious Character of Suſpicion on *Sophia*, we are almoſt afraid to open to our Reader the Conceits which filled her Mind concerning Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; of whom ſhe certainly entertained at preſent ſome Doubts; which, as they are very apt to enter into the Boſoms of the worſt of People, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have firſt ſuggeſted a Word or two to our Reader touching Suſpicion in general.

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two Degrees. The firſt of theſe I chuſe to derive from the Heart; as the extreme Velocity of its Diſcernment ſeems to denote ſome previous inward Impulſe, and the rather, as this ſuperlative Degree often forms its own Objects; ſees what is not, and always more than really exiſts.

This is that quick-ſighted Penetration, whoſe Hawk's Eyes no Symptom of Evil can eſcape; which obſerves not only upon the Actions, but upon the Words and Looks of Men; and as it proceeds from the Heart of the Obſerver, ſo it dives into the Heart of the Obſerved, and there eſpies Evil, as it were, in the firſt Embryo; nay ſometimes before it can be ſaid to be conceived. An admirable Faculty, if it were infallible; but as this Degree of Perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal Being; ſo from the Fallibility of ſuch acute Diſcernment have ariſen many ſad Miſchiefs and moſt grievous Heart-achs to Innocence and Virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vaſt Quick-ſightedneſs into Evil as a vicious Exceſs, and as a very pernicious Evil in itſelf. And I am the more inclined to this Opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad Heart, for the Reaſons I have above mentioned, and for one more, namely, becauſe I never knew it the Property of a good one. Now from this Degree of Suſpicion I entirely and abſolutely acquit *Sophia*.

A ſecond Degree of this Quality ſeems to ariſe from the Head. This is indeed no other than the Faculty of ſeeing what is before your Eyes, and of drawing Concluſions from what you ſee. The former of theſe is unavoidable by thoſe who have any Eyes, and the latter is perhaps no leſs certain and neceſſary a Conſequence of our having any Brains. This is altogether as bitter an Enemy to Guilt, as the former is to Innocence; nor can I ſee it in an unamiable Light, even though, through human Fallibility, it ſhould be ſometimes miſtaken. For Inſtance, if a Huſband ſhould accidentally ſurprize his Wife in the Lap or in the

the Embraces of ſome of thoſe pretty young Gentlemen who profeſs the Art of Cuckold-making, I ſhould not highly, I think, blame him for concluding ſomething more than what he ſaw, from the Familiarities which he really had ſeen, and which we are at leaſt favourable enough to, when we call them innocent Freedoms. The Reader will eaſily ſuggeſt great Plenty of Inſtances to himſelf: I ſhall add but one more, which, however unchriſtian it may be thought by ſome, I cannot help eſteeming to be ſtrictly juſtifiable; and this is a Suſpicion that a Man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is poſſible for one who hath been a Villain once, to act the ſame Part again. And to confeſs the Truth, of this Degree of Suſpicion I believe *Sophia* was guilty. From this Degree of Suſpicion ſhe had, in Fact, conceived an Opinion, that her Couſin was really not better than ſhe ſhould be.

The Caſe, it ſeems, was this: Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* wiſely conſidered, that the Virtue of a young Lady is, in the World, in the ſame Situation with a poor Hare, who is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its Enemies: For it can hardly meet any other. No ſooner therefore was ſhe determined to take the firſt Opportunity of quitting the Protection of her Huſband, than ſhe reſolved to caſt herſelf under the Protection of ſome other Man; and whom could ſhe ſo properly chuſe to be her Guardian as a Perſon of Quality, of Fortune, of Honour; and who, beſides a gallant Diſpoſition which inclines Men to Knight-Errantry, that is, to be the Champions of Ladies in Diſtreſs, had often declared a violent

lent Attachment to herſelf, and had already given her all the Inſtances of it in his Power.

But as the Law hath fooliſhly omitted this Office of Vice-Huſband, or Guardian to an eloped Lady; and as Malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable Appellation; it was concluded that his Lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind Offices to the Lady in Secret, and without publickly aſſuming the Character of her Protector. Nay, to prevent any other Perſon from ſeeing him in this Light, it was agreed that the Lady ſhould proceed directly to *Bath*, and that his Lordſhip ſhould firſt go to *London*, and thence ſhould go down to that Place by the Advice of his Phyſicians.

Now all this *Sophia* very plainly underſtood, not from the Lips or Behaviour of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but from the Peer who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a Secret, than was the good Lady; and perhaps the exact Secrecy which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* had obſerved on this Head in her Narrative, ſerved not a little to heighten thoſe Suſpicions which were now riſen in the Mind of her Couſin.

Sophia very eaſily found out the Lady ſhe ſought; for indeed there was not a Chairman in Town to whom her Houſe was not perfectly well known; and as ſhe received, in Return of her firſt Meſſage, a moſt preſſing Invitation, ſhe immediately accepted it. Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* indeed did not deſire her Couſin to ſtay with her with more Earneſtneſs than Civility required. Whether ſhe had diſcerned and reſented the Suſpicion above mentioned, or from what other Motive it aroſe, I cannot ſay; but certain it is, ſhe was

full

full as desirous of parting with *Sophia*, as *Sophia* herself could be of going.

The young Lady, when she came to take Leave of her Cousin, could not avoid giving her a short Hint of Advice. She begged her, for Heaven's Sake, to take Care of herself, and to consider in how dangerous a Situation she stood; adding, she hoped some Method would be found of reconciling her to her Husband. 'You must 'remember, my Dear,' says she, 'the Maxim 'which my Aunt *Western* hath so often repeated 'to us both: *That whenever the matrimonial 'Alliance is broke, and War declared between 'Husband and Wife, she can hardly make a disad-'vantageous Peace for herself on any Conditions.* 'These are my Aunt's very Words, and she hath 'had a great deal of Experience in the World.' Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* answered, with a contemptuous Smile, 'Never fear me, Child, take Care of 'yourself; for you are younger than me. I will 'come and visit you in a few Days; but, dear '*Sophy*, let me give you one Piece of Advice. 'Leave the Character of *Gravecits* in the Coun-'try, for, believe me, it will sit very aukwardly 'upon you in this Town.'

Thus the two Cousins parted, and *Sophia* repaired directly to Lady *Bellaston*, where she found a most hearty, as well as a most polite Welcome. The Lady had taken a great Fancy to her when she had seen her formerly with her Aunt *Western*. She was indeed extremely glad to see her, and was no sooner acquainted with the Reasons which induced her to leave the Squire and fly to *London*, than she highly applauded her Sense and Resolution; and after expressing the highest Satisfaction in the Opinion which *Sophia* had declared

ſhe entertained of her Ladyſhip, by chuſing her Houſe for an Aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the Protection which it was in her Power to give.

As we have now brought *Sophia* into ſafe Hands, the Reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſit her there a while, and to look a little after other Perſonages, and particularly poor *Jones*, whom we have left long enough to do Penance for his paſt Offences, which, as is the Nature of Vice, brought ſufficient Puniſhment upon him themſelves.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the ſame individual Time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed Plagiariſm in a modern Author, and what is to be conſidered as lawful Prize.

THE learned Reader muſt have obſerved, that in the Courſe of this mighty Work, I have often tranſlated Paſſages out of the beſt antient Authors, without quoting the Original, or without taking the leaſt Notice of the Book from whence they were borrowed.

This Conduct in Writing is placed in a very proper Light by the ingenious Abbé *Bannier*, in

his Preface to his Mythology, a Work of great Erudition, and of equal Judgment. "It will be "eaſy," ſays he, "for the Reader to obſerve, "that I have frequently had greater Regard to "him, than to my own Reputation: For an "Author certainly pays him a conſiderable Com-"pliment, when, for his Sake, he ſuppreſſes "learned Quotations that come in his Way, and "which would have coſt him but the bare Trou-"ble of tranſlating."

To fill up a Work with theſe Scraps may indeed be conſidered as a downright Cheat on the learned World, who are by ſuch Means impoſed upon to buy a ſecond Time in Fragments and by Retail what they have already in Groſs, if not in their Memories, upon their Shelves; and it is ſtill more cruel upon the Illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no Manner of Uſe to them. A Writer who intermixes great Quantity of *Greek* and *Latin* with his Works, deals by the Ladies and fine Gentlemen in the ſame paltry Manner with which they are treated by the Auctioneers, who often endeavour ſo to confound and mix up their Lots, that in order to purchaſe the Commodity you want, you are obliged at the ſame Time to purchaſe that which will do you no Service.

And yet, as there is no Conduct ſo fair and diſintereſted, but that it may be miſunderſtood by Ignorance, and miſrepreſented by Malice, I have been ſometimes tempted to preſerve my own Reputation, at the Expence of my Reader, and to tranſcribe the Original, or at leaſt to quote Chapter and Verſe, whenever I have made Uſe either of the Thought or Expreſſion of another. I am indeed in ſome Doubt that I have often ſuffered by

by the contrary Method; and that by ſuppreſſing the original Author's Name, I have been rather ſuſpected of Plagiariſm, than reputed to act from the amiable Motive above aſſigned by that juſtly celebrated *Frenchman*.

Now to obviate all ſuch Imputations for the future, I do here confeſs and juſtify the Fact. The Antients may be conſidered as a rich Common, where every Perſon who hath the ſmalleſt Tenement in *Parnaſſus*, hath a free Right to fatten his Muſe. Or, to place it in a clearer Light, we Moderns are to the Antients what the Poor are to the Rich. By the Poor here I mean, that large and venerable Body, which, in *Engliſh*, we call the Mob. Now, whoever hath had the Honour to be admitted to any Degree of Intimacy with this Mob, muſt well know that it is one of their eſtabliſhed Maxims, to plunder and pillage their rich Neighbours without any Reluctance; and that this held to be neither Sin, nor crime among them. And ſo conſtantly do they abide and act by this Maxim, that in every Pariſh almoſt in the Kingdom, there is a kind of Confederacy ever carrying on againſt a certain Perſon of Opulence called the Squire, whoſe Property is conſidered as Free-Booty by all his poor Neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no Manner of Guilt in ſuch Depredations, look upon it as a Point of Honour and moral Obligation to conceal, and to preſerve each other from Puniſhment on all ſuch Occaſions.

In like Manner are the Antients, ſuch as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Cicero*, and the reſt, to be eſteemed among us Writers, as ſo many wealthy Squires, from whom We, the Poor of *Parnaſſus*, claim an immemorial Cuſtom of taking whatever

we

we can come at. This Liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor Neighbours in their Turn. All I profeſs, and all I require from my Brethren, is to maintain the ſame ſtrict Honeſty among ourſelves, which the Mob ſhew to one another. To ſteal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be ſtrictly ſtiled defrauding the Poor (ſometimes perhaps thoſe who are poorer than ourſelves) or to ſet it under the moſt opprobrious Colours, robbing the Spittal.

Since therefore, upon the ſtricteſt Examination, my own Conſcience cannot lay any ſuch pitiful Theft to my Charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former Accuſation; nor ſhall I ever ſcruple to take to myſelf any Paſſage which I ſhall find in an antient Author to my Purpoſe, without ſetting down the Name of the Author from whence it was taken. Nay, I abſolutely claim a Property in all ſuch Sentiments the Moment they are tranſcribed into my Writings, and I expect all Readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This Claim, however, I deſire to be allowed me only on Condition, that I preſerve ſtrict Honeſty towards my poor Brethren, from whom if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are poſſeſſed, I ſhall never fail to put their Mark upon it, that it may be at all Times ready to be reſtored to the right Owner.

The Omiſſion of this was highly blameable in one Mr. *Moore*, who, having formerly borrowed ſome Lines of *Pope* and Company, took the Liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his Play of the *Rival Modes*. Mr. *Pope* however very luckily found them in the ſaid Play, and laying violent Hands

Hands on his own Property, transferred it back again into his own Works; and for a further Puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid *Moore* in the loathſome Dungeon of the *Dunciad*, where his unhappy Memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper Puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt Dealings in the poetical Trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the Squire doth not find his Daughter, ſomething is found which puts an End to his Purſuit.

THE Hiſtory now returns to the Inn at *Upton*, whence we ſhall firſt trace the Foot-ſteps of Squire *Weſtern*; for as he will ſoon arrive at the End of his Journey, we ſhall have then full Leiſure to attend our Hero.

The Reader may be pleaſed to remember, that the ſaid Squire departed from the Inn in great Fury, and in that Fury he purſued his Daughter. The Hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the *Severn*, he likewiſe paſt that River with his Equipage, and rode full Speed, vowing the utmoſt Vengeance againſt poor *Sophia*, if he ſhould but overtake her.

He had not gone far, before he arrived at a Croſs-way. Here he called a ſhort Council of War, in which, after hearing different Opinions, he at laſt gave the Direction of his Purſuit to Fortune, and ſtruck directly into the *Worceſter* Road.

In this Road he proceeded about two Miles, when he began to bemoan himſelf moſt bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What Pity is it! Sure,

'never

'never was ſo unlucky a Dog as myſelf!' and then burſt forth a Volley of Oaths and Execrations.

The Parſon attempted to adminiſter Comfort to him on this Occaſion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' ſays he, 'like thoſe without Hope. Howbeit we have 'not yet been able to overtake young Madam, 'we may account it ſome good Fortune, that we 'have hitherto traced her Courſe aright. Peradventure ſhe will ſoon be fatigated with her Journey, and will tarry in ſome Inn, in order to 'renovate her coporeal Functions; and in that 'Caſe, in all moral Certainty, you will very 'briefly be *compos voti*.'

'Pooh! D—n the Slut,' anſwered the Squire, 'I am lamenting the Loſs of ſo fine a Morning 'for Hunting. It is confounded hard to loſe one 'of the beſt Scenting Days, in all Appearance, 'which hath been this Seaſon, and eſpecially after 'ſo long a Froſt.'

Whether Fortune, who now and then ſhews ſome Compaſſion in her wantoneſt Tricks, might not take Pity of the Squire; and as ſhe had determined not to let him overtake his Daughter, might not reſolve to make him Amends ſome other Way, I will not aſſert; but he had hardly uttered the Words juſt before commemorated, and two or three Oaths at their Heels, when a Pack of Hounds began to open their melodious Throats at a ſmall Diſtance from them, which the Squire's Horſe and his Rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their Ears, and the Squire crying, 'She's gone, ſhe's gone! Damn 'me, if ſhe is not gone!' inſtantly clapped Spurs to the Beaſt, who little needed it, having indeed the ſame Inclination with his Maſter. And now

the

the whole Company croſſing into a Corn-Field, rode directly towards the Hounds, with much Hallowing and Hooping, while the poor Parſon, bleſſing himſelf, brought up the Rear.

Thus Fable reports, that the fair *Grimalkin*, whom *Venus*, at the Deſire of a paſſionate Lover, converted from a Cat into a fine Woman, no ſooner perceived a Mouſe, than, mindful of her former Sport, and ſtill retaining her priſtine Nature, ſhe leaped from the Bed of her Huſband to purſue the little Animal.

What are we to underſtand by this? Not that the Bride was diſpleaſed with the Embraces of her amorous Bridegroom: For though ſome have remarked that Cats are ſubject to Ingratitude; yet Women and Cats too will be pleaſed and purr on certain Occaſions. The Truth is, as the ſagacious Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* obſerves, in his deep Reflections, that 'if we ſhut Nature out at the 'Door, ſhe will come in at the Window; and 'that Puſs, though a Madam, will be a Mouſer 'ſtill.' In the ſame Manner, we are not to arraign the Squire of any Want of Love for his Daughter, for in Reality he had a great deal: We are only to conſider that he was a Squire and a Sportſman, and then we may apply the Fable to him, and the judicious Reflections likewiſe.

The Hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the Squire purſued over Hedge and Ditch, with all his uſual Vociferation and Alacrity, and with all his uſual Pleaſure; nor did the Thoughts of *Sophia* ever once intrude themſelves to allay the Satisfaction he enjoyed in the Chace, which he ſaid, was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which he ſwore was very well worth going fifty Miles for. As the Squire forgot his Daughter, the Ser-

vants,

vants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their Miſtreſs; and the Parſon, after having expreſſed much Aſtoniſhment in *Latin* to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther Thoughts of the young Lady, and jogging on at a Diſtance behind, began to meditate a Portion of Doctrine for the enſuing *Sunday*.

The Squire who owned the Hounds, was highly pleaſed with the Arrival of his Brother Squire and Sportſman: For all Men approve Merit in their own Way, and no Man was more expert in the Field than Mr. *Weſtern*, nor did any other better know how to encourage the Dogs with his Voice, and to animate the Hunt with his Holla.

Sportſmen, in the Warmth of a Chace, are too much engaged to attend to any Manner of Ceremony; nay, even to the Offices of Humanity: For, if any of them meet with an Accident by tumbling into a Ditch, or into a River, the reſt paſs on regardleſs, and generally leave him to his Fate; during this Time, therefore, the two Squires, though often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle Word. The Maſter of the Hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great Judgment of the Stranger in drawing the Dogs when they were at a Fault, and hence conceived a very high Opinion of his Underſtanding, as the Number of his Attendants inſpired no ſmall Reverence to his Quality. As ſoon therefore as the Sport was ended, by the Death of the little Animal which had occaſioned it, the two Squires met, and in all Squire-like greeting, ſaluted each other.

The Converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an Appendix, or on ſome other Occaſion; but as it no wiſe concerns

cerns this Hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a Place here. It concluded with a ſecond Chace, and that with an Invitation to Dinner. This being accepted, was followed by a hearty Bout of Drinking, which ended in as hearty a Nap on the Part of Squire *Weſtern*.

Our Squire was by no Means a Match, either for his Hoſt or for Parſon *Supple*, at his Cups that Evening; for which the violent Fatigue of Mind as well as Body that he had undergone, may very well account, without the leaſt Derogation from his Honour. He was indeed, according to the vulgar Phraſe, whiſtled-drunk; for before he had ſwallowed the third Bottle, he became ſo entirely overpowered, that, tho' he was not carried off to Bed till long after, the Parſon conſidered him as abſent; and having acquainted the other Squire with all relating to *Sophia*, he obtained his Promiſe of ſeconding thoſe Arguments which he intended to urge the next Morning for Mr. *Weſtern*'s Return.

No ſooner therefore had the good Squire ſhaken off his Evening, and began to call for his Morning Draught, and to ſummon his Horſes in order to renew his Purſuit, than Mr. *Supple* began his Diſſuaſives, which the Hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. *Weſtern* agreed to return Home; being principally moved by one Argument, *viz.* That he knew not which Way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his Daughter, inſtead of towards her. He then took Leave of his Brother Sportſman, and expreſſing great Joy that the Froſt was broken (which might perhaps be no ſmall Motive to his haſtening Home) ſet forwards, or rather backwards, for *Somerſetſhire*; but not before he had

firſt

firſt diſpatched Part of his Retinue in queſt of his Daughter, after whom he likewiſe ſent a Volley of the moſt bitter Execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The Departure of Jones *from* Upton, *with what paſſed between him and* Partridge *on the Road.*

AT length, we are once more come to our Hero; and, to ſay Truth, we have been obliged to part with him ſo long, that conſidering the Condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our Readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at preſent in that Situation in which prudent People uſually deſiſt from enquiring any farther after their Friends, leſt they ſhould be ſhocked by hearing ſuch Friends had hanged themſelves.

But, in Reality, if we have not all the Virtues, I will boldly ſay, neither have we all the Vices of a prudent Character; and, though it is not eaſy to conceive Circumſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor *Jones* at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame Diligence as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt Beams of Fortune.

Mr. *Jones* then, and his Companion *Partridge*, left the Inn a few Minutes after the Departure of Squire *Weſtern*, and purſued the ſame Road on Foot; for the Hoſtler told them, that no Horſes were by any Means to be at that Time procured at *Upton*. On they marched with heavy Hearts; for though their Diſquiet proceeded from very different Reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and

and if *Jones* ſighed bitterly, *Partridge* grunted altogether as ſadly at every ſtep.

When they came to the Croſs-roads where the Squire had ſtopt to take Counſel, *Jones* ſtopt likewiſe, and turning to *Partridge*, aſked his Opinion which Track they ſhould purſue. 'Ah, Sir!' anſwered *Partridge*, 'I wiſh your Honour would 'follow my Advice.' 'Why ſhould I not?' replied *Jones*; 'for it is now indifferent to me whi-'ther I go, or what becomes of me.' 'My 'Advice then,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'is that you im-'mediately face about and return Home: For 'who that hath ſuch a Home to return to, as 'your Honour, would travel thus about the 'Country like a Vagabond? I aſk Pardon, *ſed 'vox ea ſola reperta eſt.*'

'Alas!' cries *Jones*, 'I have no Home to re-'turn to;—but if my Friend, my Father, would 'receive me, could I bear the Country from 'which *Sophia* is flown—Cruel *Sophia!* Cruel! 'No. Let me blame myſelf—No, let me blame 'thee. D—nation ſeize thee, Fool, Blockhead! 'thou haſt undone me, and I will tear thy Soul 'from thy Body.'—At which Words, he laid violent Hands on the Collar of poor *Partridge*, and ſhook him more heartily than an Ague Fit or his own Fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his Knees, and begged for Mercy, vowing he had meant no Harm—when *Jones*, after ſtaring wildly on him for a Moment, quitted his Hold, and diſcharged a Rage on himſelf, that had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an End to his Being, which indeed the very Apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

We

We would beſtow ſome Pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad Pranks which *Jones* played on this Occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the Reader would take the ſame Pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that after all the Labour which we ſhould employ in painting this Scene, the ſaid Reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved ourſelves that Trouble. To ſay the Truth, we have, from this Reaſon alone, often done great Violence to the Luxuriance of our Genius, and have left many excellent Deſcriptions out of our Work, which would otherwiſe have been in it. And this Suſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the Caſe, from our own wicked Heart; for we have, ourſelves, been very often moſt horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the Pages of voluminous Hiſtorians.

Suffice it then ſimply to ſay, that *Jones*, after having played the Part of a Madman for many Minutes, came, by Degrees, to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than, turning to *Partridge*, he very earneſtly begged his Pardon for the Attack he made on him in the Violence of his Paſſion; but concluded, by deſiring him never to mention his Return again; for he was reſolved never to ſee that Country any more.

Partridge eaſily forgave, and faithfully promiſed to obey the Injunction now laid upon him. And then *Jones* very briſkly cried out: 'Since it is 'abſolutely impoſſible for me to purſue any far-'ther the Steps of my Angel——I will purſue 'thoſe of Glory. Come on, my brave Lad, 'now for the Army:——It is a glorious Cauſe, 'and I would willingly ſacrifice my Life in it, 'even though it was worth my preſerving.' And

ſo

ſo ſaying, he immediately ſtruck into the different Road from that which the Squire had taken, and, by mere Chance, purſued the very ſame through which *Sophia* had before paſſed.

Our Travellers now marched a full Mile, without ſpeaking a Syllable to each other, tho' *Jones*, indeed, muttered many Things to himſelf. As to *Partridge*, he was profoundly ſilent: For he was not, perhaps, perfectly recovered from his former Fright; beſides, he had Apprehenſions of provoking his Friend to a ſecond Fit of Wrath; eſpecially as he now began to entertain a Conceit, which may not, perhaps, create any great Wonder in the Reader. In ſhort, he began now to ſuſpect that *Jones* was abſolutely out of his Senſes.

At length, *Jones* being weary of Soliloquy, addreſſed himſelf to his Companion, and blamed him for his Taciturnity: For which the poor Man very honeſtly accounted, from his Fear of giving Offence. And now this Fear being pretty well removed, by the moſt abſolute Promiſes of Indemnity, *Partridge* again took the Bridle from his Tongue, which, perhaps, rejoiced no leſs at regaining its Liberty, than a young Colt when the Bridle is ſlipt from his Neck, and he is turned looſe into the Paſtures.

As *Partridge* was inhibited from that Topic which would have firſt ſuggeſted itſelf, he fell upon that which was next uppermoſt in his Mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' ſays he, 'that could never be a Man, who dreſſes 'himſelf, and lives after ſuch a ſtrange Manner, 'and ſo unlike other Folks. Beſides, his Diet, 'as the Old Woman told me, is chiefly upon 'Herbs, which is a fitter Food for a Horſe than 'a Chriſtian: Nay, Landlord at *Upton* ſays, that 'the

'the Neighbours thereabouts have very fearful 'Notions about him. It runs ſtrangely in my 'Head, that it muſt have been ſome Spirit, who, 'perhaps, might be ſent to forewarn us: And 'who knows, but all that Matter which he told 'us of his going to fight, and of his being taken 'Priſoner, and of the great Danger he was in of 'being hanged, might be intended as a Warning 'to us, conſidering what we are going about: 'Beſides, I dreamt of nothing at all laſt Night, 'but of fighting; and methought the Blood ran 'out of my Noſe, as Liquor out of a Tap. 'Indeed, Sir, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare 'Dolorem.*'

'Thy Story, *Partridge*,' anſwered *Jones*, 'is 'almoſt as ill applied as thy *Latin*. Nothing can 'be more likely to happen than Death to Men 'who go into Battle. Perhaps we ſhall both fall 'in it,—and what then? 'What then!' replied *Partridge*. 'Why then there is an End of us, is 'there not? When I am gone, all is over with 'me. What matters the Cauſe to me, or who 'gets the Victory, if I am killed? I ſhall never 'enjoy any Advantage from it. What are all 'the ringing of Bells and Bonfires, to one that 'is ſix Foot under Ground! There will be an 'End of poor *Partridge*.' 'And an End of poor '*Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'there muſt be one Time 'or other. If you love *Latin*, I will repeat you 'ſome fine Lines out of *Horace*, which would in-'ſpire Courage into a Coward:

Dulce & decorum eſt pro patriâ mori.
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

'I

'I wiſh you would conſtrue them,' cries *Partridge*; 'for *Horace* is a hard Author, and I cannot underſtand as you repeat them.'

'I will repeat you a bad Imitation, or rather 'Paraphraſe of my own,' ſaid *Jones*; 'for I am 'but an indifferent Poet.

'Who would not die in his dear Country's
'Cauſe?
'Since, if baſe Fears his daſtard Step with-
'draws,
'From Death he cannot fly:—One common
'Grave
'Receives at laſt, the Coward and the Brave.'

'That's very certain,' cries *Partridge*. 'Ay, 'ſure, *Mors omnibus communis:* but there is a 'great Difference between dying in one's Bed a 'great many Years hence, like a good Chriſtian, 'with all our Friends crying about us, and being 'ſhot To-day or To-morrow, like a mad Dog; 'or, perhaps, hacked in twenty Pieces with a 'Sword, and that too before we have repented of 'all our Sins. O Lord, have Mercy upon us! 'To be ſure, the Soldiers are a wicked Kind of 'People. I never loved to have any Thing to 'do with them. I could hardly bring myſelf 'ever to look upon them as Chriſtians. There 'is nothing but curſing and ſwearing among 'them. I wiſh your Honour would repent: I 'heartily wiſh you would repent, before it is too 'late; and not think of going among them.— 'Evil Communication corrupts good Manners. 'That is my principal Reaſon. For as for that 'Matter, I am no more afraid than another 'Man, not I; as to Matter of that, I know all

'human Fleſh muſt die; but yet a Man may 'live many Years for all that. Why I am a 'middle-aged Man now, and yet I may live a 'great Number of Years. I have read of ſeveral 'who have lived to be above a Hundred, and 'ſome a great Deal above a Hundred. Not that 'I hope, I mean that I promiſe myſelf, to live 'to any ſuch Age as that neither.—But if it be 'only to Eighty or Ninety: Heaven be praiſed, 'that is a great Ways off yet; and I am not 'afraid of dying then, no more than another 'Man: But, ſurely, to tempt Death before a 'Man's Time is come, ſeems to me downright 'Wickedneſs and Preſumption. Beſides, if it 'was to do any Good indeed; but let the Cauſe 'be what it will, what mighty Matter of Good 'can two People do? And, for my Part, I un-'derſtand nothing of it. I never fired off a Gun 'above ten Times in my Life; and then it was 'not charged with Bullets. And for the Sword, 'I never learned to fence, and know nothing of 'the Matter. And then there are thoſe Cannons, 'which certainly it muſt be thought the higheſt 'Preſumption to go in the Way of; and nobody 'but a Madman—I aſk Pardon; upon my Soul, 'I meant no Harm: I beg I may not throw your 'Honour into another Paſſion.'

'Be under no Apprehenſion, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*; 'I am now ſo well convinced of thy 'Cowardice, that thou could'ſt not provoke me 'on any Account.' 'Your Honour,' anſwered he, 'may call me Coward, or any Thing elſe you 'pleaſe. If loving to ſleep in a whole Skin 'makes a Man a Coward, *non immunes ab illis 'malis ſumus*. I never read in my Grammar 'that a Man can't be a good Man without fight-

ing.

ing. *Vir bonus eſt quis? Qui conſulta Patrum,* ‘ *qui leges juraque ſervat.* Not a Word of Fight-‘ing; and I am ſure the Scripture is ſo much ‘ againſt it, that a Man ſhall never perſuade me ‘ he is a good Chriſtian, while he ſheds Chriſtian ‘ Blood.’

CHAP. IV.

The Adventure of a Beggar-man.

JUST as *Partridge* had uttered that good and pious Doctrine with which the laſt Chapter concluded, they arrived at another Croſs-way, when a lame Fellow in Rags aſked them for Alms; upon which *Partridge* gave him a ſevere Rebuke, ſaying, ‘ Every Pariſh ought to keep ‘ their own Poor.’ *Jones* then fell a-laughing, and aſked *Partridge*, if he was not aſhamed, with ſo much Charity in his Mouth, to have no Charity in his Heart. ‘ Your Religion,’ ſays he, ‘ ſerves you only for an Excuſe for your Faults, ‘ but is no Incentive to your Virtue. Can any ‘ Man who is really a Chriſtian abſtain from re-‘ lieving one of his Brethren in ſuch a miſerable ‘ Condition?’ And at the ſame Time putting his Hand in his Pocket, he gave the poor Object a Shilling.

‘ Maſter,’ cries the Fellow, after thanking him. ‘ I have a curious Thing here in my ‘ Pocket, which I found about two Miles off, if ‘ your Worſhip will pleaſe to buy it. I ſhould not ‘ venture to pull it out to every one; but as you ‘ are ſo good a Gentleman, and ſo kind to the ‘ Poor, you won't ſuſpect a Man of being a Thief ‘ only becauſe he is poor.’ He then pulled

out a little gilt Pocket-Book, and delivered it into the Hands of *Jones*.

Jones preſently opened it, and (gueſs, Reader, what he felt) ſaw in the firſt Page the Words *Sophia Weſtern*, written by her own fair Hand. He no ſooner read the Name, than he preſt it cloſe to his Lips; nor could he avoid falling into ſome very frantic Raptures, notwithſtanding his Company; but, perhaps, theſe very Raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While *Jones* was kiſſing and mumbling the Book, as if he had an excellent brown-butter'd Cruſt in his Mouth, or as if he had really been a Bookworm, or an Author who had nothing to eat but his own Works, a Piece of Paper fell from its Leaves to the Ground, which *Partridge* took up and delivered to *Jones*, who preſently perceived it to be a Bank-Bill. It was, indeed, the very Bill which *Weſtern* had given his Daughter, the Night before her Departure; and a *Few* would have jumped to purchaſe it at five Shillings leſs than 100*l.*

The Eyes of *Partridge* ſparkled at this News, which *Jones* now proclaimed aloud; and ſo did (tho' with ſomewhat a different Aſpect) thoſe of the poor Fellow who had found the Book; and who (I hope from a Principle of Honeſty) had never opened it: But we ſhould not deal honeſtly by the Reader, if we omitted to inform him of a Circumſtance, which may be here a little material, *viz.* That the Fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure Joy and Tranſport from the finding the Book, was affected with a Mixture of Concern at this new Diſcovery: For his Imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted to him, that the Owner of the Bill might poſſibly want

want it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the Finder, that he knew the Lady to whom the Book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible and return it her.

The Pocket-Book was a late Preſent from Mrs. *Weſtern* to her Niece: It had coſt five and twenty Shillings, having been bought of a celebrated Toyman; but the real Value of the Silver, which it contained in its Claſp, was about 18*d.* and that Price the ſaid Toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his Shop, would now have given for it. A prudent Perſon would, however, have taken proper Advantage of the Ignorance of this Fellow, and would not have offered more than a Shilling, or perhaps Sixpence, for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the Fellow to his Action of Trover, which ſome learned Serjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe Circumſtances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whoſe Character was on the Outſide of Generoſity, and may perhaps not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of Extravagance, without any Heſitation, gave a Guinea in Exchange for the Book. The poor Man, who had not for a long Time before been poſſeſſed of ſo much Treaſure, gave Mr. *Jones* a thouſand Thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of Tranſport in his Muſcles, than *Jones* had before ſhewn, when he had firſt read the Name of *Sophia Weſtern*.

The Fellow very readily agreed to attend our Travellers to the Place where he had found the Pocket-Book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither; but not ſo faſt as Mr. *Jones*

desired; for his Guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not possibly travel faster than a Mile an Hour. As this Place, therefore, was at above three Miles Distance, though the Fellow had said otherwise, the Reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the Book an hundred Times during their Walk, kissed it as often, talked much to himself, and very little to his Companions. At all which the Guide expressed some Signs of Astonishment to *Partridge*; who more than once shook his Head, and cry'd, Poor Gentleman! *orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

At length they arrived at the very Spot where *Sophia* unhappily dropt the Pocket-Book, and where the Fellow had as happily found it. Here *Jones* offered to take Leave of his Guide, and to improve his Pace; but the Fellow, in whom that violent Surprize and Joy which the first Receipt of the Guinea had occasioned was now considerably abated, and who had now had sufficient Time to recollect himself, put on a discontented Look, and, scratching his Head, said, 'He hoped his 'Worship would give him something more. 'Your Worship,' said he, 'will, I hope, take it 'into your Consideration, that if I had not been 'honest I might have kept the whole.' And, indeed, this the Reader must confess to have been true. 'If the Paper there,' said he, 'be worth '100*l.* I am sure the finding it deserves more 'than a Guinea. Besides, suppose your Worship 'should never see the Lady, nor give it her— 'and though your Worship looks and talks very 'much like a Gentleman, yet I have only your 'Worship's bare Word: And, certainly, if the 'right

'right Owner ben't to be found, it all belongs to 'the firſt Finder. I hope your Worſhip will 'conſider all theſe Matters. I am but a poor 'Man, and therefore don't deſire to have all; 'but it is but reaſonable I ſhould have my Share. 'Your Worſhip looks like a good Man, and, 'I hope, will conſider my Honeſty: For I might 'have kept every Farthing, and no body ever 'the wiſer.' 'I promiſe thee, upon my Honour,' cries *Jones*, 'that I know the right Owner, and 'will reſtore it her.' 'Nay, your Worſhip,' anſwered the Fellow, 'may do as you pleaſe as 'to that: if you will but give me my Share, that 'is one Half of the Money; your Honour may 'keep the reſt yourſelf, if you pleaſe;' and concluded with ſwearing, by a very vehement Oath, 'that he would never mention a Syllable of it to 'any Man living.'

'Lookee, Friend,' cries *Jones*, 'the right Owner 'ſhall certainly have again all that ſhe loſt; and 'as for any farther Gratuity, I really cannot give 'it you at preſent; but let me know your Name, 'and where you live, and it is more than poſſible, 'you may hereafter have further Reaſon to rejoice 'at this Morning's Adventure.'

'I don't know what you mean by Venture,' cries the Fellow; 'it ſeems I muſt venture whe-'ther you will return the Lady her Money or 'no: But I hope your Worſhip will conſider—' 'Come, come,' ſaid *Partridge*, 'tell his Honour 'your Name, and where you may be found; I 'warrant you will never repent having put the 'Money into his Hands.' The Fellow, ſeeing no Hopes of recovering the Poſſeſſion of the Pocket-Book, at laſt complied in giving in his

Name and Place of Abode, which *Jones* writ upon a Piece of Paper with the Pencil of *Sophia*, and then placing the Paper in the ſame Page where ſhe had writ her Name, he cried out, 'There, Friend, 'you are the happieſt Man alive; I have joined 'your Name to that of an Angel.' 'I don't know 'any Thing about Angels,' anſwered the Fellow, 'but I wiſh you would give me a little more Mo-'ney, or elſe return me the Pocket-Book.' *Partridge* now waxed wroth: He called the poor Cripple by ſeveral vile and opprobrious Names, and was abſolutely proceeding to beat him, but *Jones* would not ſuffer any ſuch Thing: And now telling the Fellow he would certainly find ſome Opportunity of ſerving him, Mr. *Jones* departed as faſt as his Heels would carry him; and *Partridge*, into whom the Thoughts of the hundred Pound had infuſed new Spirits, followed his Leader; while the Man, who was obliged to ſtay behind, fell to curſing them both, as well as his Parents: 'For had they,' ſays he, 'ſent me to a Charity 'School to learn to write and read and caſt Ac-'counts, I ſhould have known the Value of theſe 'Matters as well as other People.'

CHAP. V.

Containing more Adventures which Mr. Jones *and his Companion met on the Road.*

OUR Travellers now walked ſo faſt, that they had very little Time or Breath for Converſation; *Jones* meditating all the Way on *Sophia*, and *Partridge* on the Bank-Bill, which, though it gave him ſome Pleaſure, cauſed him at the

the ſame Time to repine at Fortune, which, in all his Walks, had never given him ſuch an Opportunity of ſhewing his Honeſty. They had proceeded above three Miles, when *Partridge*, being unable any longer to keep up with *Jones*, called to him, and begged him a little to ſlacken his Pace: With this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for ſome Time loſt the Footſteps of the Horſes, which the Thaw had enabled him to trace for ſeveral Miles, and he was now upon a wide Common where were ſeveral Roads.

He here therefore ſtopt to conſider which of theſe Roads he ſhould purſue, when on a ſudden they heard the Noiſe of a Drum that ſeemed at no great Diſtance. This Sound preſently alarmed the Fears of *Partridge*, and he cried out, 'Lord 'have Mercy upon us all; they are certainly 'a-coming!' 'Who is coming?' cries *Jones*; for Fear had long ſince given Place to ſofter Ideas in his Mind; and ſince his Adventure with the lame Man, he had been totally intent on purſuing *Sophia*, without entertaining one Thought of an Enemy. 'Who!' cries *Partridge*, 'why the 'Rebels: But why ſhould I call them Rebels? 'they may be very honeſt Gentlemen, for any 'Thing I know to the contrary. The Devil take 'him that affronts them, I ſay. I am ſure, if 'they have nothing to ſay to me, I will have no-'thing to ſay to them, but in a civil Way. For 'Heaven's Sake, Sir, don't affront them, if they 'ſhould come, and perhaps they may do us no 'Harm; but would it not be the wiſer Way to 'creep into ſome of yonder Buſhes till they are 'gone by? What can two unarmed Men do 'perhaps againſt Fifty thouſand? Certainly no

'body but a Madam; I hope your Honour is 'not offended; but certainly no Man who hath '*mens ſana in corpore ſano*'——Here *Jones* interrupted this Torrent of Eloquence, which Fear had inſpired, ſaying, 'That by the Drum he per-'ceived they were near ſome Town.' He then made directly towards the Place whence the Noiſe proceeded, bidding *Partridge* 'take Courage, for 'that he would lead him into no Danger;' and adding, 'it was impoſſible the Rebels ſhould be ſo 'near.'

Partridge was a little comforted with this laſt Aſſurance; and tho' he would more gladly have gone the contrary Way, he followed his Leader, his Heart beating Time, but not after the Manner of Heroes, to the Muſic of the Drum, which ceaſed not till they had traverſed the Common, and were come into a narrow Lane.

And now *Partridge*, who kept even Pace with *Jones*, diſcovered ſomething painted flying in the Air, a very few Yards before him, which fancying to be the Colours of the Enemy, he fell a-bellowing, 'Oh! Lord, Sir, here they are; there is 'the Crown and Coffin. Oh! Lord! I never ſaw 'any Thing ſo terrible; and we are within Gun-'ſhot of them already.'

Jones no ſooner looked up, than he plainly perceived what it was which *Partridge* had thus miſtaken. '*Partridge*,' ſays he, 'I fancy you will 'be able to engage this whole Army yourſelf; for 'by the Colours I gueſs what the Drum was which 'we heard before, and which beats up for Re-'cruits to a Puppet-ſhow.'

'A Puppet-ſhow!' anſwered *Partridge*, with moſt eager Tranſport. 'And is it really no 'more than that? I love a Puppet-ſhow of all 'the

'the Paſtimes upon Earth. Do, good Sir, let us 'tarry and ſee it. Beſides, I am quite famiſhed 'to Death; for it is now almoſt dark, and I have 'not eat a Morſel ſince Three o'Clock in the 'Morning.'

They now arrived at an Inn, or indeed an Alehouſe, where *Jones* was prevailed upon to ſtop, the rather as he had no longer any Aſſurance of being in the Road he deſired. They walked both directly into the Kitchen, where *Jones* began to enquire if no Ladies had paſſed that Way in the Morning, and *Partridge* as eagerly examined into the State of their Proviſions; and indeed his Enquiry met with the better Succeſs; for *Jones* could not hear News of *Sophia*; but *Partridge*, to his great Satisfaction, found good Reaſon to expect very ſhortly the agreeable Sight of an excellent ſmoaking Diſh of Eggs and Bacon.

In ſtrong and healthy Conſtitutions, Love hath a very different Effect from what it cauſes in the puny Part of the Species. In the latter, it generally deſtroys all that Appetite which tends towards the Conſervation of the Individual; but in the former, tho' it often induces Forgetfulneſs, and a Neglect of Food, as well as of every Thing elſe; yet place a good Piece of well-powdered Buttock before a hungry Lover, and he ſeldom fails very handſomely to play his Part. Thus it happened in the preſent Caſe; for tho' *Jones* perhaps wanted a Prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty Stomach; yet no ſooner did he ſit down to the Bacon and Eggs, than he fell to, as heartily and voraciouſly as *Partridge* himſelf.

Before our Travellers had finiſhed their Dinner, Night came on; and as the Moon was now paſt the Full, it was extremely dark. *Partridge* therefore prevailed on *Jones* to ſtay and ſee the Puppet-ſhow, which was juſt going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the Maſter of the ſaid Show, who declared that his Figures were the fineſt which the World had ever produced, and that they had given great Satisfaction to all the Quality in every Town in *England*.

The Puppet-ſhow was performed with great Regularity and Decency. It was called the fine and ſerious Part of the *Provok'd Huſband*; and it was indeed a very grave and ſolemn Entertainment, without any low Wit or Humour, or Jeſts; or, to do it no more than Juſtice, without any Thing which could provoke a Laugh. The Audience were all highly pleaſed. A grave Matron told the Maſter ſhe would bring her two Daughters the next Night, as he did not ſhew any Stuff; and an Attorney's Clerk and an Exciſeman both declared, that the Characters of Lord and Lady *Townley* were well preſerved, and highly in Nature. *Partridge* likewiſe concurred with this Opinion.

The Maſter was ſo highly elated with theſe Encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding ſome more of his own. He ſaid, 'The preſent Age was not improved in any Thing ſo much as in their Puppet-ſhows; which, by throwing out *Punch* and his Wife *Joan*, and ſuch idle Trumpery, were at laſt brought to be a rational Entertainment. I remember,' ſaid he, 'when I firſt took to the Buſineſs, there was a great deal of low Stuff, that did very well to

'make

'make Folks laugh; but was never calculated to 'improve the Morals of young People, which 'certainly ought to be principally aimed at in 'every Puppet-ſhow: For why may not good 'and inſtructive Leſſons be conveyed this Way, 'as well as any other? My Figures are as big as 'the Life, and they repreſent the Life in every 'Particular; and I queſtion not but People riſe 'from my little *Drama* as much improved as they 'do from the great. 'I would by no Means 'degrade the Ingenuity of your Profeſſion,' anſwered *Jones*; 'but I ſhould have been glad to 'have ſeen my old Acquaintance Maſter *Punch*, 'for all that; and ſo far from improving, I think, 'by leaving out him and his merry Wife *Joan*, 'you have ſpoiled your Puppet-ſhow.'

The Dancer of Wires conceived an immediate and high Contempt for *Jones*, from theſe Words. And with much Diſdain in his Countenance, he replied, 'Very probably, Sir, that may be your 'Opinion; but I have the Satisfaction to know 'the beſt Judges differ from you, and it is im-'poſſible to pleaſe every Taſte. I confeſs, in-'deed, ſome of the Quality at *Bath*, two or three 'Years ago, wanted mightily to bring *Punch* 'again upon the Stage. I believe I loſt ſome 'Money for not agreeing to it; but let others do 'as they will; a little Matter ſhall never bribe 'me to degrade my own Profeſſion, nor will I 'ever willingly conſent to the ſpoiling the De-'cency and Regularity of my Stage, by intro-'ducing any ſuch low Stuff upon it.'

'Right, Friend,' cries the Clerk, 'you are 'very right. Always avoid what is low. There 'are ſeveral of my Acquaintance in *London*, who 'are reſolved to drive every Thing which is low

'from

'from the Stage.' 'Nothing can be more proper,' cries the Exciſeman, pulling the Pipe from his Mouth. 'I remember,' added he, '(for I then 'lived with my Lord) I was in the Footman's 'Gallery, the Night when this Play of the *Pro-* 'vok'd *Huſband* was acted firſt. There was a 'great deal of low Stuff in it about a Country 'Gentleman come up to Town to ſtand for Par- 'liament-man; and there they brought a Parcel 'of his Servants upon the Stage, his Coachman 'I remember particularly; but the Gentlemen in 'our Gallery could not bear any Thing ſo low, 'and they damned it. I obſerve, Friend, you 'have left all that Matter out, and you are to be 'commended for it.'

'Nay, Gentlemen,' cries *Jones*, 'I can never 'maintain my Opinion againſt ſo many; indeed, 'if the Generality of his Audience diſlike him, 'the learned Gentleman who conducts the Show 'may have done very right in diſmiſſing *Punch* 'from his Service.'

The Maſter of the Show began a ſecond Harangue, and ſaid much of the great Force of Example, and how much the inferior Part of Mankind would be deterred from Vice, by obſerving how odious it was in their Superiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an Incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another Time, we cannot help relating at preſent, but not in this Chapter.

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the beſt Things are liable to be miſunderſtood and miſinterpreted.

A Volent Uproar now aroſe in the Entry, where my Landlady was well-cuffing her Maid both with her Fiſt and Tongue. She had indeed miſſed the Wench from her Employment, and, after a little Search, had found her on the Puppet-ſhow Stage in Company with the *Merry-Andrew*, and in a Situation not very proper to be deſcribed.

Tho' *Grace* (for that was her Name) had forfeited all Title to Modeſty, yet had ſhe not Impudence enough to deny a Fact in which ſhe was actually ſurprized; ſhe therefore took another Turn, and attempted to mitigate the Offence. 'Why do you beat me in this Manner, Miſtreſs?' cries the Wench. 'If you don't like my Doings, 'you may turn me away. If I am a W—e,' (for the other had liberally beſtowed that Appellation on her) 'my Betters are ſo as well as I? What 'was the fine Lady in the Puppet-ſhow juſt now? 'I ſuppoſe ſhe did not lie all Night out from her 'Huſband for nothing.'

The Landlady now burſt into the Kitchen, and fell foul on both her Huſband, and the poor Puppet-mover. 'Here, Huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'you ſee the Conſequence of harbouring theſe 'People in your Houſe. If one doth draw a 'little Drink the more for them, one is hardly 'made Amends for the Litter they make; and 'then to have one's Houſe made a Bawdy-houſe

'of

'of by ſuch louſy Vermin. In ſhort, I deſire 'you would be gone To-morrow Morning; for 'I will tolerate no more ſuch Doings. It is only 'the Way to teach our Servants Idleneſs and 'Nonſenſe; for to be ſure, nothing better can 'be learned by ſuch idle Shows as theſe. I re-'member when Puppet-ſhows were made of good 'Scripture Stories, as *Jeptha*'s raſh Vow, and 'ſuch good Things, and when wicked People 'were carried away by the Devil. There was 'ſome Senſe in thoſe Matters; but, as the Parſon 'told us laſt *Sunday*, nobody believes in the De-'vil now-a-days; and here you bring about a 'Parcel of Puppets dreſt up like Lords and La-'dies, only to turn the Heads of poor Country 'Wenches; and when their Heads are once 'turned topſy-turvy, no wonder every Thing elſe 'is ſo.'

Virgil, I think, tells us, that when the Mob are aſſembled in a riotous and tumultuous Manner, and all Sorts of miſſile Weapons fly about, if a Man of Gravity and Authority appears amongſt them, the Tumult is preſently appeaſed, and the Mob, which, when collected into one Body, may be well compared to an Aſs, erect their long Ears at the grave Man's Diſcourſe.

On the contrary, when a Set of grave Men and Philoſophers are diſputing; when Wiſdom herſelf may in a Manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtering Arguments to the Diſputants; ſhould a Tumult riſe among the Mob, or ſhould one Scold, who is herſelf equal in Noiſe to a mighty Mob, appear among the ſaid Philoſophers; their Diſputes ceaſe in a Moment, Wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial Office, and

and the Attention of every one is immediately attracted by the Scold alone.

Thus the Uproar aforeſaid, and the Arrival of the Landlady ſilenced the Maſter of the Puppet-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final End to that grave and ſolemn Harangue, of which we have given the Reader a ſufficient Taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this Accident; the moſt wanton Malice of Fortune could not have contrived ſuch another Stratagem to confound the poor Fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting on the good Morals inculcated by his Exhibitions. His Mouth was now as effectually ſtopt, as that of a Quack muſt be, if, in the Midſt of a Declamation on the great Virtues of his Pills and Powders, the Corpſe of one of his Martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the Stage as a Teſtimony of his Skill.

Inſtead, therefore, of anſwering my Landlady, the Puppet-ſhow Man ran out to puniſh his *Merry Andrew*; and now the Moon beginning to put forth her Silver Light, as the Poets call it (tho' ſhe looked at that Time more like a Piece of Copper) *Jones* called for his Reckoning, and ordered *Partridge*, whom my Landlady had juſt awaked from a profound Nap, to prepare for his Journey; but *Partridge*, having lately carried two Points, as my Reader hath ſeen before, was emboldened to attempt a third. which was, to prevail with *Jones* to take up a Lodging that Evening in the Houſe where he then was. He introduced this with an affected Surprize at the Intention which Mr. *Jones* declared of removing; and after urging many excellent Arguments againſt it, he at laſt inſiſted ſtrongly, that it could be to no Manner

Manner of Purpoſe whatever: For that unleſs *Jones* knew which Way the Lady was gone, every Step he took might very poſſibly lead him the farther from her; 'for you find, Sir,' ſaid he, 'by all the People in the Houſe, that ſhe is not 'gone this Way. How much better therefore, 'would it be to ſtay till the Morning, when we 'may expect to meet with Somebody to enquire 'of?'

This laſt Argument had indeed ſome Effect on *Jones*, and while he was weighing it, the Landlord threw all the Rhetoric of which he was Maſter, into the ſame Scale. 'Sure, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your Servant gives you moſt excellent Advice: 'for who would travel by Night at this Time of 'the Year?' He then began, in the uſual Stile, to trumpet forth the excellent Accommodation which his Houſe afforded; and my Landlady likewiſe opened on the Occaſion—But not to detain the Reader with what is common to every Hoſt and Hoſteſs, it is ſufficient to tell him, *Jones* was at laſt prevailed on to ſtay and refreſh himſelf with a few Hours Reſt, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly ſhut his Eyes ſince he had left the Inn where the Accident of the broken Head had happened.

As ſoon as *Jones* had taken a Reſolution to proceed no farther that Night, he preſently retired to Bed, with his two Bedfellows, the Pocket-Book and the Muff; but *Partridge*, who at ſeveral Times had refreſhed himſelf with ſeveral Naps, was more inclined to Eating than to Sleeping, and more to Drinking than to either.

And now the Storm which *Grace* had raiſed being at an End, and my Landlady being again reconciled to the Puppet-man, who on his Side

forgave

forgave the indecent Reflections which the good Woman in her Paſſion had caſt on his Performances, a Face of perfect Peace and Tranquillity reigned in the Kitchen; where ſat aſſembled round the Fire, the Landlord and Landlady of the Houſe, the Maſter of the Puppet-ſhow, the Attorney's Clerk, the Exciſeman, and the ingenious Mr. *Partridge*; in which Company, paſt the agreeable Converſation which will be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a Remark or two of our own, and many more of the good Company aſſembled in the Kitchen.

THOUGH the Pride of *Partridge* did not ſubmit to acknowledge himſelf a Servant; yet he condeſcended in moſt Particulars to imitate the Manners of that Rank. One Inſtance of this was his greatly magnifying the Fortune of his Companion, as he called *Jones:* Such is a general Cuſtom with all Servants among Strangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the Attendant on a Beggar: For the higher the Situation of the Maſter is, the higher conſequently is that of the Man in his own Opinion; the Truth of which Obſervation appears from the Behaviour of all the Footmen of the Nobility.

But tho' Title and Fortune communicate a Splendor all around them, and the Footmen of Men of Quality and of Eſtate think themſelves entitled to a Part of that Reſpect which is paid to the Quality and Eſtate of their Maſters; it is clearly otherwiſe with Regard to Virtue and Underſtanding. Theſe Advantages are ſtrictly perſonal,

ſonal, and ſwallow themſelves all the Reſpect which is paid to them. To ſay the Truth, this is ſo very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As theſe therefore reflect no Honour on the Domeſtick, ſo neither is he at all diſhonoured by the moſt deplorable Want of both in his Maſter. Indeed it is otherwiſe in the Want of what is called Virtue in a Miſtreſs, the Conſequence of which we have before ſeen: For in this Diſhonour there is a Kind of Contagion, which, like that of Poverty, communicates itſelf to all who approach it.

Now for theſe Reaſons we are not to wonder that Servants (I mean among the Men only) ſhould have ſo great Regard for the Reputation of the Wealth of their Maſters, and little or none at all for their Character in other Points, and that tho' they would be aſhamed to be the Footman of a Beggar, they are not ſo to attend upon a Rogue, or a Blockhead; and do conſequently make no Scruple to ſpread the Fame of the Iniquities and Follies of their Maſters as far as poſſible, and this often with great Humour and Merriment. In reality, a Footman is often a Wit, as well as a Beau, at the Expence of the Gentleman whoſe Livery he wears.

After *Partridge*, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vaſt Fortune to which Mr. *Jones* was Heir, he very frequently communicated an Apprehenſion which he had begun to conceive the Day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very Time, the Behaviour of *Jones* ſeemed to have furniſhed a ſufficient Foundation. In ſhort, he was now pretty well confirmed in an Opinion, that his Maſter was out of his Wits, with which Opinion

Opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good Company round the Fire.

With this Sentiment the Puppet-ſhow Man immediately coincided. 'I own,' ſaid he, 'the 'Gentleman ſurprized me very much, when he 'talked ſo abſurdly about Puppet-ſhows. It is 'indeed hardly to be conceived, that any Man in 'his Senſes ſhould be ſo much miſtaken; what 'you ſay now, accounts very well for all his mon-'ſtrous Notions! Poor Gentleman! I am hear-'tily concerned for him; indeed, he hath a ſtrange 'Wildneſs about his Eyes, which I took notice of 'before, tho' I did not mention it.'

The Landlord agreed with this laſt Aſſertion, and likewiſe claimed the Sagacity of having obſerved it. 'And certainly,' added he, 'it muſt 'be ſo: for no one but a Madman would have 'thought of leaving ſo good a Houſe, to ramble 'about the Country at that Time of Night.'

The Exciſeman, pulling his Pipe from his Mouth, ſaid, 'He thought the Gentleman looked 'and talked a little wildly;' and then turning to *Partridge*, 'If he be a Madman,' ſays he, 'he 'ſhould not be ſuffered to travel thus about the 'Country; for poſſibly he may do ſome Miſchief. 'It is pity he was not ſecured and ſent home to 'his Relations.'

Now ſome Conceits of this Kind were likewiſe lurking in the Mind of *Partridge*: For as he was now perſuaded that *Jones* had run away from Mr. *Allworthy*, he promiſed himſelf the higheſt Rewards, if he could by any Means convey him back. But Fear of *Jones*, of whoſe Fierceneſs and Strength he had ſeen, and indeed felt, ſome Inſtances, had however repreſented any ſuch Scheme as impoſſible to be executed, and had diſcouraged

couraged him from applying himſelf to form any regular Plan for the Purpoſe. But no ſooner did he hear the Sentiments of the Exciſeman, than he embraced that Opportunity of declaring his own, and expreſſed a hearty Wiſh that ſuch a Matter could be brought about.

'Could be brought about?' ſays the Exciſeman; 'why there is nothing eaſier.'

'Ah! Sir,' anſwered *Partridge*; 'you don't 'know what a Devil of a Fellow he is. He can 'take me up with one Hand, and throw me out 'of a Window; and he would too, if he did but 'imagine——.

'Pooh!' ſays the Exciſeman, 'I believe I am as 'good a Man as he. Beſides, here are five of us.'

'I dont't know what five,' cries the Landlady: 'My Huſband ſhall have nothing to do in it. Nor 'ſhall any violent Hands be laid upon any Body 'in my Houſe. The young Gentleman is as 'pretty a young Gentleman as ever I ſaw in my 'Life, and I believe he is no more mad than any 'of us. What do you tell of his having a wild 'Look with his Eyes? They are the prettieſt 'Eyes I ever ſaw, and he hath the prettieſt Look 'with them; and a very modeſt civil young Man 'he is. I am ſure I have bepitied him heartily 'ever ſince the Gentleman there in the Corner 'told us he was croſt in Love. Certainly that 'is enough to make any Man, eſpecially ſuch a 'ſweet young Gentleman as he is, to look a little 'otherwiſe than he did before. Lady, indeed! 'What the Devil would the Lady have better 'than ſuch a handſome Man with a great Eſtate? 'I ſuppoſe ſhe is one of your Quality-folks, one 'of your Townly Ladies that we ſaw laſt Night

'in

'in the Puppet-ſhow, who don't know what they 'would be at.'

The Attorney's Clerk likewiſe declared he would have no Concern in the Buſineſs, without the Advice of Counſel. 'Suppoſe,' ſays he, 'an 'Action of falſe Impriſonment ſhould be brought 'againſt us, what Defence could we make? 'Who knows what may be ſufficient Evidence 'of Madneſs to a Jury? But I only ſpeak upon 'my own Account; for it don't look well for a 'Lawyer to be concerned in theſe Matters, un-'leſs it be as a Lawyer. Juries are always leſs 'favourable to us than to other People. I don't 'therefore diſſuade you, Mr. *Thomſon*, (to the 'Exciſeman) nor the Gentleman, nor any Body 'elſe.'

The Exciſeman ſhook his Head at this Speech, and the Puppet-ſhow Man ſaid, 'Madneſs was 'ſometimes a difficult Matter for a Jury to decide: 'For I remember,' ſays he, 'I was once preſent 'at a Trial of Madneſs, where twenty Witneſſes 'ſwore that the Perſon was as mad as a *March* 'Hare; and twenty others that he was as much 'in his Senſes as any Man in *England*.—And in-'deed it was the Opinion of moſt People, that it 'was only a Trick of his Relations to rob the poor 'Man of his Right.'

'Very likely!' cries the Landlady: 'I myſelf 'knew a poor Gentleman who was kept in a Mad-'houſe all his Life by his Family, and they enjoy-'ed his Eſtate; but it did them no Good: For 'tho' the Law gave it them, it was the Right of 'another.'

'Pooh!' cries the Clerk, with great Con-tempt, 'Who hath any Right but what the Law 'gives them? If the Law gave me the beſt Eſtate

'in

'in the County, I ſhould never trouble myſelf 'much who had the Right.'

'If it be ſo,' ſays *Partridge*, '*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*'

My Landlord, who had been called out by the Arrival of a Horſeman at the Gate, now returned into the Kitchen, and with an affrighted Countenance cried out, 'What do you think, Gentlemen? The Rebels have given the Duke the 'Slip, and are got almoſt to *London*.—It is certainly true, for a Man on Horſeback juſt now 'told me ſo.'

'I am glad of it with all my Heart,' cries *Partridge*, 'then there will be no Fighting in theſe 'Parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the Clerk, 'for a better 'Reaſon; for I would always have Right take 'Place.'

'Ay, but,' anſwered the Landlord, 'I have 'heard ſome People ſay, this Man hath no Right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a Moment,' cries the Clerk; 'if my Father dies ſeiſed of a 'Right; do you mind me, ſeiſed of a Right, I 'ſay; doth not that Right deſcend to his Son? 'And doth not one Right deſcend as well as an-'other?'

'But how can he have any Right to make us 'Papiſhes?' ſays the Landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries *Partridge*. 'As to the 'Matter of Right, the Gentleman there hath 'proved it as clear as the Sun; and as to the Mat-'ter of Religion, it is quite out of the Caſe. 'The Papiſts themſelves don't expect any ſuch 'Thing. A Popiſh Prieſt, whom I know very 'well, and who is a very honeſt Man, told me 'upon

'upon his word and Honour they had no ſuch 'Deſign.

'And another Prieſt of my Acquaintance,' ſaid the Landlady, 'hath told me the ſame Thing— 'But my Huſband is always ſo afraid of Papiſhes. 'I know a great many Papiſhes that are very 'honeſt Sort of People, and ſpend their Mo- 'ney very freely; and it is always a Maxim with 'me, that one Man's Money is as good as 'another's.'

'Very true, Miſtreſs,' ſaid the Puppet-ſhow Man, 'I don't care what Religion comes, pro- 'vided the Preſbyterians are not uppermoſt; for 'they are Enemies to Puppet-ſhows.'

'And ſo you would ſacrifice your Religion to 'your Intereſt,' cries the Exciſeman; 'and are 'deſirous to ſee Popery brought in, are you?'

'Not I truly,' anſwered the other; 'I hate 'Popery as much as any Man; but yet it is a 'very Comfort to one, that one ſhould be able to 'live under it, which I could not do among Preſ- 'byterians. To be ſure every Man values his 'Livelihood firſt; that muſt be granted; and I 'warrant, if you would confeſs the Truth, you 'are more afraid of loſing your Place than any 'Thing elſe; but never fear, Friend, there will 'be an Exciſe under another Government as well 'as under this.'

'Why certainly,' replied the Exciſeman, 'I 'ſhould be a very ill Man, if I did not honour 'the King, whoſe Bread I eat. That is no more 'than natural, as a Man may ſay: For what 'ſignifies it to me that there would be an Exciſe- 'office under another Government, ſince my 'Friends would be out, and I could expect no 'better than to follow them? No, no, Friend, I

'shall never be bubbled out of my Religion in 'Hopes only of keeping my Place under another 'Government; for I should certainly be no better, 'and very probably might be worse.'

'Why, that is what I say,' cries the Landlord, 'whenever Folks say Who knows what may hap-'pen? Odsooks! should not I be a Blockhead 'to lend my Money to I know not who, because 'mayhap he may return it again? I am sure it is 'safe in my own Bureau, and there I will keep it.'

The Attorney's Clerk had taken a great Fancy to the Sagacity of *Partridge*. Whether this proceeded from the great Discernment which the former had into Men, as well as Things, or whether it arose from the Sympathy between their Minds; for they were both truly *Jacobites* in Principle; they now shook Hands heartily, and drank Bumpers of Strong Beer to Healths which we think proper to bury in Oblivion.

These Healths were afterwards pledged by all present, and even by my Landlord himself, tho' reluctantly; but he could not withstand the Menaces of the Clerk, who swore he would never set his Foot within his House again, if he refused. The Bumpers which were swallowed on this Occasion soon put an End to the Conversation. Here, therefore, we will put an End to the Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

In which Fortune ſeems to have been in a better Humour with Jones *than we have hitherto ſeen her.*

AS there is no wholeſomer, ſo perhaps there are few ſtronger ſleeping Potions than Fatigue. Of this *Jones* might be ſaid to have taken a very large Doſe, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already ſlept nine Hours, and might perhaps have ſlept longer, had he not been awakened by a moſt violent Noiſe at his Chamber-Door, where the Sound of many heavy Blows was accompanied with many Exclamations of Murder. *Jones* preſently leapt from his Bed, where he found the Maſter of the Puppet-ſhow belabouring the Back and Ribs of his poor Merry Andrew, without either Mercy or Moderation.

Jones inſtantly interpoſed on Behalf of the ſuffering Party, and pinned the inſulting Conqueror up to the Wall: For the Puppet-ſhow Man was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than the poor Party-coloured Jeſter had been to contend with this Puppet-man.

But tho' the Merry Andrew was a little Fellow, and not very ſtrong, he had nevertheleſs ſome Choler about him. He therefore no ſooner found himſelf delivered from the Enemy, than he began to attack him with the only Weapon at which he was his Equal. From this he firſt diſcharged a Volley of general abuſive Words, and thence proceeded to ſome particular Accuſations—'D—n your Blood, you Raſcal,' ſays he, 'I 'have not only ſupported you, (for to me you 'owe all the Money you get) but I have ſaved

'you from the Gallows. Did you not want to 'rob the Lady of her fine Riding-Habit, no 'longer ago than Yeſterday, in the Back-Lane 'here? Can you deny that you wiſhed to have 'her alone in a Wood to ſtrip her, to ſtrip one 'of the prettieſt Ladies that was ever ſeen in the 'World? And here you have fallen upon me, and 'have almoſt murdered me for doing no Harm to 'a Girl as willing as myſelf, only becauſe ſhe 'likes me better than you.'

Jones no ſooner heard this, than he quitted the Maſter, laying on him at the ſame Time the moſt violent Injunctions of Forbearance from any further Inſult on the Merry Andrew; and then taking the poor Wretch with him into his own Apartment, he ſoon learnt Tidings of his *Sophia*, whom the Fellow, as he was attending his Maſter with his Drum the Day before, had ſeen paſs by. He eaſily prevailed with the Lad to ſhew him the exact Place; and then, having ſummoned *Partridge*, he departed with the utmoſt Expedition.

It was almoſt Eight of the Clock before all Matters could be got ready for his Departure: For *Partridge* was not in any Haſte; nor could the Reckoning be preſently adjuſted; and when both theſe were ſettled and over, *Jones* would not quit the Place, before he had perfectly reconciled all Differences between the Maſter and the Man.

When this was happily accompliſhed, he ſet forwards, and was by the truſty Merry Andrew conducted to the Spot by which *Sophia* had paſſed; and then having handſomely rewarded his Conductor, he again puſhed on with the utmoſt Eagerneſs, being highly delighted with the extraordinary

dinary Manner in which he received his Intelligence. Of this *Partridge* was no ſooner acquainted, than he, with great Earneſtneſs, began to propheſy, and aſſured *Jones*, that he would certainly have good Succeſs in the End: For, he ſaid, 'two ſuch Accidents could never have hap-'pened to direct him after his Miſtreſs, if Pro-'vidence had not deſigned to bring them together 'at laſt.' And this was the firſt Time that *Jones* lent any Attention to the ſuperſtitious Doctrines of his Companion.

They had not gone above two Miles, when a violent Storm of Rain overtook them; and as they happened to be at the ſame Time in Sight of an Alehouſe, *Partridge*, with much earneſt Entreaty, prevailed with *Jones* to enter, and weather the Storm. Hunger is an Enemy (if indeed it may be called one) which partakes more of the *Engliſh* than of the *French* Diſpoſition; for tho' you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in Time; and ſo it did with *Partridge*, who was no ſooner arrived within the Kitchen, than he began to aſk the ſame Queſtions which he had aſked the Night before. The Conſequence of this was an excellent old Chine being produced upon the Table, upon which not only *Partridge*, but *Jones* himſelf, made a very hearty Breakfaſt, tho' the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the People of the Houſe could give him no freſh Information concerning *Sophia*.

Their Meal being over, *Jones* was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the Violence of the Storm ſtill continued; but *Partridge* begged heartily for another Mug; and at laſt caſting his Eyes on a Lad at the Fire, who had entered into the Kitchen, and who at that Inſtant was looking

as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to *Jones*, and cried, 'Maſter, give me your Hand, a ſingle 'Mug ſhan't ſerve the Turn this Bout. Why 'here's more News of Madam *Sophia* come to 'Town. The Boy there ſtanding by the Fire 'is the very Lad that rode before her. I can 'ſwear to my own Plaiſter on his Face.' 'Hea-'vens bleſs you, Sir,' cries the Boy, 'it is your 'own Plaiſter ſure enough; I ſhall have always 'Reaſon to remember your Goodneſs; for it hath 'almoſt cured me.'

At theſe Words *Jones* ſtarted from his Chair, and bidding the Boy follow him immediately, departed from the Kitchen into a private Apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to *Sophia*, that he never willingly mentioned her Name in the Preſence of many People; and tho' he had, as it were, from the Overflowings of his Heart, given *Sophia* as a Toaſt among the Officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there the Reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her Surname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the Opinion of many ſagacious Readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent Misfortunes to the ſuppoſed Want of that Delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for, in reality, *Sophia* was much more offended at the Freedoms which ſhe thought (and not without good Reaſon) he had taken with her Name and Character, than at any Freedoms, in which, under his preſent Circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the Perſon of another Woman; and to ſay Truth, I believe *Honour* could never have prevailed on her to leave *Upton* without ſeeing her

Jones,

Jones, had it not been for these two strong Instances of a Levity in his Behaviour, so void of Respect, and indeed so highly inconsistent with any Degree of Love and Tenderness in great and delicate Minds.

But so Matters fell out, and so I must relate them; and if any Reader is shocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I must remind such Persons, that I am not writing a System, bnt a History, and I am not obliged to reconcile every Matter to the received Notions concerning Truth and Nature. But if this was never so easy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For instance, as the Fact at present before us now stands, without any Comment of mine upon it, tho' it may at first Sight offend some Readers, yet, upon more mature Consideration, it must please all; for wise and good Men may consider what happened to *Jones* at *Upton* as a just Punishment for his Wickedness, with regard to Women, of which it was indeed the immediate Consequence; and silly and bad Persons may comfort themselves in their Vices, by flattering their own Hearts that the Characters of Men are rather owing to Accident than to Virtue. Now perhaps the Reflection which we should be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both these Conclusions, and would shew that these Incidents contribute only to confirm the great, useful and uncommon Doctrine, which it is the Purpose of this whole Work to inculcate, and which we must not fill up our Pages by frequently repeating, as an ordinary Parson fills his Sermon by repeating his Text at the End of every Paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear, however unhappily *Sophia* had erred in her Opinion of *Jones*, ſhe had ſufficient Reaſon for her Opinion; ſince, I believe, every other young Lady would, in her Situation, have erred in the ſame Manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her Lover at this very Time, and had entered this very Alehouſe the Moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the Landlord as well acquainted with her Name and Perſon as the Wench at *Upton* had appeared to be. For while *Jones* was examining his Boy in Whiſpers in an inner Room, *Partridge*, who had no ſuch Delicacy in his Diſpoſition, was in the Kitchen very openly catechiſing the other Guide who had attended Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; by which Means the Landlord, whoſe Ears were open on all ſuch Occaſions, became perfectly well acquainted with the Tumble of *Sophia* from her Horſe, *&c.* with the Miſtake concerning *Jenny Cameron*, with the many Conſequences of the Punch, and, in ſhort, with almoſt every Thing which had happened at the Inn, whence we diſpatched our Ladies in a Coach and Six, when we laſt took our Leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd Obſervations.

JONES had been abſent a full Half Hour, when he returned into the Kitchen in a Hurry, deſiring the Landlord to let him know that Inſtant what was to pay. And now the Concern which *Partridge* felt at being obliged to quit the warm Chimney-corner, and a Cup of excellent Liquor, was ſomewhat compenſated by hearing that

that he was to proceed no farther on Foot; for *Jones*, by golden Arguments, had prevailed with the Boy to attend him back to the Inn whither he had before conducted *Sophia*; but to this however the Lad conſented, upon Condition that the other Guide would wait for him at the Alehouſe; becauſe, as the Landlord at *Upton* was an intimate Acquaintance of the Landlord at *Glouceſter*, it might ſome Time or other come to the Ears of the latter, that his Horſes had been let to more than one Perſon; and ſo the Boy might be brought to Account for Money which he wiſely intended to put in his own Pocket.

We were obliged to mention this Circumſtance, trifling as it may ſeem, ſince it retarded Mr. *Jones* a conſiderable Time in his ſetting out; for the Honeſty of this latter Boy was ſomewhat high—that is, ſomewhat high priced, and would indeed have coſt *Jones* very dear, had not *Partridge*, who, as we have ſaid, was a very cunning Fellow, artfully thrown in Half a Crown to be ſpent at that very Alehouſe, while the Boy was waiting for his Companion. This Half Crown the Landlord no ſooner got Scent of, than he opened after it with ſuch a vehement and perſuaſive Outcry, that the Boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented to take Half a Crown more for his Stay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that as there is ſo much of Policy in the loweſt Life, great Men often overvalue themſelves on thoſe Refinements in Impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the human Species.

The Horſes being now produced, *Jones* directly leapt into the Side-Saddle, on which his dea *Sophia* had rid. The Lad indeed very civilly offerey

offered him the Uſe of his; but he choſe the Side-Saddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. *Partridge*, however, tho' full as effeminate as *Jones*, could not bear the Thoughts of degrading his Manhood; he therefore accepted the Boy's Offer; and now *Jones* being mounted on the Side-Saddle of his *Sophia*, the Boy on that of Mrs. *Honour*, and *Partridge* beſtriding the third Horſe, they ſet forwards on their Journey, and within four Hours arrived at the Inn where the Reader hath already ſpent ſo much Time. *Partridge* was in very high Spirits during the whole Way, and often mentioned to *Jones* the many good Omens of his future Succeſs, which had lately befriended him; and which the Reader, without being the leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. *Partridge* was moreover better pleaſed with the preſent Purſuit of his Companion, than he had been with his Purſuit of Glory; and from theſe very Omens, which aſſured the Pedagogue of Succeſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear Idea of the Amour between *Jones* and *Sophia*; to which he had before given very little Attention, as he had originally taken a wrong Scent concerning the Reaſons of *Jones*'s Departure; and as to what happened at *Upton*, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that Place, to draw any other Concluſions from thence, than that poor *Jones* was a downright Madman: a Conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the Opinion he before had of his extraordinary Wildneſs, of which, he thought, his Behaviour on their quitting *Gloceſter* ſo well juſtified all the Accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent Expedition, and henceforth began

began to conceive much worthier Sentiments of his Friend's Underſtanding.

The Clock had juſt ſtruck Three when they arrived, and *Jones* immediately beſpoke Poſt-Horſes; but unluckily there was not a Horſe to be procured in the whole Place; which the Reader will not wonder at, when he conſiders the Hurry in which the whole Nation, and eſpecially this Part of it, was at this Time engaged, when Expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every Hour of the Day and Night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former Guide to eſcort him to *Coventry*; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the Boy in the Inn-yard, a Perſon came up to him, and ſaluting him by his Name, enquired how all the good Family did in *Somerſetſhire*; and now *Jones* caſting his Eyes upon this Perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr. *Dowling* the Lawyer, with whom he had dined at *Gloceſter*, and with much Courteſy returned his Salutation.

Dowling very earneſtly preſſed Mr. *Jones* to go no further that Night; and backed his Solicitations with many unanſwerable Arguments, ſuch as, that it was almoſt dark, that the Roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by Day-light, with many others equally good, ſome of which *Jones* had probably ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual, ſo they were ſtill; and he continued reſolute in his Deſign, even tho' he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on Foot.

When the good Attorney found he could not prevail on *Jones* to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the Guide to accompany him. He urged many Motives to induce

him to undertake this ſhort Journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying, 'Do you think the Gen-'tleman won't very well reward you for your 'Trouble?'

Two to one are Odds at every other Thing, as well as at Foot-ball. But the Advantage which this united Force hath in Perſuaſion or Entreaty, muſt have been viſible to a curious Obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a Father, a Maſter, a Wife, or any other Perſon in Authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a Denial againſt all the Reaſons which a ſingle Man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the Repetition of the ſame Sentiments by a ſecond or third Perſon, who hath undertaken the Cauſe, without attempting to advance any thing new in its Behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the Phraſe of ſeconding an Argument or a Motion, and the great Conſequence this is of in all Aſſemblies of public Debate. Hence likewiſe probably it is, that in our Courts of Law we often hear a learned Gentleman (generally a Serjeant) repeating for an Hour together what another learned Gentleman who ſpoke juſt before him, had been ſaying.

Inſtead of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed in our uſual Manner to exemplify it in the Conduct of the Lad above mentioned, who ſubmitted to the Perſuaſions of Mr. *Dowling*, and promiſed once more to admit *Jones* into his Side-Saddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor Creatures a good Bait, ſaying, they had travelled a great Way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this Caution of the Boy was needleſs; for *Jones*, notwithſtanding his Hurry and Impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no means agreed with the Opinion of thoſe who conſider Animals

as mere Machines, and when they bury their Spurs in the Belly of their Horſe, imagine the Spur and the Horſe to have an equal Capacity of feeling Pain.

While the Beaſts were eating their Corn, or rather were ſuppoſed to eat it (for as the Boy was taking Care of himſelf in the Kitchen, the Hoſtler took great Care that his Corn ſhould not be conſumed in the Stable); Mr. *Jones*, at the earneſt Deſire of Mr. *Dowling*, accompanied that Gentleman into his Room, where they ſat down together over a Bottle of Wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones *and Mr.* Dowling *drink a Bottle together.*

MR. *Dowling*, pouring out a Glaſs of Wine, named the Health of the good Squire *Allworthy*; adding, 'If you pleaſe, Sir, we will 'likewiſe remember his Nephew and Heir, the 'young Squire: Come, Sir, here's Mr. *Bliſil* to 'you, a very pretty young Gentleman; and who, 'I dare ſwear, will hereafter make a very conſi-'derable Figure in his Country. I have a Bo-'rough for him myſelf in my Eye.'

'Sir,' anſwered *Jones*, 'I am convinced you 'don't intend to affront me, ſo I ſhall not reſent 'it; but, I promiſe you, you have joined two 'Perſons very improperly together; for one is the 'Glory of the human Species, and the other is 'a Raſcal who diſhonours the Name of Man.' *Dowling* ſtared at this. He ſaid, 'He thought 'both the Gentlemen had a very unexception-'able Character. As for Squire *Allworthy* him-

'ſelf,'

'ſelf,' ſays he, 'I never had the Happineſs to 'ſee him; but all the World talks of his Good-'neſs. And, indeed, as to the youug Gentle-'man, I never ſaw him but once, when I carried 'him the News of the Loſs of his Mother; and 'then I was ſo hurried, and drove, and tore with 'the Multiplicity of Buſineſs, that I had hardly 'Time to converſe with him; but he looked ſo 'like a very honeſt Gentleman, and behaved 'himſelf ſo prettily, that I proteſt I never was 'more delighted with any Gentleman ſince I was 'born.'

'I don't wonder,' anſwered *Jones*, 'that he 'ſhould impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort an Acquaint-'ance; for he hath the Cunning of the Devil 'himſelf, and you may live with him many 'Years without diſcovering him. I was bred up 'with him from my Infancy, and we were hardly 'ever aſunder: but it is very lately only, that I 'have diſcovered half the Villainy which is in 'him. I own I never greatly liked him. I 'thought he wanted that Generoſity of Spirit, 'which is the ſure Foundation of all that is great 'and noble in human Nature. I ſaw a Selfiſh-'neſs in him long ago which I deſpiſed; but it 'is lately, very lately, that I have found him ca-'pable of the baſeſt and blackeſt Deſigns; for, 'indeed, I have at laſt found out, that he hath 'taken an Advantage of the Openneſs of my own 'Temper, and hath concerted the deepeſt Pro-'jects, by a long Train of wicked Artifice, to 'work my Ruin, which at laſt he hath effected.'

'Ay! Ay!' cries *Dowling*, 'I proteſt then it is 'a Pity ſuch a Perſon ſhould inherit the great 'Eſtate of your Uncle *Allworthy*.'

'Alas!

'Alas! Sir,' cries *Jones*, 'you do me an Ho-
'nour to which I have no Title. It is true, in-
'deed, his Goodneſs once allowed me the Liber-
'ty of calling him by a much nearer Name;
'but as this was only a voluntary Act of Good-
'neſs, I can complain of no Injuſtice when he
'thinks proper to deprive me of this Honour;
'ſince the Loſs cannot be more unmerited than
'the Gift originally was. I aſſure you, Sir, I
'am no Relation of Mr. *Allworthy*; and if the
'World, who are incapable of ſetting a true
'Value on his Virtue, ſhould think, in his Be-
'haviour to me, he hath dealt hardly by a Re-
'lation, they do an Injuſtice to the beſt of Men:
'For I—but I aſk your Pardon, I ſhall trouble
'you with no Particulars relating to myſelf; only
'as you ſeemed to think me a Relation of Mr.
'*Allworthy*, I thought proper to ſet you right in
'a Matter that might draw ſome Cenſures upon
'him, which I promiſe you I would rather loſe
'my Life than give Occaſion to.'

'I proteſt, Sir,' cried *Bowling*, 'you talk very
'much like a Man of Honour; but inſtead of
'giving me any Trouble, I proteſt it would give
'me great Pleaſure to know how you came to be
'thought a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy's*, if you
'are not. Your Horſes won't be ready this half
'Hour, and as you have ſufficient Opportunity,
'I wiſh you would tell me how all that happen-
'ed; for I proteſt it ſeems very ſurpriſing that
'you ſhould paſs for the Relation of a Gentleman,
'without being ſo.'

Jones, who in the Compliance of his Diſpo-
ſition (tho' not in his Prudence) a little reſembled
his lovely *Sophia*, was eaſily prevailed on to ſatisfy
Mr.

Mr. *Dowling's* Curioſity, by relating the Hiſtory of his Birth and Education, which he did, like *Othello*.

——even from his boyiſh Years,
To th' very Moment he was bade to tell;

the which to hear, *Dowling*, like *Deſdemona*, did *ſeriouſly incline*;

He ſwore 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful.

Mr. *Dowling* was indeed very greatly affected with this Relation; for he had not diveſted himſelf of Humanity by being an Attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjuſt than to carry our Prejudices againſt a Profeſſion into private Life, and to borrow our Idea of a Man from our Opinion of his Calling. Habit, it is true, leſſens the Horror of thoſe Actions which the Profeſſion makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but in all other Inſtances, Nature works in Men of all Profeſſions alike; nay, perhaps, even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were, a Holiday, than when they are following their ordinary Buſineſs. A Butcher, I make no Doubt, would feel Compunction at the Slaughter of a fine Horſe; and though a Surgeon can conceive no Pain in cutting off a Limb, I have known him compaſſionate a Man in a Fit of the Gout. The common Hangman, who hath ſtretched the Necks of Hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt Operation on a head: And the very Profeſſors of Human-

Blood-

Blood-ſhedding, who in their Trade of War butcher Thouſands, not only of their Fellow Profeſſors, but often of Women and Children without Remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in Times of Peace, when Drums and Trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their Ferocity, and become very gentle Members of civil Society. In the ſame Manner an Attorney may feel all the Miſeries and Diſtreſſes of his Fellow Creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

Jones, as the Reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black Colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr. *Allworthy*; and as too other Matters he did not ſhew them in the moſt diſadvantageous Light: For though he was unwilling to caſt any Blame on his former Friend and Patron, yet he was not very deſirous of heaping too much upon himſelf. *Dowling* therefore obſerved, and not without Reaſon, that very ill Offices muſt have been done him by ſome Body: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the Squire would never have diſinherited you only for a few Faults, 'which any young Gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot properly ſay diſinherited; for, to be ſure, by Law you cannot 'claim as Heir. That's certain; that no Body 'need go to Counſel for. Yet when a Gentleman had in a Manner adopted you thus as his 'own Son, you might reaſonably have expected 'ſome very conſiderable Part, if not the Whole; 'nay, if you had expected the Whole, I ſhould 'not have blamed you: For certainly all Men 'are for getting as much as they can, and they 'are not to be blamed on that Account.'

'Indeed

'Indeed you wrong me,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I ſhould 'have been contented with very little: I never 'had any View upon Mr. *Allworthy's* Fortune; 'nay, I believe, I may truly ſay, I never once 'conſidered what he could or might give me. 'This I ſolemnly declare, if he had done a Pre-'judice to his Nephew in my Favour, I would 'have undone it again. I had rather enjoy my 'own Mind than the Fortune of another Man. 'What is the poor Pride ariſing from a magni-'ficent Houſe, a numerous Equipage, a ſplendid 'Table, and from all the other Advantages or 'Appearances of Fortune, compared to the warm 'ſolid Content, the ſwelling Satisfaction, the 'thrilling Tranſports and the exulting Triumphs, 'which a good Mind enjoys, in the Contempla-'tion of a generous, virtuous, noble, benevolent 'Action? I envy not *Bliſil* in the Proſpect of his 'Wealth; nor ſhall I envy him in the Poſſeſſion 'of it. I would not think myſelf a Raſcal Half 'an Hour, to exchange Situations. I believe, 'indeed, Mr. *Bliſil* ſuſpected me of the Views 'you mention; and I ſuppoſe theſe Suſpicions, 'as they aroſe from the Baſeneſs of his own Heart, 'ſo they occaſioned his Baſeneſs to me. But, I 'thank Heaven, I know, I feel,——I feel my 'Innocence, my Friend; and I would not part 'with that Feeling for the World——For as 'long as I know I have never done, or even de-'ſigned an Injury to any Being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone

Pone, ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in Terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem *.

He then filled a Bumper of Wine, and drank it off to the Health of his dear *Lalage*; and filling *Dowling*'s Glaſs likewiſe up to the Brim, inſiſted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miſs *La-*'*lage*'s Health, with all my Heart,' cries *Dowling*. 'I have heard her toaſted often, I proteſt, 'though I never ſaw her; but they ſay ſhe's ex-'tremely handſome.'

Though the *Latin* was not the only Part of this Speech which *Dowling* did not perfectly underſtand, yet there was ſomewhat in it, that made a very ſtrong Impreſſion upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, ſneering, and grinning, to hide the Impreſſion from *Jones*, (for we are as often aſhamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong) it is certain he ſecretly approved as much of his Sentiments as he underſtood, and really felt a very ſtrong Impulſe of Compaſſion for him. But we may poſſibly take ſome other Opportunity of commenting upon this, eſpecially

* Place me where never Summer Breeze
Unbinds the Glebe, or warms the Trees;
Where ever-lowering Clouds appear,
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement Year.

Place me beneath the burning Ray,
Where rolls the rapid Car of Day;
Love and the Nymph ſhall charm my Toils,
The Nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.
Mr. *Francis*.

if we ſhould happen to meet Mr. *Dowling* any more in the Courſe of our Hiſtory. At preſent, we are obliged to take our Leave of that Gentleman a little abruptly, in Imitation of Mr. *Jones*; who was no ſoner informed, by *Partridge*, that his Horſes were ready, than he depoſited his Reckoning, wiſhed his Companions a good Night, mounted, and ſet forwards towards *Coventry*, tho' the Night was dark, and it juſt then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The Diſaſters which befel Jones *on his Departure for* Coventry; *with the ſage Remarks of* Partridge.

NO Road can be plainer than that from the Place where they now were to *Coventry*; and though neither *Jones*, nor *Partridge*, nor the Guide had ever travelled it before, it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have miſſed their Way, had it not been for the two Reaſons mentioned in the Concluſion of the laſt Chapter.

Theſe two Circumſtances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our Travellers deviated into a much leſs frequented Track, and after riding full ſix Miles, inſtead of arriving at the ſtately Spires of *Coventry*, they found themſelves ſtill in a very dirty Lane, where they ſaw no Symptoms of approaching the Suburbs of a large City.

Jones now declared that they muſt certainly have loſt their Way; but this the Guide inſiſted upon was impoſſible; a Word which, in common Converſation, is often uſed to ſignify not only

only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and, ſometimes, what hath certainly happened: An hyperbolical Violence like that which is ſo frequently offered to the Words Infinite and Eternal; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a Diſtance of half a Yard, and by the latter, a Duration of five Minutes. Aud thus it is as uſual to aſſert the Impoſſibility of loſing what is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the Caſe at preſent: For notwithſtanding all the confident Aſſertions of the Lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right Road to *Coventry*, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting Miſer is in the Road to Heaven.

It is not, perhaps, eaſy for a Reader who hath never been in thoſe Circumſtances, to imagine the Horror with which Darkneſs, Rain, and Wind, all Perſons who have loſt their Way in the Night; and who conſequently have not the pleaſant Proſpect of warm Fires, dry Clothes, and other Refreſhments, to ſupport their Minds in ſtruggling with the Inclemencies of the Weather. A very imperfect Idea of this Horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account for the Conceits which now filled the Head of *Partridge*, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their Road; and the Boy himſelf, at laſt, acknowledged he believed they were not in the right Road to *Coventry*; tho' he affirmed, at the ſame Time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſſed the Way. But *Partridge* was of a different Opinion. He ſaid, 'When they firſt ſet out, he 'imagined ſome Miſchief or other would happen. '—Did not you obſerve, Sir,' ſaid he to *Jones*, 'that old Woman who ſtood at the Door juſt as

'you

'you was taking Horſe? I wiſh you had given 'her a ſmall Matter, with all my Heart; for ſhe 'ſaid then, you might repent it; and at that very 'Inſtant it began to rain, and the Wind hath con-'tinued riſing ever ſince. Whatever ſome People 'may think, I am very certain it is in the Power 'of Witches to raiſe the Wind whenever they 'pleaſe. I have ſeen it happen very often in my 'Time: And if ever I ſaw a Witch in all my 'Life, that old Woman was certainly one. I 'thought ſo to myſelf at that very Time; and if 'I had had any Halfpence in my Pocket, I would 'have given her ſome: For to be ſure it is always 'good to be charitable to thoſe Sort of People, 'for Fear what may happen; and many a Per-'ſon hath loſt his Cattle by ſaving a Half-'penny.'

Jones, tho' he was horribly vexed at the Delay which this Miſtake was likely to occaſion in his Journey, could not help ſmiling at the Superſtition of his Friend, which an Accident now greatly confirmed in his Opinion. This was a Tumble from his Horſe; by which, however, he received no other Injury than what the Dirt conferred on his Clothes.

Partridge had no ſooner recovered his Legs, than he appealed to his Fall, as concluſive Evi-dence of all he had aſſerted; but *Jones*, finding he was unhurt, anſwered with a Smile: 'This 'Witch of yours, *Partridge* is a moſt ungrate-'ful Jade, and doth not, I find, diſtinguiſh her 'Friends from others in her Reſentment. If the 'old Lady had been angry with me for neglect-'ing her, I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould tumble you 'from your Horſe, after all the Reſpect you have 'expreſſed for her.

'It

'It is ill jesting,' cries *Partridge*, 'with Peo-
'ple who have Power to do these Things; for
'they are often very malicious. I remember
'a Farrier, who provoked one of them, by ask-
'ing her when the Time she had bargained with
'the Devil for, would be out; and within three
'Months from that very Day one of his best
'Cows was drowned. Nor was she satisfied with
'that; for a little Time afterwards he lost a
'Barrel of Best-Drink: For the old Witch pulled
'out the Spigot, and let it run all over the Cel-
'lar, the very first Evening he had tapped it, to
'make merry with some of his Neighbours. In
'short, nothing ever thrived with him afterwards;
'for she worried the poor Man so, that he took
'to Drinking, and in a Year or two his Stock
'was seized, and he and his Family are now
'come to the Parish.'

The Guide, and perhaps his Horse too, were so attentive to this Discourse, that either thro' Want of Care, or by the Malice of the Witch, they were both now sprawling in the Dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this Fall, as he had done his own, to the same Cause. He told Mr. *Jones*, 'it would certainly be his Turn next;' and earnestly intreated him 'to return back, and 'find out the old Woman, and pacify her. We 'shall very soon,' added he, 'reach the Inn: For 'tho' we have seemed to go forward, I am very 'certain we are in the identical Place in which 'we were an Hour ago; and I dare swear, if it 'was Day-light, we might now see the Inn we 'set out from.'

Instead of returning any Answer to this sage Advice, *Jones* was entirely attentive to what had happened to the Boy, who received no other Hurt

Hurt than what had before befallen *Partridge*, and which his Clothes very eaſily bore, as they had been for many Years inured to the like. He ſoon regained his Side-Saddle, and by the hearty Curſes and Blows which he beſtowed on his Horſe, quickly ſatisfied Mr. *Jones* that no Harm was done.

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones *continued his Journey contrary to the Advice of* Partridge, *with what happened on that Occaſion.*

THEY now diſcovered a Light at ſome Diſtance, to the great Pleaſure of *Jones*, and to the no ſmall Terror of *Partridge*, who firmly believed himſelf to be bewitched, and that this Light was a *Jack with a Lantern*, or ſomewhat more miſchievous.

But how were theſe Fears increaſed, when, as they approached nearer to this Light (or Lights as they now appeared) they heard a confuſed Sound of human Voices; of ſinging, laughing, and hallooing, together with a ſtrange Noiſe that ſeemed to proceed from ſome Inſtruments; but could hardly be allowed the Name of Muſic. Indeed, to favour a little the Opinion of *Partridge*, it might very well be called Muſic bewitched.

It is impoſſible to conceive a much greater Degree of Horror than what now ſeized on *Partridge*; the Contagion of which had reached the Poſt-Boy, who had been very attentive to many Things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning *Jones* to return; ſaying,

ſaying he firmly believed what *Partridge* had juſt before ſaid, though the Horſes ſeemed to go on, they had not moved a Step forwards during at leaſt the laſt half Hour.

Jones could not help ſmiling in the Midſt of his Vexation, at the Fears of theſe poor Fellows. 'Either we advance,' ſays he, 'towards the 'Lights, or the Lights have advanced towards 'us; for we are now at a very little Diſtance 'from them; but how can either of you be afraid 'of a Set of People who appear only to be merry-'making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries *Partridge*; 'who 'could be merry-making at this Time of Night, 'and in ſuch a Place, and ſuch Weather? They 'can be nothing but Ghoſts or Witches, or ſome 'evil Spirits or other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries *Jones*, 'I 'am reſolved to go up to them, and enquire the 'Way to *Coventry*. All Witches, *Partridge*, are 'not ſuch ill-natured Hags, as that we had the 'Misfortune to meet with laſt.'

'Oh Lord, Sir!' cries *Partridge*, 'there is no 'knowing what Humour they will be in; to be 'ſure it is always beſt to be civil to them; but 'what if we ſhould meet with ſomething worſe 'than Witches, with evil Spirits themſelves?— 'Pray, Sir, be adviſed; pray, Sir, do. If you 'had read ſo many terrible Accounts as I have of 'theſe Matters, you would not be ſo Fool-hardy. '——The Lord knows whither we have got 'already, or whither we are going: For ſure 'ſuch Darkneſs was never ſeen upon Earth, and 'I queſtion whether it can be darker in the other 'World.'

Jones put forwards as faſt as he could, notwithſtanding all theſe Hints and Cautions, and poor *Partridge* was obliged to follow: For though he hardly dared to advance, he dared ſtill leſs to ſtay behind by himſelf.

At length they arrived at the Place, whence the Lights and different Noiſes had iſſued. This *Jones* perceived to be no other than a Barn where a great Number of Men and Women were aſſembled, and were diverting themſelves with much apparent Jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great Doors of the Barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough Voice from within demanded, who was there?—To which *Jones* gently anſwered, A Friend; and immediately aſked the Road to *Coventry*.

'If you are a Friend,' cries another of the Men in the Barn, 'you had better alight till the Storm 'is over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) 'you are very welcome to put up your 'Horſe; for there is ſufficient Room for him at 'one End of the Barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned *Jones*; 'and I will accept your Offer for a few Minutes, 'whilſt the Rain continues; and here are two 'more who will be glad of the ſame Favour.' This was accorded with more Good-will than it was accepted: For *Partridge* would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt Inclemency of the Weather, than have truſted to the Clemency of thoſe whom he took for Hobgoblins; and the poor Poſt-boy was now infected with the ſame Apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the Example of *Jones*; the one becauſe he durſt

not

not leave his Horſe, and the other becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this Hiſtory been writ in the Days of Superſtition, I ſhould have had too much Compaſſion for the Reader to have left him ſo long in Suſpence, whether *Beelzebub* or *Satan* was about actually to appear in Perſon, with all his helliſh Retinue; but as theſe Doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate, and have but few if any Believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch Terrors. To ſay Truth, the whole Furniture of the infernal Regions hath long been appropriated by the Managers of Playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as Rubbiſh, capable only of affecting the upper Gallery; a Place in which few of our Readers ever ſit.

However, though we do not ſuſpect raiſing any great Terror on this Occaſion, we have Reaſon to fear ſome other Apprehenſions may here ariſe in our Reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a Voyage into Fairy Land, and to introduce a Set of Beings into our Hiſtory, which ſcarce any one was ever childiſh enough to believe, though many have been fooliſh enough to ſpend their Time in writing and reading their Adventures.

To prevent therefore any ſuch Suſpicions, ſo prejudicial to the Credit of an Hiſtorian, who profeſſes to draw his Materials from Nature only, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the Reader who theſe People were, whoſe ſudden Appearance had ſtruck ſuch Terrors into *Partridge*, had more than half frightened the Poſt-boy, and had a little ſurprized even Mr. *Jones* himſelf.

The People then aſſembled in this Barn were no other than a Company of *Egyptians*, or as

they are vulgarly called *Gypſies*, and they were now celebrating the Wedding of one of their Society.

It is impoſſible to conceive a happier Set of People than appeared here to be met together. The utmoſt Mirth indeed ſhewed itſelf in every Countenance; nor was their Ball totally void of all Order and Decorum. Perhaps it had more than a Country Aſſembly is ſometimes conducted with: For theſe People are ſubject to a formal Government and Laws of their own, and all pay Obedience to one great Magiſtrate, whom they call their King.

Greater Plenty likewiſe was no where to be ſeen, than what flouriſhed in this Barn. Here was indeed no Nicety nor Elegance, nor did the keen Appetite of the Gueſts require any. Here was good Store of Bacon, Fowls, and Mutton, to which every one preſent provided better Sauce himſelf, than the beſt and deareſt *French* Cook can prepare.

Æneas is not deſcribed under more Conſternation in the Temple of *Juno*,

Dum ſtupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our Hero at what he ſaw in this Barn. While he was looking every where round him with Aſtoniſhment, a venerable Perſon approached him with many friendly Salutations, rather of too hearty a Kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the King of the *Gypſies* himſelf. He was very little diſtinguiſhed in Dreſs from his Subjects, nor had he any *Regalia* of Majeſty to ſupport his Dignity; and yet there ſeemed (as Mr. *Jones* ſaid) to be ſomewhat in his Air which denoted Authority, and inſpired the Beholders with

with an Idea of Awe and Reſpect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in *Jones*; and the Truth may be, that ſuch Ideas are incident to Power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

There was ſomewhat in the open Countenance and courteous Behaviour of *Jones*, which being accompanied with much Comelineſs of Perſon, greatly recommended him at firſt Sight to every Beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heightened in the preſent Inſtance, by that profound Reſpect which he paid to the King of the *Gypſies*, the Moment he was acquainted with his Dignity, and which was the ſweeter to his *Gypſeian* Majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch Homage from any but his own Subjects.

The King ordered a Table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their Proviſions for his Accommodation; and having placed himſelf at his Right-Hand, his Majeſty began to diſcourſe our Hero in the following Manner:

'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often ſeen 'ſome of my People, who are what you call de 'Parties detache: For dey go about every where; 'but me fancy you imagine not we be ſo conſi-'derable Body as we be; and may be you will 'ſurpriſe more, when you hear de *Gypſy* be as or-'derly and well govern People as any upon Face 'of de Earth.

'Me have Honour, as me ſay, to be deir King, 'and no Monarch can do boaſt of more dutiful 'Subject, ne no more affectionate. How far 'me deſerve deir Good-will, me no ſay; but dis 'me can ſay, dat me never deſign any Ting but 'to do them Good. Me ſall no do boaſt of dat 'neider: For what can me do otherwiſe dan 'conſider of de Good of doſe poor People, who

'go about all Day to give me always the beſt of 'what dey get. Dey love and honour me dere-'fore, becauſe me do love and take Care of dem; 'dat is all, me know no oder Reaſon.

'About a touſand or two touſand Years ago, 'me cannot tell to a Year or two, as can neider 'write nor read, dere was a great what you 'call,—a Volution among de *Gypſey*; for dere 'was de Lord *Gypſy* in doſe Days; and deſe Lord 'did quarrel vid one anoder about de Place; but 'de King of de *Gypſey* did demoliſh dem all, and 'made all his Subject equal vid each oder; and 'ſince dat Time dey have agree very well: For 'dey no tink of being King, and may be it be 'better for dem as dey be; for me aſſure you it 'be ver troubleſome ting to be King, and always 'to do Juſtice; me have often wiſh to be de pri-'vate *Gypſy* when me have been forced to puniſh 'my dear Friend and Relation; for dough we 'never put to Death, our Puniſhments be ver ſe-'vere. Dey make de *Gypſey* aſhamed of demſelves, 'and dat be ver terrible Puniſhment; me ave 'ſcarce ever known de *Gypſy* ſo puniſh do Harm 'any more.'

The King then proceeded to expreſs ſome Wonder that there was no ſuch Puniſhment as Shame in other Governments. Upon which *Jones* aſſured him to the contrary: For that there were many Crimes for which Shame was inflicted by the *Engliſh* Laws, and that it was indeed one Conſequence of all Puniſhment. 'Dat be ver 'ſtrange,' ſaid the King: 'For me know and 'hears a good deal of your People, dough me no 'live among them; and me have often hear dat 'Sham is the Conſequence and de Cauſe too of

'many

'many of your Rewards. Are your Rewards 'and Puniſhments den de ſame Ting?'

While his Majeſty was thus diſcourſing with *Jones*, a ſudden Uproar aroſe in the Barn, and, as it ſeems, upon this Occaſion: The Courteſy of theſe People had by Degrees removed all the Apprehenſions of *Partridge*, and he was prevailed upon not only to ſtuff himſelf with their Food, but to taſte ſome of their Liquors, which by Degrees entirely expelled all Fear from his Compoſition, and in its Stead introduced much more agreeable Senſations.

A young female *Gypſy*, more remarkable for her Wit than her Beauty, had decoyed the honeſt Fellow aſide, pretending to tell his Fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote Part of the Barn, whether it proceeded from the ſtrong Liquor, which is never ſo apt to inflame inordinate Deſire as after moderate Fatigue; or whether the fair *Gypſy* herſelf threw aſide the Delicacy and Decency of her Sex, and tempted the Youth *Partridge* with expreſs Solicitations; but they were diſcovered in a very improper Manner by the Huſband of the *Gypſy*, who from Jealouſy, it ſeems, had kept a watchful Eye over his Wife, and had dogged her to the Place, where he found her in the Arms of her Gallant.

To the great Confuſion of *Jones*, *Partridge* was now hurried before the King; who heard the Accuſation, and likewiſe the Culprit's Defence, which was indeed very trifling: For the poor Fellow was confounded by the plain Evidence which appeared againſt him, and had very little to ſay for himſelf. His Majeſty then turning towards *Jones*, ſaid, 'Sir, you have hear what dey

'what Punishment do you tink your Man 'deserve?'

Jones answered, 'He was sorry for what had 'happened, and that *Partridge* should make the 'Husband all the Amends in his Power: He said, 'he had very little Money about him at that 'Time;' and putting his Hand into his Pocket, offered the Fellow a Guinea. To which he immediately answered, 'He hoped his Honour would 'not think of giving him less than five.'

This Sum, after some Altercation, was reduced to two; and *Jones* having stipulated for the full Forgiveness of both *Partridge* and the Wife, was going to pay the Money; when his Majesty restraining his Hand, turned to the Witness, and asked him, 'At what Time he had discovered 'the Criminals?' To which he answered, 'That 'he had been desired by the Husband to watch 'the Motions of his Wife from her first speaking 'to the Stranger, and that he had never lost 'Sight of her afterwards till the Crime had been 'committed.' The King then asked, 'If the 'Husband was with him all that Time in his 'Lurking-place?' To which he answered in the Affirmative. His *Egyptian* Majesty then addressed himself to the Husband as follows: 'Me be sorry 'to see any *Gypsy* dat have no more Honour dan 'to sell de Honour of his Wife for Money. If 'you had had de Love for your Wife, you would 'have prevented dis Matter, and not endeavour 'to make her de Whore dat you might discover 'her. Me do order dat you have no Money 'given you; for you deserve Punishment, not 'Reward; me do order derefore, dat you be de 'infamous *Gypsy*, and to wear Pair of Horns 'upon your Forehead for one Month, and dat

'your

'your Wife be called de Whore, and pointed at 'all dat Time: For you be de infamous *Gypſy*, 'but ſhe be no leſs the infamous Whore.'

The *Gypſies* immediately proceeded to execute the Sentence, and left *Jones* and *Partridge* alone with his Majeſty.

Jones greatly applauded the Juſtice of the Sentence; upon which the King turning to him, ſaid, 'Me believe you be ſurprize: For me ſuppoſe you 'have ver bad Opinion of my People; me ſuppoſe 'you tink us all de Tieves.'

'I muſt confeſs, Sir,' ſaid *Jones*, 'I have not 'heard ſo favourable an Account of them as they 'ſeem to deſerve.'

'Me vil tell you,' ſaid the King, 'how de 'Difference is between you and us. My People 'rob your People, and your People rob one 'anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the Happineſs of thoſe Subjects who live under ſuch a Magiſtrate.

Indeed their Happineſs appears to have been ſo compleat, that we are aware leſt ſome Advocate for arbitrary Power ſhould hereafter quote the Caſe of thoſe People, as an Inſtance of the great Advantages which attend that Government above all others.

And here we will make a Conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us: That no limited Form of Government is capable of riſing to the ſame Degree of Perfection, or of producing the ſame Benefits to Society with this. Mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt Part of the then known World was under the Dominion of a ſingle Maſter; and this State of their Felicity continued during the Reign of

five ſucceſſive Princes*. This was the true Æra of the Golden Age, and the only Golden Age which ever had any Exiſtence, unleſs in the warm Imaginations of the Poets, from the Expulſion from *Eden* down to this Day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid Objection to abſolute Monarchy. The only Defect in which excellent Conſtitution ſeems to be the Difficulty of finding any Man adequate to the Office of an abſolute Monarch. For this indiſpenſibly requires three Qualities very difficult, as it appears from Hiſtory, to be found in princely Natures: Firſt, a ſufficient Quantity of Moderation in the Prince, to be contented with all the Power which is poſſible for him to have. 2dly, Enough of Wiſdom tp know his own Happineſs. And 3dly, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the Happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now if an abſolute Monarch, with all theſe great and rare Qualificatious, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt Good on Society; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute Power veſted in the Hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a Degree of Evil.

In ſhort, our own Religion furniſhes us with adequate Ideas of the Bleſſing, as well as Curſe which may attend abſolute Power. The Pictures of Heaven and of Hell will place a very lively Image of both before our Eyes: For though the Prince of the latter can have no Power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent Sovereign in the former; yet it plainly appears

* *Nerva, Trajan, Adrian,* and the two *Antonini.*

from

from Scripture, that abſolute Power in his infernal Dominions is granted to their diabolical Ruler. This indeed is the only abſolute Power which can by Scripture be derived from Heaven. If therefore the ſeveral Tyrannies upon Earth can prove any Title to a divine Authority, it muſt be derived from this original Grant to the Prince of Darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate Deputations muſt conſequently come immediately from him whoſe Stamp they ſo expreſsly bear.

To conclude, as the Examples of all Ages ſhew us that Mankind in general deſire Power only to do Harm, and when they obtain it, uſe it for no other Purpoſe; it is not conſonant with even the leaſt Degree of Prudence to hazard an Alternative, where our Hopes are poorly kept in Countenance by only two or three Exceptions out of a thouſand Inſtances to alarm our Fears. In this Caſe it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few Inconveniences ariſing from the diſpaſſionate Deafneſs of Laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open Ears of a Tyrant.

Nor can the Example of the *Gypſies*, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this Form of Government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material Reſpect in which they differ from all other People, and to which perhaps this their Happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe Honours among them; and that they look on Shame as the moſt grievous Puniſhment in the World.

CHAP. XIII.

A Dialogue between Jones *and* Partridge.

THE honeſt Lovers of Liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long Digreſſion into which we were lead at the Cloſe of the laſt Chapter, to prevent our Hiſtory from being applied to the Uſe of the moſt pernicious Doctrine which Prieſtcraft had ever the Wickedneſs or the Impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. *Jones*, who, when the Storm was over, took Leave of his *Egyptian* Majeſty, after many Thanks for his courteous Behaviour and kind Entertainment, and ſet out for *Coventry*; to which Place (for it was ſtill dark) a *Gypſy* was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by Reaſon of his Deviation, travelled eleven Miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable Roads, where no Expedition could have been made in Queſt of a Midwife, did not arrive at *Coventry* till near Twelve. Nor could he poſſibly get again into the Saddle till paſt Two; for Poſt-Horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the Hoſtler or Poſt-Boy in half ſo great a Hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil Diſpoſition of *Partridge*; who being denied the Nouriſhment of Sleep, took all Opportunities to ſupply its Place with every other Kind of Nouriſhment, and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an Inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones

Jones now travelled Poſt; we will follow him therefore, according to our Cuſtom, and to the Rules of *Longinus*, in the ſame Manner. From *Coventry* he arrived at *Daventry*, from *Daventry* at *Stratford*, and from *Stratford* at *Dunſtable*, whither he came the next Day a little after Noon, and within a few Hours after *Sophia* had left it; and though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a Smith, with great Deliberation, ſhoed the Poſt-Horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his *Sophia* before ſhe ſhould ſet out from *St. Albans*; at which Place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his Lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this Conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his Angel at the aforeſaid Place; but unluckily my Lord had appointed a Dinner to be prepared for him at his own Houſe in *London*, and in order to enable him to reach that Place in proper Time, he had ordered a Relay of Horſes to meet him at *St. Albans*. When *Jones* therefore arrived there, he was informed that the Coach and Six had ſet out two Hours before.

If freſh Poſt-Horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the Coach before it reached *London*, that *Partridge* thought he had now a proper Opportunity to remind his Friend of a Matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten; what this was the Reader will gueſs, when we inform him that *Jones* had eat nothing more than one poached Egg ſince he had left the Alehouſe where he had firſt met the Guide returning from *Sophia*; for with the Gypſies, he had only feaſted his Underſtanding.

The

The Landlord ſo entirely agreed with the Opinion of Mr. *Partridge*, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his Friend to ſtay and dine, than he very readily put in his Word, and retracting his Promiſe before given of furniſhing the Horſes immediately, he aſſured Mr. *Jones* he would loſe no Time in beſpeaking a Dinner, which, he ſaid, could be got ready ſooner than it was poſſible to get the Horſes up from Graſs, and to prepare them for their Journey by a Feed of Corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on, chiefly by the latter Argument of the Landlord; and now a Joint of Mutton was put down to the Fire. While this was preparing, *Partridge* being admitted into the ſame Apartment with his Friend or Maſter, began to harangue in the following Manner:

'Certainly, Sir, if ever a Man deſerved a young 'Lady, you deſerve young Madam *Weſtern*; 'for what a vaſt Quantity of Love muſt a Man 'have, to be able to live upon it without any 'other Food, as you do? I am poſitive I have ate 'thirty Times as much within theſe laſt twenty-'four Hours as your Honour, and yet I am 'almoſt famiſhed; for nothing makes a Man ſo 'hungry as travelling, eſpecially in this cold raw 'Weather. And yet I can't tell how it is, but 'your Honour is ſeemingly in perfect good 'Health, and you never looked better nor freſher 'in your Life. It muſt be certainly Love that 'you live upon.'

'And a very rich Diet too, *Partridge*,' anſwered *Jones*. 'But did not Fortune ſend me 'an excellent Dainty Yeſterday? Doſt thou 'imagine I cannot live more than twenty-four 'Hours on this dear Pocket-Book?'

'Un-

'Undoubtedly,' cries *Partridge*, 'there is 'enough in that Pocket-Book to purchaſe many 'a good Meal. Fortune ſent it to your Honour 'very opportunely for preſent Uſe, as your Ho-'nour's Money muſt be almoſt out by this 'Time.'

'What do you mean?' anſwered *Jones*; 'I 'hope you don't imagine I ſhould be diſhoneſt 'enough, even if it belonged to any other Per-'ſon, beſides Miſs *Weſtern*'——

'Diſhoneſt!' replied *Partridge*; 'Heaven 'forbid I ſhould wrong your Honour ſo much; 'but where's the Diſhoneſty in borrowing a 'little for preſent ſpending, ſince you will be ſo 'well able to pay the Lady hereafter? No, in-'deed, I would have your Honour pay it again, 'as ſoon as it is convenient, by all Means: but 'where can be the Harm in making Uſe of it 'now you want it. Indeed, if it belonged to a 'poor Body, it would be another thing; but ſo 'great a Lady to be ſure can never want it, 'eſpecially now as ſhe is along with a Lord, who 'it can't be doubted will let her have whatever 'ſhe hath need of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want 'a little, ſhe can't want the whole, therefore I 'would give her a little; but I would be hanged 'before I mentioned the having found it at firſt, 'and before I got ſome Money of my own; for '*London*, I have heard, is the very worſt of 'Places to be in without Money. Indeed, if I 'had not known to whom it belonged, I might 'have thought it was the Devil's Money, and 'have been afraid to uſe it; but as you know 'otherwiſe, and came honeſtly by it, it would 'be an Affront to Fortune to part with it al 'again, at the very Time when you want it

'moſt;

'moſt; you can hardly expect ſhe ſhould ever do 'you ſuch another good Turn; for *Fortuna nun-* 'quam perpetuo eſt bona. You will do as you 'pleaſe, notwithſtanding all I ſay; but for my 'Part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a 'Word of the Matter.'

'By what I can ſee, *Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'hanging is a Matter *non longe alienum à Scævolæ* 'ſtudiis.' 'You ſhould ſay *alienus*, ſays *Par-* 'tridge.——'I remember the Paſſage; it is an 'Example under *Communis*, *Alienus*, *immunis*, 'variis caſibus ſerviunt.' 'If you do remember 'it,' cries *Jones*, 'I find you don't underſtand 'it; but I tell thee, Friend, in plain *Engliſh*, 'that he who finds another's Property, and wil- 'fully detains it from the known Owner, de- 'ſerves *in Foro Conſcientiæ*, to be hanged no leſs 'than if he had ſtolen it. And as for this very 'identical Bill which is the Property of my 'Angel, and was once in her dear Poſſeſſion, I 'will not deliver it into any Hands but her own, 'upon any Conſideration whatever; no, though 'I was as hungry as thou art, and had no other 'Means to ſatisfy my craving Appetite: this I 'hope to do before I ſleep; but if it ſhould hap- 'pen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou wouldſt 'not incur my Diſpleaſure for ever, not to ſhock 'me any more by the bare Mention of ſuch de- 'teſtable Baſeneſs.'

'I ſhould not have mentioned it now,' cries *Partridge*, 'if it had appeared ſo to me; for I'm 'ſure I ſcorn any Wickedneſs as much as another; 'but perhaps you know better; and yet I might 'have imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo 'many Years, and have taught School ſo long, 'without being able to diſtinguiſh between *Fas* &

'*Nefas*;

'*Nefas*; but it ſeems we are to live and learn. 'I remember my old Schoolmaſter, who was a 'prodigious great Scholar, uſed often to ſay, '*Polly Matete cry Town is my Deſkalon.* The '*Engliſh* of which, he told us, was, That a 'Child may ſometimes teach his Grandmother to 'ſuck Eggs. I have lived to a fine Purpoſe 'truly, if I am to be taught my Grammar at this 'Time of Day. Perhaps, young Gentleman, 'you may change your Opinion, if you live to 'my Years: For I remember I thought myſelf as 'wiſe when I was a Stripling of one or two and 'twenty as I am now. I am ſure I always taught '*alienus*, and my Maſter read it ſo before me.'

There were not many Inſtances in which *Partridge* could provoke *Jones*, nor were there many in which *Partridge* himſelf could have been hurried out of his Reſpect. Unluckily however they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen *Partridge* could not bear to have his Learning attacked, nor could *Jones* bear ſome Paſſage or other in the foregoing Speech. And now looking upon his Companion with a contemptuous and diſdainful Air, (a Thing not uſual with him) he cried, '*Partridge*, I ſee thou art a conceited old 'Fool, and I wiſh thou art not likewiſe an old 'Rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced of 'the latter as I am of the former, thou ſhouldſt 'travel no farther in my Company.'

The ſage Pedagogue was contented with the Vent which he had already given to his Indignation; and, as the vulgar Phraſe is, immediately drew in his Horns. He ſaid, he was ſorry he had uttered any thing which might give Offence, for that he had never intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit.*

As

As *Jones* had the Vices of a warm Diſpoſition, he was entirely free from thoſe of a cold one; and if his Friends muſt have confeſt his Temper to have been a little too eaſily ruffled, his Enemies muſt at the ſame Time have confeſt, that it as ſoon ſubſided; nor did it at all reſemble the Sea, whoſe Swelling is more violent and dangerous after a Storm is over, than while the Storm itſelf ſubſiſts. He inſtantly accepted the Submiſſion of *Partridge*, ſhook him by the Hand, and with the moſt benign Aſpect imaginable, ſaid twenty kind Things, and at the ſame Time very ſeverely condemned himſelf, though not half ſo ſeverely as he will moſt probably be condemned by many of our good Readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his Fears of having offended were at once aboliſhed, and his Pride completely ſatisfied by *Jones* having owned himſelf in the Wrong, which Submiſſion he inſtantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated, in a muttering Voice, 'To be 'ſure, Sir, your Knowledge may be ſuperior to 'mine in ſome Things; but as to the Grammar, 'I think I may challenge any Man living. I 'think, at leaſt, I have that at my Finger's End.'

If any thing could add to the Satisfaction which the poor Man now enjoyed, he received this Addition by the Arrival of an excellent Shoulder of Mutton, that at this Inſtant came ſmoaking to the Table. On which, having both plentifully feaſted, they again mounted their Horſes, and ſet forward for *London*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones *in his Journey from* St. Albans.

THEY were got about two Miles beyond *Barnet*, and it was now the Duſk of the Evening, when a genteel looking Man, but upon a very ſhabby Horſe, rode up to *Jones*, and aſked him whether he was going to *London*, to which *Jones* anſwered in the Affirmative. The Gentleman replied, 'I ſhould be obliged to you, Sir, if 'you will accept of my Company; for it is very 'late, and I am a Stranger to the Road.' *Jones* readily complied with the Requeſt; and on they travelled together, holding that Sort of Diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch Occaſions.

Of this, indeed, Robbery was the principal Topic; upon which Subject the Stranger expreſſed great Apprehenſions; but *Jones* declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here *Partridge* could not forbear putting in his Word. 'Your Honour,' ſaid he, 'may 'think it a little, but I am ſure, if I had a hun-'dred Pound Bank Note in my Pocket, as you 'have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe it; but, for 'my Part, I never was leſs afraid in my Life; for 'we are four of us, and if we all ſtand by one 'another, the beſt Man in *England* can't rob us. 'Suppoſe he ſhould have a Piſtol, he can kill but 'one of us, and a Man can die but once—That's 'my Comfort, a Man can die but once.'

Beſides the Reliance on ſuperior Numbers, a kind of Valour which hath raiſed a certain Nation among the Moderns to a high Pitch of Glory, there

there was another Reaſon for the extraordinary Courage which *Partridge* now diſcovered; for he had at preſent as much of that Quality as was in the Power of Liquor to beſtow.

Our Company were now arrived within a Mile of *Highgate*, when the Stranger turned ſhort upon *Jones*, and pulling out a Piſtol, demanded that little Bank-Note which *Partridge* had mentioned.

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected Demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told the Highwayman, all the Money he had in his Pocket was entirely at his Service; and ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three Guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an Oath, That would not do. *Jones* anſwered cooly, He was very ſorry for it, and returned the Money into his Pocket.

The Highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the Bank Note that Moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his Piſtol at the ſame Time very near to his Breaſt. *Jones* inſtantly caught hold of the Fellow's Hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the Piſtol in it, and turned the Muzzle from him. A Struggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the Piſtol from the Hand of his Antagoniſt, and both came from their Horſes on the Ground together, the Highwayman upon his Back, and the victorious *Jones* upon him.

The poor Fellow now began to implore Mercy of the Conqueror; for, to ſay the Truth, he was in Strength by no Means a Match for *Jones*. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays he, 'I could have had no 'Intention to ſhoot you; for you will find the 'Piſtol was not loaded. This is the firſt Rob-

'bery

'bery I ever attempted, and I have been driven 'by Diſtreſs to this.'

At this Inſtant, at about an hundred and fifty Yards Diſtance, lay another Perſon on the Ground, roaring for Mercy in a much louder Voice than the Highwayman. This was no other than *Partridge* himſelf, who endeavouring to make his Eſcape from the Engagement, had been thrown from his Horſe, and lay flat on his Face, not daring to look up, and expecting every Minute to be ſhot.

In this Poſture he lay, till the Guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his Horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling Beaſt, came up to him and told him, his Maſter had got the better of the Highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this News, and ran back to the Place, where *Jones* ſtood with his Sword drawn in his Hand to guard the poor Fellow; which *Partridge* no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out, 'Kill the Villain, Sir, run him through the Body, 'kill him this Inſtant.'

Luckily however for the poor Wretch he had fallen into more merciful Hands; for *Jones* having examined the Piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the Man had told him before *Partridge* came up; namely, that he was a Novice in the Trade, and that he had been driven to it by the Diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry Children, and a Wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt Want and Miſery. The Truth of all which the Highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr. *Jones* of it, if he would take the Trouble to go to his Houſe, which was not above two Miles off; ſaying, 'That he

'deſired

'desired no Favour, but upon Condition of prov-
'ing all he had alledged.'

Jones at first pretended that he would take the Fellow at his Word, and return with him, declaring that his Fate should depend entirely on the Truth of his Story. Upon this the poor Fellow immediately expressed so much Alacrity, that *Jones* was perfectly satisfied with his Veracity, and began now to entertain Sentiments of Compassion for him. He returned the Fellow his empty Pistol, advised him to think of honester Means of relieving his Distress, and gave him a couple of Guineas for the immediate Support of his Wife and his Family; adding, 'he wished 'he had more for his Sake, but the hundred 'Pound that had been mentioned, was not his 'own.'

Our Readers will probably be divided in their Opinions concerning this Action; some may applaud it perhaps as an Act of extraordinary Humanity, while those of a more saturnine Temper will consider it as a Want of Regard to that Justice which every Man owes his Country. *Partridge* certainly saw it in that Light; for he testified much Dissatisfaction on the Occasion, quoted an old Proverb, and said, He should not wonder if the Rogue attacked them again before they reached *London*.

The Highwayman was full of Expressions of Thankfulness and Gratitude. He actually dropt Tears, or pretended so to do. He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit such a Transgression; whether he kept his Word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our

Our Travellers having remounted their Horſes, arrived in Town without encountering any new Miſhap. On the Road much pleaſant Diſcourſe paſſed between *Jones* and *Partridge*, on the Subject of their laſt Adventure. In which *Jones* expreſt a great Compaſſion for thoſe Highwaymen who are, by unavoidable Diſtreſs, driven, as it were, to ſuch illegal Courſes, as generally bring them to a ſhameful Death. 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'thoſe only 'whoſe higheſt Guilt extends no farther than to 'Robbery, and who are never guilty of Cruelty 'nor Inſult to any Perſon, which is a Circum-'ſtance that, I muſt ſay, to the Honour of our 'Country, diſtinguiſhes the Robbers of *England* 'from thoſe of all other Nations; for Murder is, 'amongſt thoſe, almoſt inſeparably incident to 'Robbery.'

'No doubt,' anſwered *Partridge*, 'it is better 'to take away one's Money than one's Life; 'and yet it is very hard upon honeſt Men, that 'they can't travel about their Buſineſs without 'being in Danger of theſe Villains. And to be 'ſure it would be better that all Rogues were 'hanged out of the Way, than that one honeſt 'Man ſhould ſuffer. For my own Part, indeed, 'I ſhould not care to have the Blood of any of 'them on my own Hands; but it is very proper 'for the Law to hang them all. What Right 'hath any Man to take Sixpence from me, unleſs 'I give it him? Is there any Honeſty in ſuch a 'Man?'

'No, ſurely,' cries *Jones*, 'no more than there 'is in him who takes the Horſes out of another 'Man's Stable, or who applies to his own Uſe the 'Money which he finds, when he knows the right 'Owner.'

Theſe

These Hints stopt the Mouth of *Partridge*, nor did he open it again till *Jones* having thrown some sarcastical Jokes on his Cowardice, he offered to excuse himself on the Inequality of Fire-Arms, saying, 'a thousand naked Men are nothing to 'one Pistol; for though, it is true, it will kill but 'one at a single Discharge, who yet can tell but 'that one may be himself.'

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.

Containing the Space of Twelve Days.

CHAP. I.

An Invocation.

COME, bright Love of Fame, inſpire my glowing Breaſt: Not thee I call, who over ſwelling Tides of Blood and Tears, doſt bear the Hero on to Glory, while Sighs of Millions waft his ſpreading Sails; but thee, fair, gentle Maid, whom *Mneſis*, happy Nymph, firſt on the Banks of *Hebrus* did produce. Thee, whom *Mæonia* educated, whom *Mantua* charmed, and who, on that fair Hill

which overlooks the proud Metropolis of *Britain*, ſat'ſt, with thy *Milton*, ſweetly tuning the Heroic Lyre; fill my raviſhed Fancy with the Hopes of charming Ages yet to come. Foretel me that ſome tender Maid, whoſe Grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when, under the fictitious Name of *Sophia*, ſhe reads the real Worth which once exiſted in my *Charlotte*, ſhall, from her ſympathetic Breaſt, ſend forth the heaving Sigh. Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay, even to feed on future Praiſe. Comfort me by a ſolemn Aſſurance, that when the little Parlour in which I ſit at this Inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed Box, I ſhall be read, with Honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee.

And thou, much plumper Dame, whom no airy Forms nor Phantoms of Imagination clothe: Whom the well-ſeaſoned Beef, and Pudding richly ſtained with Plumbs delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a *Treckſchuyte* in ſome *Dutch* Canal the fat Ufrow Gelt, impregnated by a jolly Merchant of *Amſterdam*, was delivered: In *Grub-ſtreet* School didſt thou ſuck in the Elements of thy Eruditior. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer Age, taught Poetry to tickle not the Fancy, but the Pride of the Patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn Air; while Tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends the affrighted Theatres with its Thunder. To ſoothe thy wearied Limbs in Slumber, Alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious Tale; and again to awaken thee, Monſieur Romance performs his ſurprizing Tricks of Dexterity. Nor leſs thy well-fed Bookſeller obeys thy Influence. By thy Advice the heavy, unread, Folio Lump, which long had dozed on the duſty Shelf,

Shelf, peace-mealed into Numbers, runs nimbly through the Nation. Inſtructed by thee, ſome Books, like Quacks, impoſe on the World by promiſing Wonders; while others turn Beaus, and truſt all their Merits to a gilded outſide. Come, thou jolly Subſtance, with thy ſhining Face, keep back thy Inſpiration, but hold forth thy tempting Rewards; thy ſhining, chinking Heap; thy quickly-convertible Bank-Bill, big with unſeen Riches; thy often-varying Stock; the warm, the comfortable Houſe; and laſtly, a fair Portion of that bounteous Mother, whoſe flowing Breaſts yield redundant Suſtenance for all her numerous Offspring, did not ſome too greedily and wantonly drive their Brethren from the Teat. Come thou, and if I am too taſteleſs of thy valuable Treaſures, warm my Heart with the tranſporting Thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy Bounty, the prattling Babes, whoſe innocent Play hath often been interrupted by my Labours, may one Time be amply rewarded for them.

And now this ill-yoked Pair, this lean Shadow and this fat Subſtance, have prompted me to write, whoſe Aſſiſtance ſhall I invoke to direct my Pen?

Firſt, Genius; thou Gift of Heaven; without whoſe Aid, in vain we ſtruggle againſt the Stream of Nature. Thou, who doſt ſow the generous Seeds which Art nouriſhes, and brings to Perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the Hand, and lead me through all the Mazes, the winding Labyrinths of Nature. Initiate me into all thoſe Myſteries which profane Eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult Taſk, to know Mankind better than they know themſelves.

Remove that Mist which dims the Intellects of Mortals, and causes them to adore Men for their Art, or to detest them for their Cunning in deceiving others, when they are, in Reality, the Objects only of Ridicule, for deceiving themselves. Strip off the thin Disguise of Wisdom from Self-Conceit, of Plenty from Avarice, and of Glory from Ambition. Come thou, that hast inspired thy *Aristophanes*, thy *Lucian*, thy *Cervantes*, thy *Rabelais*, thy *Moliere*, thy *Shakespeare*, thy *Swift*, thy *Marivaux*, fill my Pages with Humour; till Mankind learn the Good-Nature to laugh only at the Follies of others, and the Humility to grieve at their own."

And thou, almost the constant Attendant on true Genius, Humanity, bring all thy tender Sensations. If thou hast already disposed of them all between thy *Allen* and thy *Lyttelton*, steal them a little while from their Bosoms. Not without these the tender Scene is painted. From these alone proceed the noble disinterested Friendship, the melting Love, the generous Sentiment, the ardent Gratitude, the soft Compassion, the candid Opinion; and all those strong Energies of a good Mind, which fill the moistened Eyes with Tears, the glowing Cheeks with Blood, and swell the Heart with Tides of Grief, Joy and Benevolence.

And thou, O Learning! (for without thy Assistance nothing pure, nothing correct can Genius produce) do thou guide my Pen. Thee, in thy favourite Fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling *Thames* washes thy *Etonian* Banks, in early Youth I have worshipped. To thee, at thy birchen Altar, with true *Spartan* Devotion, I have sacrificed my Blood. Come then, and from thy vast, luxuriant

luxuriant Stores, in long Antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich Profuſion. Open thy *Mæonian* and thy *Mantuan* Coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy Philoſophic, thy Poetic, and thy Hiſtorical Treaſures, whether with *Greek* or *Roman* Characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous Cheſts: Give me a while that Key to all thy Treaſures, which to thy *Warburton* thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come Experience, long converſant with the Wiſe, the Good, the Learned, and the Polite. Nor with them only, but with every Kind of Character, from the Miniſter at his Levee, to the Bailiff in his Spunging-Houſe; from the Ducheſs at her Drum, to the Landlady behind her Bar. From thee only can the Manners of Mankind be known; to which the recluſe Pedant, however great his Parts, or extenſive his Learning may be, hath ever been a Stranger.

Come all theſe, and more, if poſſible; for arduous is the Taſk I have undertaken: And without all your Aſſiſtance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to ſupport. But if you all ſmile on my Labours, I hope ſtill to bring them to a happy Concluſion.

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones *on his Arrival in* London.

THE learned Dr. *Miſaubin* uſed to ſay, that the proper Direction to him was, *To Dr.* Miſaubin, *in the World*; intimating, that there were few People in it to whom his great Reputation was not known. And, perhaps, upon a very nice Examination into the Matter, we ſhall

find that this Circumſtance bears no inconſiderable *P*art among the many Bleſſings of Grandeur.

The great Happineſs of being known to Poſterity, with the Hopes of which we ſo delighted ourſelves in the preceding Chapter, is the Portion of few. To have the ſeveral Elements which compoſe our Names, as *Sydenham* expreſſes it, repeated a thouſand Years hence, is a Gift beyond the Power of Title and Wealth: And is ſcarce to be purchaſed, unleſs by the Sword and the Pen. But to avoid the ſcandalous Imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom No-body knows* (a Scandal, by the by, as old as the Days of *Homer**) will always be the envied Portion of thoſe, who have a legal Title either to Honour or Eſtate.

From that Figure, therefore, which the *Iriſh* Peer, who brought *Sophia* to Town, hath already made in this Hiſtory, the Reader will conclude, doubtleſs, it muſt have been an eaſy Matter to have diſcovered his Houſe in *London*, without knowing the particular Street or Square which he inhabited, ſince he muſt have been one *whom every body knows*. To ſay the Truth, ſo it would have been to any of thoſe Tradeſmen who are accuſtomed to attend the Regions of the Great: For the Doors of the Great are generally no leſs eaſy to find, that it is difficult to get Entrance into them. But *Jones*, as well as *Partridge*, was an entire Stranger in *London*; and as he happened to arrive firſt in a Quarter of the Town, the Inhabitants of which have very little Intercourſe with the Houſholders of *Hanover* or *Groſ-*

* See the ſecond Odyſſey, ver. 175.

venor

venor Square (for he entered through *Gray's-Inn Lane*) ſo he rambled about ſome Time, before he could even find his Way to thoſe happy Manſions, where Fortune ſegregates from the Vulgar, thoſe magnanimous Heroes, the Deſcendants of antient *Britons*, *Saxons*, or *Danes*, whoſe Anceſtors being born in better Days, by ſundry Kinds of Merit, have entailed Riches and Honour on their Poſterity.

Jones being at length arrived at thoſe terreſtrial *Elyſian* Fields, would now ſoon have diſcovered his Lordſhip's Manſion; but the Peer unluckily quitted his former Houſe when he went for *Ireland*; and as he was juſt entered into a new one, the Fame of his Equipage had not yet ſufficiently blazed in the Neighbourhood: So that after a ſucceſsleſs Enquiry till the Clock had ſtruck Eleven, *Jones*, at laſt, yielded to the Advice of *Partridge*, and retreated to the *Bull and Gate* in *Holborn*, that being the Inn where he had firſt alighted; and where he retired to enjoy that Kind of Repoſe, which uſually attends Perſons in his Circumſtances.

Early in the Morning he again ſet forth in Purſuit of *Sophia*; and many a weary Step he took to no better Purpoſe than before. At laſt, whether it was that Fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her Power to diſappoint him, he came into the very Street which was honoured by his Lordſhip's Reſidence; and being directed to the Houſe, he gave one gentle Rap at the Door.

The Porter, who, from the Modeſty of the Knock, had conceived no high Idea of the Perſon approaching, conceived but little better from the Appearance of Mr. *Jones*, who was dreſt in a

Suit of Fuſtian, and had by his Side the Weapon formerly purchaſed of the Serjeant; of which, though the Blade might be compoſed of well tempered Steel, the Handle was compoſed only of Braſs, and that none of the brighteſt. When *Jones*, therefore, enquired after the young Lady, who had come to Town with his Lordſhip, this Fellow anſwered ſurlily, 'That there were no 'Ladies there.' *Jones* then deſired to ſee the Maſter of the Houſe; but was informed that his Lordſhip would ſee nobody that Morning. And upon growing more preſſing, the Porter ſaid, 'He had poſitive Orders to let no Perſon in; but 'if you think proper,' ſaid he, 'to leave your 'Name, I will acquaint his Lordſhip; and if you 'call another Time, you ſhall know when he 'will ſee you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very parti-'cular Buſineſs with the young Lady, and could 'not depart without ſeeing her.' Upon which the Porter, with no very agreeable Voice or Aſpect, affirmed, 'That there was no young Lady 'in that Houſe, and conſequently none could he 'ſee;' adding, 'Sure you are the ſtrangeſt Man 'I ever met with; for you will not take an 'Anſwer.'

I have often thought, that by the particular Deſcription of *Cerberus* the Porter of Hell, in the ſixth *Æneid*, *Virgil* might poſſibly intend to ſatirize the Porters of the Great Men in his Time; the Picture, at leaſt, reſembles thoſe who have the Honour to attend at the Doors of our Great Men. The Porter, in his Lodge, anſwers exactly to *Cerberus* in his Den, and, like him, muſt be appeaſed by a Sop, before Acceſs can be gained to his Maſter. Perhaps *Jones* might have ſeen him in that

that Light, and have recollected the Paſſage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an Entrance for *Æneas*, preſents the Keeper of the *Stygian* Avenue with ſuch a Sop. *Jones*, in like Manner, now began to offer a Bribe to the human *Cerberus*, which a Footman overhearing, inſtantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. *Jones* would give him the 'Sum propoſed, he would conduct him to the 'Lady.' *Jones* inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the Lodging of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, by the very Fellow who had attended the Ladies thither the Day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill Succeſs than the near Approach to Good. The Gameſter, who loſes his Party at Piquet by a ſingle Point, laments his bad Luck ten Times as much as he who never came within a Proſpect of the Game. So in a Lottery, the Proprietors of the next Numbers to that which wins the great Prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their Fellow-Sufferers. In ſhort, theſe kind of hair-breadth Miſſings of Happineſs, look like the Inſults of Fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing Tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our Expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome Diſpoſition of the Heathen Goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like Manner: For he arrived at the Door of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, about ten Minutes after the Departure of *Sophia*. He now addreſſed himſelf to the Waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; who told him the diſagreeable News, that the Lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the ſame Anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* herſelf. For as that

Lady made no doubt but that Mr. *Jones* was a Perſon detached from her Uncle *Weſtern*, in Purſuit of his Daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though *Jones* had never ſeen Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, yet he had heard that a Couſin of *Sophia* was married to a Gentleman of that Name. This, however, in the preſent Tumult of his Mind, never once recurred to his Memory: But when the Footman, who had conducted him from his Lordſhip's, acquainted him with the great Intimacy between the Ladies, and with their calling each other Couſin, he then recollected the Story of the Marriage which he had formerly heard; and as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame Woman, he became more ſurpriſed at the Anſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired Leave to wait on the Lady herſelf; but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that Honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a Court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt Behaviour to a Lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory Denial, he retired for the preſent, ſaying to the Waiting-woman, 'That if this was an 'improper Hour to wait on her Lady, he would 'return in the Afternoon; and that he then hoped 'to have the Honour of ſeeing her.'—The Civility with which he uttered this, added to the great Comelineſs of his Perſon, made an Impreſſion on the Waiting-woman, and ſhe could not help anſwering; 'Perhaps, Sir, you may.' And, indeed, ſhe afterwards ſaid every Thing to her Miſtreſs, which ſhe thought moſt likely to prevail on her to admit a Viſit from the handſome young Gentleman; for ſo ſhe called him.

Jones

Jones very ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that *Sophia* herſelf was now with her Couſin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her Reſentment of what had happened at *Upton*. Having, therefore, diſpatched *Partridge* to procure him Lodgings, he remained all Day in the Street, watching the Door where he thought his Angel lay concealed; but no Perſon did he ſee iſſue forth, except a Servant of the Houſe, and in the Evening he returned to pay his Viſit to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, which that good Lady at laſt condeſcended to admit.

There is a certain Air of natural Gentility, which it is neither in the Power of Dreſs to give, nor to conceal. Mr. *Jones*, as hath been before hinted, was poſſeſſed of this in a very eminent Degree. He met, therefore, with a Reception from the Lady, ſomewhat different from what his Apparel ſeemed to demand; and after he had paid her his proper Reſpects, was deſired to ſit down.

The Reader will not, I believe, be deſirous of knowing all the Particulars of this Converſation, which ended very little to the Satisfaction of poor *Jones*. For though Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ſoon diſcovered the Lover (as all Women have the Eyes of Hawks in thoſe Matters) yet ſhe ſtill thought it was ſuch a Lover, as a generous Friend of the Lady ſhould not betray her to. In ſhort, ſhe ſuſpected this was the very Mr. *Bliſil*, from whom *Sophia* had flown; and all the Anſwers which ſhe artfully drew from Mr. *Jones*, concerning Mr. *Allworthy*'s Family, confirmed her in this Opinion. She therefore ſtrictly denied any Knowledge concerning the Place whither *Sophia* was gone; nor could *Jones* obtain more than a Permiſſion to wait on her again the next Evening.

When *Jones* was departed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* communicated her Suſpicion concerning Mr. *Bliſil*, to her Maid; who anſwered, 'Sure, Madam, 'he is too pretty a Man, in my Opinion, for any 'Woman in the World to run away from. I 'had rather fancy it is Mr. *Jones*.'—'Mr. *Jones*,' ſaid the Lady, 'what *Jones*?' For *Sophia* had not given the leaſt Hint of any ſuch Perſon in all their Converſation: But Mrs. *Honour* had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her Siſter *Abigail* with the whole Hiſtory of *Jones*, which this now again related to her Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* no ſooner received this Information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the Opinion of her Maid; and, what is very unaccountable, ſaw Charms in the gallant, happy Lover, which ſhe had over-looked in the ſlighted Squire. '*Betty*,' ſays ſhe, 'you are certainly in 'the right: He is a very pretty Fellow, and I 'don't wonder that my Couſin's Maid ſhould tell 'you ſo many Women are fond of him. I am 'ſorry now I did not inform him where my Cou'ſin was: And yet if he be ſo terrible a Rake as 'you tell me, it is a Pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him 'any more; for what but her Ruin can happen 'from marrying a Rake and a Beggar againſt 'her Father's Conſent. I proteſt, if he be ſuch 'a Man as the Wench deſcribed him to you, it 'is but an Office of Charity to keep her from 'him; and, I am ſure, it would be unpardon'able in me to do otherwiſe, who have taſted ſo 'bitterly of the Misfortunes attending ſuch Mar'riages.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the Arrival of a Viſitor, which was no other than his Lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this Viſit either new or extra-

extraordinary, or any ways material to this Hiſtory, we ſhall here put an End to this Chapter.

CHAP. III.

A Project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, *and her Viſit to Lady* Bellaſton.

WHEN Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* retired to Reſt, her Thoughts were entirely taken up by her Couſin *Sophia* and Mr. *Jones*. She was indeed, a little offended with the former, for the Diſingenuity which ſhe now diſcovered. In which Meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her Imagination, before the following Conceit ſuggeſted itſelf: That could ſhe poſſibly become the Means of preſerving *Sophia* from this Man, and of reſtoring her to her Father, ſhe ſhould, in all human Probability, by ſo a great a Service to the Family, reconcile to herſelf both her Uncle and her Aunt *Weſtern*.

As this was one of her moſt favourite Wiſhes, ſo the Hope of Succeſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper Methods to accompliſh her Scheme. To attempt to reaſon the Caſe with *Sophia*, did not appear to her one of thoſe Methods: For as *Betty* had reported from Mrs. *Honour*, that *Sophia* had a violent Inclination to *Jones*, ſhe conceived, that to diſſuade her from the Match, was an Endeavour of the ſame Kind, as it would be, very heartily and earneſtly to entreat a Moth not to fly into a Candle.

If the Reader will pleaſe to remember, that the Acquaintance which *Sophia* had with Lady *Bellaſton*, was contracted at the Houſe of Mrs. *Weſtern*,

tern, and muſt have grown at the very Time when Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* lived with this latter Lady, he will want no Information, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* muſt have been acquainted with her likewiſe. They were, beſides, both equally her diſtant Relations.

After much Conſideration therefore, ſhe reſolved to go early in the Morning to that Lady, and endeavour to ſee her, unknown to *Sophia*, and to acquaint her with the whole Affair. For ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt, but that the prudent Lady, who had often ridiculed romantic Love, and indiſcreet Marriages, in her Converſation, would very readily concur in her Sentiments concerning this Match, and would lend her utmoſt Aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This Reſolution ſhe accordingly executed; and the next Morning before the Sun, ſhe huddled on her Cloaths, and at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable Hour, went to Lady *Bellaſton*, to whom ſhe got Acceſs, without the leaſt Knowledge or Suſpicion of *Sophia*, who, though not aſleep, lay at that Time awake in her Bed, with *Honour* ſnoring by her Side.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* made many Apologies for an early, abrupt Viſit, at an Hour when ſhe ſaid 'ſhe ſhould not have thought of diſturbing her 'Ladyſhip, but upon Buſineſs of the utmoſt Con-'ſequence.' She then opened the whole Affair, told all ſhe had heard from *Betty*, and did not forget the Viſit which *Jones* had paid to herſelf the preceding Evening.

Lady *Bellaſton* anſwered with a Smile, 'Then 'you have ſeen this terrible Man, Madam; pray 'is he ſo very fine a Figure as he is repreſented?

'For

'For *Etoff* entertained me laſt Night almoſt two 'Hours with him. The Wench, I believe, is in 'Love with him by Reputation.' Here the Reader will be apt to wonder; but the Truth is, that Mrs. *Etoff*, who had the Honour to pin and unpin the Lady *Bellaſton*, had received complete Information concerning the ſaid Mr. *Jones*, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her Lady laſt Night (or rather that Morning) while ſhe was undreſſing; on which Account ſhe had been detained in her Office above the Space of an Hour and Half.

The Lady indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the Narratives of Mrs. *Etoff*, at thoſe Seaſons, gave an extraordinary Attention to her Account of *Jones*; for *Honour* had deſcribed him as a very handſome Fellow, and Mrs. *Etoff* in her Hurry added ſo much to the Beauty of his Perſon to her Report, that Lady *Bellaſton* began to conceive him to be a Kind of Miracle of Nature.

The Curioſity which her Woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who ſpoke as much in Favour of the Perſon of *Jones*, as ſhe had before ſpoke in Diſpraiſe of his Birth, Character, and Fortune.

When Lady *Bellaſton* had heard the Whole, ſhe anſwered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a 'Matter of great Conſequence. Nothing can 'certainly be more commendable than the Part 'you act; and I ſhall be very glad to have my 'Share in the Preſervation of a young Lady of 'ſo much Merit, and for whom I have ſo much 'Eſteem.'

'Doth not your Ladyſhip think,' ſays Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* eagerly, 'that it would be the beſt

'Way

'Way to write immediately to my Uncle, and 'acquaint him where my Couſin is?'

The Lady pondered a little upon this, and thus anſwered—'Why, no, Madam, I think not. '*Di Weſtern* hath deſcribed her Brother to me to 'be ſuch a Brute, that I cannot conſent to put 'any Woman under his Power who hath eſcaped 'from it. I have heard he behaved like a Mon-'ſter to his own Wife; for he is one of thoſe 'Wretches who think they have a Right to 'tyrannize over us, and from ſuch I ſhall ever 'eſteem it the Cauſe of my Sex to reſcue any 'Woman who is ſo unfortunate to be under their 'Power.—The Buſineſs, dear Couſin, will be 'only to keep Miſs *Weſtern* from ſeeing this 'young Fellow, till the good Company, which 'ſhe will have an Oppportunity of meeting here, 'give her a proper Turn.'

'If he ſhould find her out, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'your Ladyſhip may be aſſured he will 'leave nothing unattempted to come at her.'

'But, Madam,' replied the Lady, 'it is im-'poſſible he ſhould come here—though indeed it 'is poſſible he may get ſome Intelligence where 'ſhe is, and then may lurk about the Houſe—I 'wiſh therefore I knew his Perſon.'

'Is there no Way, Madam, by which I could 'have a Sight of him? For otherwiſe you know, 'Couſin, ſhe may contrive to ſee him here with-'out my Knowledge.' Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* anſwer-ed, 'That he had threatened her with another 'Viſit that Afternoon, and that if her Ladyſhip 'pleaſed to do her the Honour of calling upon 'her then, ſhe would hardly fail of ſeeing him 'between Six and Seven; and if he came earlier, 'ſhe would, by ſome Means or other, detain him

'till

'till her Ladyſhip's Arrival.'—Lady *Bellaſton* replied, 'ſhe would come the Moment ſhe could 'get from Dinner, which ſhe ſuppoſed would be 'by Seven at fartheſt; for that it was abſolutely 'neceſſary ſhe ſhould be acquainted with his 'Perſon. Upon my Word, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'it was very good to take this Care of Miſs '*Weſtern*; but common Humanity, as well as 'Regard to our Family, require it of us both; 'for it would be a dreadful Match indeed.'

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* failed not to make a proper Return to the Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* had beſtowed on her Couſin, and after ſome little immaterial Converſation, withdrew; and getting as faſt as ſhe could into her Chair, unſeen by *Sophia* or *Honour*, returned Home.

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of Viſiting.

MR. *Jones* had walked within Sight of a certain Door during the whole Day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole Year. At length the Clock having ſtruck five, he returned to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who, though it was a full Hour earlier than the decent Time of viſiting, received him very civilly; but ſtill perſiſted in her Ignorance concerning *Sophia*.

Jones, in aſking for his Angel, had dropp'd the Word Couſin; upon which Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* ſaid, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related; and as 'we are, you will permit me the Right of en-'quiring into the Particulars of your Buſineſs 'with my Couſin.' Here *Jones* heſitated a good while,

while, and at laſt anſwered, he had a conſiderable Sum of Money of her's in his Hands, which he deſired to deliver to her. He then produced the Pocket-Book, and acquainted Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* with the Contents, and with the Method in which they came into his Hands. He had ſcarce finiſhed his Story when a moſt violent Noiſe ſhook the whole Houſe. To attempt to deſcribe this Noiſe to thoſe who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving an Idea of it to thoſe who have never heard the like, would be ſtill more vain, For it may be truly ſaid,

——*Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corrybantes Æra.

The Prieſts of Cybele *do not ſo rattle their ſounding Braſs.*

In ſhort, a Footman knocked, or rather thundered at the Door. *Jones* was a little ſurprized at the Sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* very calmly ſaid, that as ſome Company were coming, ſhe could not make him any Anſwer now; but if he pleaſed to ſtay till they were gone, ſhe intimated ſhe had ſomething to ſay to him.

The Door of the Room now flew open, and, after puſhing in her Hoop ſideways before her, entered Lady *Bellaſton*, who having firſt made a very low Court'ſy to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, and as low an one to Mr. *Jones*, was uſhered to the upper End of the Room.

We mention theſe minute Matters for the Sake of ſome Country Ladies of our Acquaintance,

ance, who think it contrary to the Rules of Modeſty to bend their Knees to a Man.

The Company were hardly well ſettled, before the Arrival of the Peer lately mentioned cauſed a freſh Diſturbance and a Repetition of Ceremonials.

Theſe being over, the Converſation began to be (as the Phraſe is) extremely brilliant. However, as nothing paſſed in it which can be thought material to this Hiſtory, or indeed, very material in itſelf, I ſhall omit the Relation; the rather as I have known ſome very fine polite Converſation grow extremely dull, when tranſcribed into Books, or repeated on the Stage. Indeed this mental Repaſt is a Dainty, of which thoſe who are excluded from polite Aſſemblies, muſt be contented to remain as ignorant as they muſt of the ſeveral Dainties of *French* Cookery, which are ſerved only at the Tables of the Great. To ſay the Truth, as neither of theſe are adapted to every Taſte, they might both be often thrown away on the Vulgar.

Poor *Jones* was rather a Spectator of this elegant Scene, than an Actor in it; for though in the ſhort Interval before the Peer's Arrival, Lady *Bellaſton* firſt, and afterwards Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, had addreſſed ſome of their Diſcourſe to him; yet no ſooner was the noble Lord entered, than he engroſſed the whole Attention of the two Ladies to himſelf; and as he took no more Notice of *Jones* than if no ſuch Perſon had been preſent, unleſs by now and then ſtaring at him, the Ladies followed his Example.

The Company had now ſtaid ſo long, that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* plainly perceived they all deſigned to ſtay out each other. She therefore reſolved

ſolved to rid herſelf of *Jones*, he being the Viſitant to whom ſhe thought the leaſt Ceremony was due. Taking therefore an Opportunity of a Ceſſation of Chat, ſhe addreſſed herſelf gravely to him, and ſaid, 'Sir, I ſhall not poſſibly be able to give you 'an Anſwer To-Night, as to that Buſineſs; but 'if you pleaſe to leave Word where I may ſend 'to you to To-morrow'——

Jones had natural but not artificial Good-breeding. Inſtead therefore of communicating the Secret of his Lodgings to a Servant, he acquainted the Lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone than the great Perſonages who had taken no Notice of him preſent, began to take much Notice of him in his Abſence; but if the Reader hath already excuſed us from relating the more brilliant Part of this Converſation, he will ſurely be very ready to excuſe the Repetition of what may be called vulgar Abuſe; though, perhaps, it may be material to our Hiſtory to mention an Obſervation of Lady *Bellaſton*, who took her Leave in a few Minutes after him, and then ſaid to Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, at her Departure, 'I am ſatisfied on the Account of my 'Couſin; ſhe can be in no Danger from this 'Fellow.'

Our Hiſtory ſhall follow the Example of Lady *Bellaſton*, and take Leave of the preſent Company, which was now reduced to two Perſons; between whom, as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our Reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from Matters which muſt ſeem of more Conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the Affairs of our Hero.

CHAP. V.

An Adventure which happened to Mr. Jones, *at his Lodgings, with ſome Account of a young Gentleman who lodged there, and of the Miſtreſs of the Houſe, and her two Daughters.*

THE next Morning, as early as it was decent, *Jones* attended at Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*'s Door, where he was anſwered that the Lady was not at Home; an Anſwer which ſurprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the Street from Break of Day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her. This Anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five ſeveral Viſits which he made her that Day.

To be plain with the Reader, the noble Peer had from ſome Reaſon or other, perhaps from a Regard to the Lady's Honour, inſiſted that ſhe ſhould not ſee Mr. *Jones*, whom he looked on as a Scrub, any more; and the Lady had complied in making that Promiſe to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle Reader may poſſibly have a better Opinion of the young Gentleman than her Ladyſhip, and may even have ſome Concern, ſhould it be apprehended, that during this unhappy Separation from *Sophia*, he took up his Reſidence either at an Inn, or in the Street; we ſhall now give an Account of his Lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable Houſe, and in a very good Part of the Town.

Mr. *Jones* then had often heard Mr. *Allworthy* mention the Gentlewoman at whoſe Houſe he uſed

to

to lodge when he was in Town. This Perſon, who, as *Jones* likewiſe knew, lived in *Bond-ſtreet*, was the Widow of a Clergyman, and was left by him at his Deceaſe in Poſſeſſion of two Daughters, and of a compleat Set of Manuſcript Sermons.

Of theſe two Daughters, *Nancy*, the elder, was now arrived at the Age of Seventeen, and *Betty*, the younger, at that of Ten.

Hither *Jones* had diſpatched *Partridge*, and in this Houſe he was provided with a Room for himſelf in the ſecond Floor, and with one for *Partridge* in the fourth.

The firſt Floor was inhabited by one of thoſe young Gentlemen, who, in the laſt Age, were called Men of Wit and Pleaſure about Town, and properly enough: For as Men are uſually denominated from their Buſineſs or Profeſſion, ſo Pleaſure may be ſaid to have been the only Buſineſs or Profeſſion of thoſe Gentlemen to whom Fortune had made all uſeful Occupations unneceſſary. Play-Houſes, Coffee-Houſes, and Taverns, were the Scenes of their Rendezvous. Wit and Humour were the Entertainment of their looſer Hours, and Love was the Buſineſs of their more ſerious Moments. Wine and the Muſes conſpired to kindle the brighteſt Flames in their Breaſts; nor did they only admire, but ſome were able to celebrate the Beauty they admired, and all to judge of the Merit of ſuch Compoſitions.

Such therefore were properly called the Men of Wit and Pleaſure; but I queſtion whether the ſame Appellation may, with the ſame Propriety, be given to thoſe young Gentlemen of our Times, who have the ſame Ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for

for Parts. Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their Due, they ſoar a Step higher than their Predeceſſors, and may be called Men of Wiſdom and Vertù (take heed you do not read Virtue). Thus at an Age when the Gentleman above mentioned employed their Time in toaſting the Charms of a Woman, or in making Sonnets in her Praiſe; in giving their Opinion of a Play at the Theatre, or of a Poem at *Will*'s or *Button*'s; theſe Gentlemen are conſidering of Methods to bribe a Corporation, or meditating Speeches for the Houſe of Commons, or rather for the Magazines. But the Science of Gaming is that which above all others employs their Thoughts. Theſe are the Studies of their graver Hours, while for their Amuſements they have the vaſt Circle of Connoiſſeurſhip, Painting, Muſic, Statuary, and natural Philoſophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the Wonderful, and knows nothing of Nature, except her Monſters and Imperfections.

When *Jones* had ſpent the whole Day in vain Enquiries after Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he returned at laſt diſconſolate to his Apartment. Here while he was venting his Grief in private, he heard a violent Uproar below Stairs; and ſoon after a female Voice begged him for Heaven's Sake to come and prevent Murder. *Jones*, who was never backward on any Occaſion to help the Diſtreſſed, immediately ran down Stairs; when ſtepping into the Dining-room, whence all the Noiſe iſſued, he beheld the young Gentleman of Wiſdom and *Virtù* juſt before mentioned, pinned cloſe to the Wall by his Footman, and a young Woman ſtanding by, wringing her Hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be

'murdered;'

'murdered;' and indeed the poor Gentleman ſeemed in ſome Danger of being choaked, when *Jones* flew haſtily to his Aſſiſtance, and reſcued him juſt as he was breathing his laſt, from the unmerciful Clutches of the Enemy.

Though the Fellow had received ſeveral Kicks and Cuffs from the little Gentleman, who had more Spirit than Strength, he made it a Kind of Scruple of Conſcience to ſtrike his Maſter, and would have contented himſelf with only choaking him; but towards *Jones* he bore no ſuch Reſpect: He no ſooner therefore found himſelf a little roughly handled by his new Antagoniſt, than he gave him one of thoſe Punches in the Guts, which, though the Spectators at *Broughton*'s Amphitheatre have ſuch exquiſite Delight in ſeeing them, convey but very little Pleaſure in the Feeling.

The luſty Youth had no ſooner received this Blow, than he meditated a moſt grateful Return; and now enſued a Combat between *Jones* and the Footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this Fellow was no more able to contend with *Jones*, than his Maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now Fortune, according to her uſual Cuſtom, reverſed the Face of Affairs. The former Victor lay breathleſs on the Ground, and the vanquiſhed Gentleman had recovered Breath enough to thank Mr. *Jones* for his ſeaſonable Aſſiſtance: He received likewiſe the hearty Thanks of the young Woman preſent, who was indeed no other than Miſs *Nancy*, the eldeſt Daughter of the Houſe.

The Footman having now recovered his Legs, ſhook his Head at *Jones*, and with a ſagacious Look,

Look, cry'd,—'O d—mn me, I'll have nothing 'more to do with you; you have been upon the 'Stage, or I am d—mnably miſtaken:' And indeed we may forgive this his Suſpicion; for ſuch was the Agility and Strength of our Hero, that he was perhaps a Match for one of the Firſt-Rate Boxers, and could with great Eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * Graduates of Mr. *Broughton*'s School.

The Maſter foaming with Wrath, ordered his Man immediately to ſtrip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on Condition of receiving his Wages. This Condition was preſently complied with, and the Fellow was diſcharged.

And now the young Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Nightingale*, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that his Deliverer ſhould take Part of a Bottle of Wine with him; to which *Jones*, after much Entreaty, conſented; tho' more out of Complaiſance than Inclination; for the Uneaſineſs of his Mind fitted him very little for Converſation at this Time. Miſs *Nancy* likewiſe, who was the only Female then in the Houſe, her Mamma and Siſter being

* Leſt Poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this Epithet, I think proper to explain it by an Advertiſement which was publiſhed *Feb.* 1, 1747.

N. B. Mr. *Broughton* propoſes, with proper Aſſiſtants, to open an Academy at his Houſe in the *Hay-Market*, for the Inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in the Myſtery of Boxing; where the whole Theory and Practice of that truly *Britiſh* Art, with all the various Stops, Blows, Croſs-Buttocks, &c. incident to Combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and that Perſons of Quality and Diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into a Courſe of thoſe Lectures, they will be given with the utmoſt Tenderneſs and Regard to the Delicacy of the Frame and Conſtitution of the Pupil, for which Reaſon Muffles are provided, that will effectually ſecure them from the Inconvenieney of black Eyes, broken Jaws, and bloody Noſes.

both gone to the Play, condeſcended to favour them with their Company.

When the Bottle and Glaſſes were on the Table, the Gentleman began to relate the Occaſion of the preceding Diſturbance.

'I hope, Sir, ſaid he to *Jones*, 'you will not, 'from this Accident, conclude, that I make a 'Cuſtom of ſtriking my Servants; for I aſſure 'you this is the firſt Time I have been guilty of 'it in my Remembrance, and I have paſſed by 'many provoking Faults in this very Fellow, 'before he could provoke me to it; but when 'you hear what hath happened this Evening, 'you will, I believe, think me excuſable. I 'happened to come home ſeveral Hours before 'my uſual Time, when I found four Gentlemen 'of the Cloth at Whiſt by my Fire;—and my '*Hoyle*, Sir,—my beſt *Hoyle*, which coſt me a 'Guinea, lying open on the Table, with a 'Quantity of Porter ſpilt on one of the moſt 'material Leaves of the whole Book. This, 'you will allow, was provoking; but I ſaid no-'thing till the reſt of the honeſt Company were 'gone, and then gave the Fellow a gentle Re-'buke, who, inſtead of expreſſing any Concern, 'made me a pert Anſwer, "That Servants muſt "have their Diverſions as well as other People; "that how as ſorry for the Accident which had "happened to the Book; but that ſeveral of his "Acquaintance had bought the ſame for a Shil-"ling; and that I might ſtop as much in his "Wages if I pleaſed." I now gave him a ſe-'verer Reprimand than before, when the Raſcal 'had the Inſolence to——In ſhort, he imputed 'my early coming home to—In ſhort, he caſt 'a Reflection—He mentioned the Name of a

'young

'young Lady, in a Manner—in ſuch a Manner 'that incenſed me beyond all patience, and, in 'my Paſſion, I ſtruck him.'

Jones anſwered, 'That he believed no Perſon 'living would blame him; for my Part,' ſaid he, 'I confeſs I ſhould, on the laſt mentioned Provo-'cation, have done the ſame Thing.'

Our Company had not ſat long before they were joined by the Mother and Daughter, at their Return from the Play. And now they all ſpent a very chearful Evening together; for all but *Jones* were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained Mirth as poſſible. Indeed Half his natural Flow of animal Spirits, joined to the Sweetneſs of his Temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable Companion; and notwithſtanding the Heavineſs of his Heart, ſo agreeable did he make himſelf on the preſent Occaſion, that, at their breaking up, the young Gentleman earneſtly deſired his further Acquaintance. Miſs *Nancy* was well pleaſed with him; and the Widow, quite charmed with her new Lodger, invited him, with the other, next Morning to Breakfaſt.

Jones, on his Part, was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs *Nancy*, tho' a very little Creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the Widow had all the Charms which can adorn a Woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent Creatures in the World, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt chearful. She never thought, nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any Ill, and had conſtantly that Deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all Deſires in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining its Ends, when not diſgraced by Affectation. In ſhort, though her Power was very ſmall, ſhe was

in her Heart one of the warmeſt Friends. She had been a moſt affectionate Wife, and was a moſt fond and tender Mother.

As our Hiſtory doth not, like a News-Paper, give great Characters to People who never were heard of before, nor ever will be heard of again; the Reader may hence conclude, that this excellent Woman will hereafter appear to be of ſome Importance in our Hiſtory.

Nor was *Jones* a little pleaſed with the young Gentleman himſelf, whoſe Wine he had been drinking. He thought he diſcerned in him much good Senſe, though a little too much tainted with Town Foppery; but what recommended him moſt to *Jones* were ſome Sentiments of great Generoſity and Humanity, which occaſionally dropt from him; and particularly many Expreſſions of the higheſt Diſintereſtedneſs in the Affair of Love. On which Subject the young Gentleman delivered himſelf in a Language which might have very well become an *Arcadian* Shepherd of Old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the Lips of a modern fine Gentleman; but he was only one by Imitation, and meant by Nature for a much better Character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the Company were at Breakfaſt, with ſome Hints concerning the Government of Daughters.

OUR Company brought together in the Morning the ſame good Inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the Evening before; but poor *Jones* was extremely diſ-

diſconſolate; for he had juſt received Information from *Partridge*, that Mrs *Fitzpatrick* had left her Lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This News highly afflicted him, and his Countenance, as well as his Behaviour, in Defiance of all his Endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifeſt Indication of a diſordered Mind.

The Diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on Love; and Mr. *Nightingale* again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted Sentiments upon this Subject, which wiſe and ſober Men call romantic, but which wiſe and ſober Women generally regard in a better Light. Mrs. *Miller* (for ſo the Miſtreſs of the Houſe was called) greatly approved theſe Sentiments; but when the young Gentleman appealed to Miſs *Nancy*, ſhe anſwered only, 'That ſhe believed 'the Gentleman who had ſpoke the leaſt was 'capable of feeling the moſt.'

This Compliment was ſo apparently directed to *Jones*, that we ſhould have been ſorry had he paſſed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite Anſwer, and concluded with an oblique Hint, that her own Silence ſubjected her to a Suſpicion of the ſame Kind: For indeed ſhe had ſcarce opened her Lips either now or the laſt Evening.

'I am glad, *Nancy*,' ſays Mrs. *Miller*, 'the 'Gentleman hath made the Obſervation; I pro-'teſt I am almoſt of his Opinion. What can be 'the Matter with you, Child? I never ſaw ſuch 'an Alteration. What is become of all your 'Gaiety? Would you think, Sir, I uſed to call 'her my little Prattler? She hath not ſpoke 'twenty Words this Week.'

Here their Converſation was interrupted by the Entrance of a Maid-Servant, who brought a Bundle in her Hands, which, ſhe ſaid, 'was de-'livered by a Porter for Mr. *Jones*.' She added, 'that the Man immediately went away, ſaying, 'it required no Anſwer.'

Jones expreſſed ſome Surprize on this Occaſion, and declared it muſt be ſome Miſtake: But the Maid perſiſting that ſhe was certain of the Name, all the Women were deſirous of having the Bundle immediately opened; which Operation was at length performed by little *Betſey*, with the Conſent of Mr. *Jones*; and the Contents were found to be a Domino, a Maſk, and a Maſquerade Ticket.

Jones was now more poſitive than ever, in aſſerting, that theſe Things muſt have been delivered by Miſtake; and Mrs. *Miller* herſelf expreſſed ſome Doubt, and ſaid, 'ſhe knew not 'what to think.' But when Mr. *Nightingale* was aſked, he delivered a very different Opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, Sir,' ſaid he, 'it, 'that you are a very happy Man: For I make no 'Doubt but theſe were ſent you by ſome Lady 'whom you will have the Happineſs of meeting 'at the Maſquerade.'

Jones had not a ſufficient Degree of Vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. *Miller* herſelf give much Aſſent to what Mr. *Nightingale* had ſaid, till Miſs *Nancy* having lifted up the Domino, a Card dropt from the Sleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

The Queen of the Fairies ſends you this;
Uſe her Favours not amiſs.

Mrs. *Miller* and Miſs *Nancy* now both agreed with Mr. *Nightingale*; nay, *Jones* himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame Opinion. And as no other Lady but Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, he thought, knew his Lodgings, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome Hopes, that it came from her, and that he might poſſibly ſee his *Sophia*. Theſe Hopes had ſurely very little Foundation; but as the Conduct of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, in not ſeeing him according to her Promiſe, and in quitting her Lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint Hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical Character) might poſſibly intend to do him that Service, in a ſtrange Manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary Methods. To ſay the Truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an Incident, he had the greater Latitude to draw what imaginary Concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his Temper therefore was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this Occaſion, and his Imagination worked up a thouſand Conceits, to favour and ſupport his Expectations of meeting his dear *Sophia* in the Evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good Wiſhes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine Diſpoſition of Mind: Since, after having read much, and conſidered long on that Subject of Happineſs which hath employed ſo many great Pens, I am almoſt in-

clined to fix it in the Poſſeſſion of this Temper; which puts us, in a Manner, out of the Reach of Fortune, and make us happy without her Aſſiſtance. Indeed the Senſations of Pleaſure it gives are much more conſtant, as well as much keener than thoſe which that blind Lady beſtows; Nature having wiſely contrived, that ſome Satiety and Languor ſhould be annexed to all our real Enjoyments, leſt we ſhould be ſo taken up by them, as to be ſtopt from further Purſuits. I make no manner of Doubt but that, in this Light, we may ſee the imaginary future Chancellor juſt called to the Bar, the Archbiſhop in Crape, and the Prime Miniſter at the Tail of an Oppoſition, more truly happy than thoſe who are inveſted with all the Power and Profit of theſe reſpective Offices.

Mr. *Jones* having now determined to go to the Maſquerade that Evening, Mr. *Nightingale* offered to conduct him thither. The young Gentleman, at the ſame Time, offered Tickets to Miſs *Nancy* and her Mother; but the good Woman would not accept them. She ſaid, 'ſhe did 'not conceive the Harm which ſome People imagined in a Maſquerade; but that ſuch extravagant Diverſions were proper only for Perſons of 'Quality and Fortune, and not for young Women who were to get their Living, and could, 'at beſt, hope to be married to a good Tradeſman.'——'A Tradeſman!' cries *Nightingale*, 'you ſhan't undervalue my *Nancy*. There is not 'a Nobleman upon Earth above her Merit.' 'O fie! Mr. *Nightingale*,' anſwered Mrs. *Miller*, 'you muſt not fill the Girl's Head with ſuch 'Fancies: But if it was her good Luck (ſays the 'Mother with a Simper) to find a Gentleman of

'your

'your generous Way of Thinking, I hope she 'would make a better Return to his Generosity, 'than to give her Mind up to extravagant Plea-'sures. Indeed where young Ladies bring great 'Fortunes themselves, they have some Right to 'insist on spending what is their own; and on 'that Account, I have heard the Gentlemen say, 'a Man has sometimes a better Bargain with a 'poor Wife, than with a rich one.—But let my 'Daughters marry whom they will, I shall en-'deavour to make them Blessings to their Hus-'bands:—I beg, therefore, I may hear of no more 'Masquerades. *Nancy* is, I am certain, too 'good a Girl to desire to go; for she must re-'member when you carried her thither last Year, 'it almost turned her Head; and she did not re-'turn to herself, or to her Needle, in a Month 'afterwards.'

Though a gentle Sigh, which stole from the Bosom of *Nancy*, seemed to argue some secret Disapprobation of these Sentiments, she did not dare openly to oppose them. For as this good Woman had all the Tenderness, so she had pre-served all the Authority of a Parent; and as her Indulgence to the Desires of her Children, was restrained only by her Fears for their Safety and future Welfare, so she never suffered those Com-mands, which proceeded from such Fears, to be either disobeyed or disputed. And this the young Gentleman, who had lodged two Years in the House, knew so well, that he presently acquiesced in the Refusal.

Mr. *Nightingale*, who grew every Minute fonder of *Jones*, was very desirous of his Com-pany that Day to Dinner at the Tavern, where he offered to introduce him to some of his Ac-

quaintance; but *Jones* begged to be excuſed, 'as 'his Cloaths,' he ſaid, 'were not yet come to 'Town.'

To confeſs the Truth, Mr. *Jones* was now in a Situation, which ſometimes happens to be the Caſe of young Gentlemen of much better Figure than himſelf. In ſhort, he had not one Penny in his Pocket; a Situation in much greater Credit among the ancient Philoſophers, than among the modern wiſe Men who live in *Lombard-ſtreet*, or thoſe who frequent *White*'s Chocolate-Houſe. And, perhaps, the great Honours which thoſe Philoſophers have aſcribed to an empty Pocket, may be one of the Reaſons of that high Contempt in which they are held in the aforeſaid Street and Chocolate-Houſe.

Now if the antient Opinion, that Men might live very comfortably on Virtue only, be, as the modern wiſe Men juſt above mentioned pretend to have diſcovered, a notorious Error; no leſs falſe is, I apprehend, that Poſition of ſome Writers of Romance, that a Man may live altogether on Love: For however delicious Repaſts this may afford to ſome of our Senſes or Appetites, it is moſt certain it can afford none to others. Thoſe, therefore, who have placed too great a Confidence in ſuch Writers, have experienced their Error when it was too late; and have found that Love was no more capable of allaying Hunger, than a Roſe is capable of delighting the Ear, or a Violin of gratifying the Smell.

Notwithſtanding, therefore, all the Delicacies which Love had ſet before him, namely, the Hopes of ſeeing *Sophia* at the Maſquerade; on which, however ill-founded his Imagination might be, he had voluptuouſly feaſted during the whole

whole Day, the Evening no ſooner came, than Mr. *Jones* began to languiſh for ſome Food of a groſſer Kind. *Partridge* diſcovered this by Intuition, and took the Occaſion to give ſome oblique Hints concerning the Bank-Bill, and when theſe were rejected with Diſdain, he collected Courage enough once more to mention a Return to Mr. *Allworthy*.

'*Partridge*,' cries *Jones*, 'you cannot ſee my 'Fortune in a more deſperate Light than I ſee it 'myſelf; and I begin heartily to repent, that I 'ſuffered you to leave a Place, where you was 'ſettled, and to follow me. However, I inſiſt 'now on your returning Home; and for the Ex-'pence and Trouble which you have ſo kindly 'put yourſelf to on my Account, all the Cloaths 'I left behind in your Care, I deſire you would 'take as your own. I am ſorry I can make you 'no other Acknowledgment.'

He ſpoke theſe Words with ſo pathetic an Accent, that *Partridge*, among whoſe Vices Illnature or Hardneſs of Heart were not numbered, burſt into Tears; and after ſwearing he would not quit him in his Diſtreſs, he began with the moſt earneſt Intreaties to urge his Return Home. 'For 'Heaven's Sake, Sir,' ſays he, 'do but conſider: 'What can your Honour do? How is it poſſible 'you can live in this Town without Money? Do 'what you will, Sir, or go wherever you pleaſe, 'I am reſolved not to deſert you.—But pray, Sir, 'conſider: Do pray, Sir, for your own Sake, 'take it into your Conſideration; and I'm ſure,' ſays he, 'that your own good Senſe will bid you 'return Home.'

'How often ſhall I tell thee,' anſwered *Jones*, 'that I have no Home to return to? Had I any

'Hopes that Mr. *Allworthy*'s Door would be open 'to receive me, I want no Diſtreſs to urge me.— 'Nay, there is no other Cauſe upon Earth, which 'would detain me a Moment from flying to his 'Preſence; but, alas! that I am for ever baniſh-'ed from. His laſt Words were,—O *Partridge*, 'they ſtill ring in my Ears——His laſt Words 'were, when he gave me a Sum of Money, what 'it was I know not, but conſiderable I'm ſure it 'was—His laſt Words were—"I am reſolved "from this Day forward, on no Account, to "converſe with you any more."

Here Paſſion ſtopt the Mouth of *Jones*, as Surprize, for a Moment, did that of *Partridge*: But he ſoon recovered the Uſe of Speech, and after a ſhort Preface, in which he declared he had no Inquiſitiveneſs in his Temper, enquired, what *Jones* meant by a conſiderable Sum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the Money?

In both theſe Points he now received full Satisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a Meſſage from Mr. *Nightingale*, who deſired his Maſter's Company in his Apartment.

When the two Gentleman were both attired for the Maſquerade, and Mr. *Nightingale* had given Orders for Chairs to be ſent for, a Circumſtance of Diſtreſs occurred to *Jones*, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my Readers. This was how to procure a Shilling; but if ſuch Readers will reflect a little on what they have themſelves felt from the Want of a Thouſand Pound, or, perhaps, of Ten or Twenty, to execute a favourite Scheme, they will have a perfect Idea of what Mr. *Jones* felt on this Occaſion.

For

For this Sum, therefore, he applied to *Partridge*, which was the firſt he had permitted him to advance, and was the laſt he intended that poor Fellow ſhould advance in hs Service. To ſay the Truth, *Partridge* had lately made no Offer of this Kind; whether it was that he deſired to ſee the Bank-Bill broke in upon, or that Diſtreſs ſhould prevail on *Jones* to return Home, or from what other Motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole Humours of a Maſquerade.

OUR Cavaliers now arrived at that Temple, where *Heydegger*, the great *Arbiter Deliciarum*, the great High Prieſt of Pleaſure preſides; and, like other Heathen Prieſts, impoſes on his Votaries by the pretended Preſence of the Deity, when in Reality no ſuch Deity is there.

Mr. *Nightingale* having taken a Turn or two with his Companion, ſoon left him, and walked off with a Female, ſaying, 'Now you are here, 'Sir, you muſt beat about for your own Game.'

Jones began to entertain ſtrong Hopes that his *Sophia* was preſent; and theſe Hopes gave him more Spirits than the Lights, the Muſick, and the Company; though theſe are pretty ſtrong Antidotes againſt the Spleen. He now accoſted every Woman he ſaw, whoſe Stature, Shape or Air, bore any Reſemblance to his Angel. To all of whom he endeavoured to ſay ſomething ſmart, in order to engage an Anſwer, by which he might diſcover that Voice which he thought it impoſſible he ſhould miſtake. Some of theſe anſwered by a Queſ-

a Queſtion, in a ſqueaking Voice, *Do you know me?* Much the greater Number ſaid, *I don't know you, Sir*; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent Fellow; ſome made him no Anſwer at all; ſome ſaid, *Indeed I don't know your Voice, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to you*; and many gave him as kind Anſwers as he could wiſh, but not in the Voice he deſired to hear.

Whilſt he was talking with one of theſe laſt, (who was in the Habit of a Shepherdeſs) a Lady in a Domino came up to him, and ſlapping him on the Shoulder, whiſpered him, at the ſame Time, in the Ear, 'If you talk any longer with 'that Trollop, I will acquaint Miſs *Weſtern*.'

Jones no ſooner heard that Name, than, immediately quitting his former Companion, he applied to the Domino, begging and entreating her to ſhew him the Lady ſhe had mentioned, if ſhe was then in the Room.'

The Maſk walked haſtily to the upper End of the innermoſt Apartment before ſhe ſpoke; and declared ſhe was tired. *Jones* ſat down by her, and ſtill perſiſted in his Entreaties; at laſt the Lady coldly anſwered, 'I imagined Mr. *Jones* 'had been a more diſcerning Lover, than to ſuffer 'any Diſguiſe to conceal his Miſtreſs from him.' 'Is ſhe here then, Madam?' replied *Jones*, with ſome Vehemency. Upon which the Lady cry'd, —'Huſh, Sir, you will be obſerved.—I promiſe 'you, upon my Honour, Miſs *Weſtern* is not 'here.'

Jones now taking the Maſk by the Hand, fell to entreating her in the moſt earneſt Manner, to acquaint him where he might find *Sophia*: And when he could obtain no direct Anſwer, he began

gan to upbraid her gently for having diſappointed him the Day before; and concluded, ſaying, 'Indeed, my good Fairy Queen, I know your Majeſty very well, notwithſtanding the affected Diſguiſe of your Voice. Indeed, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, it is a little cruel to divert yourſelf, at the Expence of my Torments.'

The Maſk anſwered, 'Though you have ſo ingeniouſly diſcovered me, I muſt ſtill ſpeak in the ſame Voice, leſt I ſhould be known by others. And do you think, good Sir, that I have no greater Regard for my Couſin, than to aſſiſt in carrying on an Affair between you two, which muſt end in her Ruin, as well as your own? Beſides, I promiſe you, my Couſin is not mad enough to conſent to her own Deſtruction, if you are ſo much her Enemy as to tempt her to it.'

'Alas, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'you little know my Heart, when you call me an Enemy to *Sophia*.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, you will allow, is the Act of an Enemy; and when by the ſame Act you muſt knowingly and certainly bring Ruin on yourſelf, is it not Folly or Madneſs, as well as Guilt? Now, Sir, my Couſin hath very little more than her Father will pleaſe to give her; very little for one of her Faſhion,—you know him, and you know your own Situation.'

Jones vowed he had no ſuch Deſign on *Sophia*, 'That he would rather ſuffer the moſt violent of Deaths than ſacrifice her Intereſt to his Deſires. He ſaid he knew how unworthy he was of her every Way; that he had long ago reſolved to quit all ſuch aſpiring Thoughts,

'but

'but that ſome ſtrange Accidents had made him 'deſirous to ſee her once more, when he pro-'miſed he would take Leave of her for ever. 'No, Madam,' concluded he, 'my Love is not 'of that baſe Kind which ſeeks its own Satiſ-'faction, at the Expence of what is moſt dear 'to its Object. I would ſacrifice every Thing 'to the Poſſeſſion of my *Sophia*, but *Sophia* her-'ſelf.'

Though the Reader may have already conceived no very ſublime Idea of the Virtue of the Lady in the Maſk; and tho' poſſibly ſhe may hereafter appear not to deſerve one of the firſt Characters of her Sex; yet it is certain, theſe generous Sentiments made a ſtrong Impreſſion upon her, and greatly added to the Affection ſhe had before conceived for our young Hero.

The Lady now, after a Silence of a few Moments, ſaid, 'She did not ſee his Pretenſions to '*Sophia* ſo much in the Light of Preſumption, 'as of Imprudence. Young Fellows,' ſays ſhe, 'can never have too aſpiring Thoughts; I love 'Ambition in a young Man, and I would have 'you cultivate it as much as poſſible. Perhaps 'you may ſucceed with thoſe who are infinitely 'ſuperior in Fortune; nay, I am convinced there 'are Women—but don't you think me a ſtrange 'Creature, Mr. *Jones*, to be thus giving Advice 'to a Man, with whom I am ſo little acquainted, 'and one with whoſe Behaviour to me I have ſo 'little Reaſon to be pleaſed?'

Here *Jones* began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any Thing he had ſaid of her Couſin.—— To which the Maſk anſwered, 'And are you ſo little verſed in the Sex, to 'imagine you can well affront a Lady more,

'than

'than by entertaining her with your Paſſion for 'another Woman? If the Fairy Queen had con-'ceived no better Opinion of your Gallantry, ſhe 'would ſcarce have appointed you to meet her at 'a Maſquerade.'

Jones had never leſs Inclination to an Amour than at preſent; but Gallantry to the Ladies was among his Principles of Honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a Challenge to Love, as if it had been a Challenge to fight. Nay his very Love to *Sophia* made it neceſſary for him to keep well with the Lady, as he made no doubt but ſhe was capable of bringing him into the Preſence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm Anſwer to her laſt Speech, when a Maſk, in the Character of an old Woman, joined them. This Maſk was one of thoſe Ladies who go to a Maſquerade only to vent Ill-nature, by telling People rude Truths, and by endeavouring, as the Phraſe is, to ſpoil as much Sport as they are able. This good Lady, therefore, having obſerved *Jones* and his Friend, whom ſhe well knew, in cloſe Conſultation together in a Corner of the Room, concluded ſhe ſhould no where ſatisfy her Spleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and ſoon drove them from their Retirement; nor was ſhe contented with this, but purſued them to every Place which they ſhifted to avoid her; till Mr *Nightingale* ſeeing the Diſtreſs of his Friend, at laſt relieved him, and engaged the old Woman in another Purſuit.

While *Jones* and his Maſk were walking together about the Room, to rid themſelves of the Teazer, he obſerved his Lady ſpeak to ſeveral Maſks, with the ſame Freedom of Acquaintance

as

as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expreſſing his Surprize at this, ſaying, 'Sure, 'Madam, you muſt have infinite Diſcernment 'to know People in all Diſguiſes.' To which the Lady anſwered, 'You cannot conceive any 'Thing more inſipid and childiſh than a Maſ-'querade to the People of Faſhion, who in ge-'neral know one another as well here, as when 'they meet in an Aſſembly or a Drawing-room; 'nor will any Woman of Condition converſe 'with a Perſon with whom ſhe is not acquainted. 'In ſhort, the Generality of Perſons whom you 'ſee here, may more properly be ſaid to kill Time 'in this Place, than in any other; and generally 'retire from hence more tired than from the 'longeſt Sermon. To ſay the Truth, I begin 'to be in that Situation myſelf; and if I have 'any Faculty at gueſſing, you are not much bet-'ter pleaſed. I proteſt it would be almoſt Cha-'rity in me to go Home for your Sake.' 'I 'know but one Charity equal to it,' cries *Jones*, 'and that is to ſuffer me to wait on you Home.' 'Sure,' anſwered the Lady, 'you have a ſtrange 'Opinion of me, to imagine, that upon ſuch an 'Acquaintance, I would let you into my Doors 'at this Time o'Night. I fancy you impute the 'Friendſhip I have ſhewn my Couſin, to ſome 'other Motive. Confeſs honeſtly; don't you 'conſider this contrived Interview as little better 'than a downright Aſſignation? Are you uſed, 'Mr. *Jones*, to make theſe ſudden Conqueſts?' 'I am not uſed, Madam,' ſaid *Jones*, 'to ſub-'mit to ſuch ſudden Conqueſts; but as you have 'taken my Heart by Surprize, the reſt of my 'Body hath a Right to follow; ſo you muſt par-'don me if I reſolve to attend you wherever

'you

'you go.' He accompanied theſe Words with ſome proper Actions; upon which the Lady, after a gentle Rebuke, and ſaying their Familiarity would be obſerved, told him, 'She was going to 'ſup with an Acquaintance, whither ſhe hoped 'he would not follow her; for if you ſhould,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhould be thought an unaccountable 'Creature, though my Friend indeed is not 'cenſorious, yet I hope you won't follow me: 'I proteſt I ſhall not know what to ſay, if you 'do.'

The Lady preſently after quitted the Maſquerade, and *Jones*, notwithſtanding the ſevere Prohibition he had received, preſumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the ſame Dilemma we have mentioned before, namely, the Want of a Shilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the Chair in which the Lady rode, purſued by a grand Huzza from all the Chairmen preſent, who wiſely take the beſt Care they can to diſcountenance all walking a foot by their Betters. Luckily, however, the Gentry who attend at the Opera-Houſe were too buſy to quit their Stations, and as the Lateneſs of the Hour prevented him from meeting many of their Brethren in the Street, he proceeded without Moleſtation, in a Dreſs, which, at another Seaſon, would have certainly raiſed a Mob at his Heels.

The Lady was ſet down in a Street, not far from *Hanover-Square*, where the Door being preſently opened, ſhe was carried in, and the Gentleman, without any Ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his Companion were now together in a very well-furniſhed and well-warmed Room, when

when the Female ſtill ſpeaking in her Maſquerade Voice, ſaid, ſhe was ſurprized at her Friend, who muſt abſolutely have forgot her Appointment; at which, after venting much Reſentment, ſhe ſuddenly expreſt ſome Apprehenſion from *Jones*, and aſked him what the World would think of their having been alone together in a Houſe at that Time of Night? But inſtead of a direct Anſwer to ſo important a Queſtion, *Jones* began to be very importunate with the Lady to unmaſk, and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, but the Lady *Bellaſton* herſelf.

It would be tedious to give the particular Converſation, which conſiſted of very common and ordinary Occurrences, and which laſted from two till ſix o'Clock in the Morning. It is ſufficient to mention all of it that is any wiſe material to this Hiſtory. And this was a Promiſe that the Lady would endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and in a few Days bring him to an Interview with her, on Condition that he would then take his Leave of her. When this was thoroughly ſettled, and a ſecond Meeting in the Evening appointed at the ſame Place, they ſeparated; the Lady returned to her Houſe, and *Jones* to his Lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a Scene of Diſtreſs, which will appear very extraordinary to moſt of our Readers.

JONES having refreſhed himſelf with a few Hours Sleep, ſummoned *Partridge* to his Preſence; and delivering him a Bank Note of fifty Pounds, ordered him to go and change it.

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Partridge received this with ſparkling Eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raiſed in him ſome Suſpicions not very advantageous to the Honour of his Maſter; to theſe the dreadful Idea he had of the Maſquérade, the Diſguiſe in which his Maſter had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all Night, contributed. In plain Language, the only Way he could poſſibly find to account for the Poſſeſſion of this Note, was by Robbery; and, to confeſs the Truth, the Reader, unleſs he ſhould ſuſpect it was owing to the Generoſity of Lady *Bellaſton*, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the Honour of Mr. *Jones*, and to do Juſtice to the Liberality of the Lady, he had really received this Preſent from her, who, though ſhe did not give much into the Hackney Charities of the Age, ſuch as building Hoſpitals, *&c.* was not, however, entirely void of that Chriſtian Virtue; and conceived (very rightly I think) that a young Fellow of Merit, without a Shilling in the World, was no improper Object of this Virtue.

Mr. *Jones* and Mr. *Nightingale* had been invited to dine this Day with Mrs. *Miller*. At the appointed Hour therefore the two young Gentlemen, with the two Girls, attended in the Parlour, where they waited from Three till almoſt Five before the good Woman appeared. She had been out of Town to viſit a Relation, of whom, at her Return, ſhe gave the following Account:

'I hope, Gentlemen, you will pardon my 'making you wait; I am ſure if you knew the 'Occaſion.——I have been to ſee a Couſin of 'mine, about ſix Miles off, who now lies in.— 'It would be a Warning to all Perſons' (ſays ſhe, looking

looking at her Daughters) 'how they marry in-'discreetly. There is no Happineſs in this 'World, without a Competency. O *Nancy*! 'how ſhall I deſcribe the wretched Condition in 'which I found your poor Couſin; ſhe hath 'ſcarce lain-in a Week, and there was ſhe, this 'dreadful Weather, in a cold Room, without 'any Curtains to her Bed, and not a Buſhel of 'Coals in her Houſe to ſupply her with Fire: 'Her ſecond Son, that ſweet little Fellow, lies 'ill of a Quinzy in the ſame Bed with his Mo-'ther; for there is no other Bed in the Houſe. 'Poor little *Tommy*! I believe, *Nancy*, you will 'never ſee your Favourite any more; for he is 'really very ill. The reſt of the Children are 'in pretty good Health; but *Molly*, I am afraid, 'will do herſelf an Injury: She is but thirteen 'Years old, Mr. *Nightingale*, and yet, in my 'Life, I never ſaw a better Nurſe: She tends 'both her Mother and her Brother; and what 'is wonderful in a Creature ſo young, ſhe ſhows 'all the Chearfulneſs in the World to her Mo-'ther; and yet I ſaw her—I ſaw the poor Child, 'Mr. *Nightingale*, turn about, and privately 'wipe the Tears from her Eyes.' Here Mrs. *Miller* was prevented, by her own Tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a Perſon preſent, who did not accompany her in them; at length ſhe a little recovered herſelf, and pro-ceeded thus: 'In all this Diſtreſs the Mother 'ſupports her Spirits in a ſurprizing Manner. The 'Danger of her Son ſits heavieſt upon her, and 'yet ſhe endeavours as much as poſſible to con-'ceal even this Concern, on her Huſband's Ac-'count. Her Grief, however, ſometimes gets 'the better of all her Endeavours; for ſhe was

'al-

'always extravagantly fond of this Boy, and a 'moſt ſenſible, ſweet tempered Creature it is. 'I proteſt I was never more affected in my Life, 'than when I heard the little Wretch, who is 'hardly yet ſeven Years old, while his Mother 'was wetting him with her Tears, beg her to 'be comforted.—"Indeed, Mamma," cried the 'Child, "I ſhan't die; God Almighty, I'm ſure, "won't take *Tommy* away; let Heaven be ever "ſo fine a Place, I had rather ſtay here and ſtarve "with you and my Papa, than go to it."—— 'Pardon me, Gentlemen, I can't help it.' (ſays ſhe, wiping her Eyes) 'ſuch Senſibility and 'Affection in a Child——And yet, perhaps, he 'is leaſt the Object of Pity; for a Day or two 'will, moſt probably, place him beyond the 'Reach of all human Evils. The Father is in-'deed moſt worthy of Compaſſion. Poor Man, 'his Countenance is the very Picture of Horror, 'and he looks rather like one dead than alive. 'Oh Heavens! what a Scene did I behold at 'my firſt coming into the Room! The good 'Creature was lying behind the Bolſter, ſup-'porting at once both his Child and his Wife. 'He had nothing on but a thin Waiſtcoat; for 'his Coat was ſpread over the Bed, to ſupply 'the Want of Blankets.——When he roſe up, 'at my Entrance, I ſcarce knew him. As come-'ly a Man, Mr. *Jones*, within this Fortnight, 'as you ever beheld; Mr. *Nightingale* hath ſeen 'him. His Eyes ſunk, his Face pale, with a 'long Beard. His Body ſhivering with Cold, 'and worn with Hunger too; for my Couſin 'ſays, ſhe can hardly prevail upon him to eat. '—He told me himſelf in a Whiſper—he told 'me—I can't repeat it—he ſaid, he could not

'bear

'bear to eat the Bread his Children wanted. 'And yet, can you believe it, Gentlemen? in 'all this Misery, his Wife has as good Cawdle 'as if she lay-in in the Midst of the greatest Af-'fluence; I tasted it, and I scarce ever tasted 'better.——The Means of procuring her this, 'he said, he believed was sent him by an Angel 'from Heaven; I know not what he meant; 'for I had not Spirits enough to ask a single 'Question.

'This was a Love-Match, as they call it, on both 'Sides; that is, a Match between two Beggars. I 'must indeed say I never saw a fonder Couple; but 'what is their Fondness good for, but to torment 'each other?' 'Indeed, Mamma,' cries *Nancy*, 'I 'have always looked on my Cousin *Anderson*' (for that was her Name) 'as one of the happiest of 'women. 'I am sure,' says Mrs. *Miller*, 'the 'Case at present is much otherwise; for any one 'might have discerned that the tender Considera-'tion of each other's Sufferings, makes the most 'intolerable Part of their Calamity, both to the 'Husband and the Wife. Compared to which, 'Hunger and Cold, as they affect their own Per-'sons only, are scarce Evils. Nay, the very 'Children, the youngest, which is not two Years 'old, excepted, feel in the same Manner; for 'they are a most loving Family; and if they had 'but a bare Competency, would be the happiest 'People in the World.' I never saw the least 'Sign of Misery at her House,' replied *Nancy*; 'I am sure my Heart bleeds for what you now tell 'me.'—'O Child,' answered the Mother, 'she 'hath always endeavoured to make the best of 'every Thing. They have always been in great 'Distress; but, indeed, this absolute Ruin hath

'been

'been brought upon them by others. The poor 'Man was Bail for the Villain his Brother; and 'about a Week ago, the very Day before her 'Lying-in, their Goods were all carried away, 'and ſold by an Execution. He ſent a Letter to 'me of it by one of the Bailiffs, which the Vil-'lain never delivered.——What muſt he think 'of my ſuffering a Week to paſs before he heard 'of me?'

It was not with dry Eyes that *Jones* heard this Narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. *Miller* apart with him into another Room, and delivering her his Purſe, in which was the Sum of 50*l.* deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor People. The Look which Mrs. *Miller* gave *Jones* on this Occaſion, is not eaſy to be deſcribed. She burſt into a Kind of Agony of Tranſport, and cried out,——'Good 'Heavens! is there ſuch a Man in the World?'—But recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed I know 'one ſuch; but can there be another?' 'I hope, 'Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'there are many who have 'common Humanity: For to relieve ſuch Diſ-'treſſes in our Fellow-Creatures, can hardly be 'called more.' Mrs. *Miller* then took ten Guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, 'She would find ſome 'Means of conveying them early the next Morn-'ing;' adding, 'that ſhe had herſelf done ſome 'little Matter for the poor People, and had not 'left them in quite ſo much Miſery as ſhe found 'them.'

They then returned to the Parlour, where *Nightingale* expreſſed much Concern at the dreadful Situation of thoſe Wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had ſeen them more than once

at Mrs. *Miller*'s. He inveighed againſt the Folly of making one's ſelf liable for the Debts of others; vented many bitter Execrations againſt the Brother; and concluded with wiſhing ſomething could be done for the unfortunate Family. 'Suppoſe, 'Madam, ſaid he, 'you ſhould recommend them 'to Mr. *Allworthy*? Or what think you of a Col-'lection? I will give him a Guinea with all my 'Heart.'

Mrs. *Miller* made no Anſwer; and *Nancy*, to whom her Mother had whiſpered the Generoſity of *Jones*, turned pale upon the Occaſion; though if either of them was angry with *Nightingale*, it was ſurely without Reaſon. For the Liberality of *Jones*, if he had known it, was not an Example which he had any Obligation to follow; and there are Thouſands who would not have contributed a ſingle Halfpenny, as indeed he did not in Effect, for he made no Tender of any Thing; and therefore as the others thought proper to make no Demand, he kept his Money in his Pocket.

I have in Truth obſerved, and ſhall never have a better Opportunity than at preſent to communicate my Obſervation, that the World are in general divided into two Opinions concerning Charity, which are the very Reverſe of each other. One Party ſeems to hold, that all Acts of this Kind are to be eſteemed as voluntary Gifts, and however little you give (if indeed no more than your good Wiſhes) you acquire a great Degree of Merit in ſo doing.—Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly perſuaded, that Beneficence is a poſitive Duty, and that whenever the Rich fall greatly ſhort of their Ability in relieving the Diſtreſſes of the Poor, their pitiful Largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only per-

performed their Duty by Halves, and are in ſome Senſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different Opinions is not in my Power. I ſhall only add, that the Givers are generally of the former Sentiment, and the Receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of Matters of a very different Kind from thoſe in the preceding Chapter.

IN the Evening *Jones* met his Lady again, and a long Converſation again enſued between them; but as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary Occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning Particulars, which we deſpair of rendering agreeable to the Reader; unleſs he is one whoſe Devotion to the Fair Sex, like that of the Papiſts to their Saints, wants to be raiſed by the Help of Pictures. But I am ſo far from deſiring to exhibit ſuch Pictures to the Public, that I would wiſh to draw a Curtain over thoſe that have been lately ſet forth in certain *French* Novels; very bungling Copies of which have been preſented us here, under the Name of Tranſlations.

Jones grew ſtill more and more impatient to ſee *Sophia*; and finding, after repeated Interviews with Lady *Bellaſton*, no Likelihood of obtaining this by her Means; (for, on the contrary, the Lady began to treat even the Mention of the Name of *Sophia* with Reſentment;) he reſolved to try ſome other Method. He made no Doubt but that Lady *Bellaſton* knew where his Angel

war, ſo he thought it moſt likely, that ſome of her Servants ſhould be acquainted with the ſame Secret. *Partridge* therefore was employed to get acquainted with thoſe Servants, in order to fiſh this Secret out of them.

Few Situations can be imagined more uneaſy than that to which his poor Maſter was at preſent reduced; for beſides the Difficulties he met with in diſcovering *Sophia*, beſides the Fears he had of having diſobliged her, and the Aſſurances he had received from Lady *Bellaſton* of the Reſolution which *Sophia* had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient Reaſon to believe might be true: he had ſtill a Difficulty to combat, which it was not in the Power of his Miſtreſs to remove, however kind her Inclination might have been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her Father's Eſtate, the almoſt inevitable Conſequence of their coming together without a Conſent, which he had no Hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many Obligations which Lady *Bellaſton*, whoſe violent Fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her Means he was now become one of the beſt dreſſed Men about Town; and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous Diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a State of Affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many Gentlemen who very well reconcile it to their Conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole Fortune of a Woman, without making her any Kind of Return; yet to a Mind, the Proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hanged, nothing is, I believe, more

irkſome

irkſome than to ſupport Love with Gratitude only; eſpecially when Inclination pulls the Heart a contrary Way. Such was the unhappy Caſe of *Jones*; for tho' the virtuous Love he bore to *Sophia*, and which left very little Affection for any other Woman, had been entirely out of the Queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate Return to the generous Paſſion of this Lady, who had indeed been once an Object of Deſire; but was now entered at leaſt into the Autumn of Life; though ſhe wore all the Gaiety of Youth both in her Dreſs and Manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the Roſes in her Cheeks; but theſe, like Flowers forced out of Seaſon by Art, had none of that lively blooming Freſhneſs with which Nature, at the proper Time, bedecks her own Productions. She had beſides, a certain Imperfection, which renders ſome Flowers, though very beautiful to the Eye, very improper to be placed in a Wilderneſs of Sweets, and what above all others is moſt diſagreeable to the Breath of Love.

Though *Jones* ſaw all theſe Diſcouragements on the one Side, he felt his Obligations full as ſtrongly on the other; nor did he leſs plainly diſcern the ardent Paſſion whence thoſe Obligations proceeded, the extreme Violence of which if he failed to equal, he well knew the Lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worſe, he would have thought himſelf ſo. He knew the tacit Conſideration upon which all her Favours were conferred; and as his Neceſſity obliged him to accept them, ſo his Honour, he concluded, forced him to pay the Price. This therefore he reſolved to do, whatever Miſery it coſt him, and to devote himſelf to her, from that great Principle of

Juſtice, by which the Laws of ſome Countries oblige a Debtor, who is no otherwiſe capable of diſcharging his Debt, to become the Slave of his Creditor.

While he was meditating on theſe Matters, he received the following Note from the Lady:

'A very fooliſh, but a very perverſe Accident 'hath happened ſince our laſt Meeting, which 'makes it improper I ſhould ſee you any more at 'the uſual Place. I will, if poſſible, contrive 'ſome other Place by To-morrow. In the mean 'Time, adieu.'

This Diſappointment, perhaps, the Reader may conclude, was not very great; but if it was, he was quickly relieved; for in leſs than an Hour afterwards another Note was brought him from the ſame Hand, which contained as follows:

'I have altered my Mind ſince I wrote, a 'Change, which, if you are no Stranger to the 'tendereſt of all Paſſions, you will not wonder at. 'I am now reſolved to ſee you this Evening, at 'my own Houſe, whatever may be the Conſe-'quence. Come to me exactly at ſeven; I dine 'abroad, but will be at home by that Time. A 'Day, I find, to thoſe that ſincerely love, ſeems 'longer than I imagined.

'If you ſhould accidentally be a few Moments 'before me, bid them ſhew you into the Drawing-'Room.'

To confeſs the Truth, *Jones* was leſs pleaſed with this laſt Epiſtle, than he had been with the former, as he was prevented by it from complying with the earneſt Entreaties of Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted much Intimacy and Friendſhip. Theſe Entreaties were to go with that young Gentleman and his Company

to

to a new Play, which was to be acted that Evening, and which a very large Party had agreed to damn, from ſome Diſlike they had taken to the Author, who was a Friend to one of Mr. *Nightingale*'s Acquaintance. And this Sort of Fun our Hero, we are aſhamed to confeſs, would willingly have preferred to the above kind Appointment; but his Honour got the better of his Inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended Interview with the Lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding Notes, as the Reader may poſſibly be not a little ſurprized at the Imprudence of Lady *Bellaſton*, in bringing her Lover to the very Houſe where her Rival was lodged.

Firſt then, the Miſtreſs of the Houſe where theſe Lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for ſome Years a Penſioner to that Lady was now become a Methodiſt, and had that very Morning waited upon her Ladyſhip, and after rebuking her very ſeverely for her paſt Life, had poſitively declared that ſhe would, on no Account, be inſtrumental in carrying on any of her Affairs for the future.

The Hurry of Spirits into which this Accident threw the Lady, made her deſpair of poſſibly finding any other Convenience to meet *Jones* that Evening; but as ſhe began a little to recover from her Uneaſineſs at the Diſappointment, ſhe ſet her Thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her Head to propoſe to *Sophia* to go to the Play, which was immediately conſented to, and a proper Lady provided for her Companion. Mrs. *Honour* was likewiſe diſpatched with Mrs. *Etoff* on the ſame Errand of Pleaſure; and thus her own Houſe was left free for the ſafe Reception of Mr.

Jones, with whom ſhe promiſed herſelf two or three Hours of uninterrupted Converſation, after her Return from the Place where ſhe dined, which was at a Friend's Houſe in a pretty diſtant Part of the Town, near her old Place of Aſſignation, where ſhe had engaged herſelf before ſhe was well apprized of the Revolution that had happened in the Mind and Morals of her late Confidante.

CHAP. X.

A Chapter which, though ſhort, may draw Tears from ſome Eyes.

MR. *Jones* was juſt dreſſed to wait on Lady *Bellaſton*, when Mrs. *Miller* rapped at his Door, and being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his Company below Stairs to drink Tea in the Parlour.

Upon his Entrance into the Room, ſhe preſently introduced a Perſon to him, ſaying, 'This, Sir, is 'my Couſin, who hath been ſo greatly beholden 'to your Goodneſs, for which he begs to return 'you his ſincereſt Thanks.'

The Man had ſcarce entered upon that Speech, which Mrs. *Miller* had ſo kindly prefaced, when both *Jones* and he looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhowed at once the utmoſt Tokens of Surprize. The Voice of the latter began inſtantly to faulter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his Speech, he ſunk down into a Chair, crying, 'It is ſo, I am con-'vinced it is ſo!'

'Bleſs me, what's the Meaning of this,' cries Mrs. *Miller*, 'you are not ill, I hope, Couſin? 'Some Water, a Dram this Inſtant.'

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'I have 'almoſt as much Need of a Dram as your Cou-

'ſin.

'ſin. We are equally ſurprized at this unex-
'pected Meeting. Your Couſin is an Acquaint-
'ance of mine, Mrs. *Miller*.

'An Acquaintance!' cries the Man.——'Oh
'Heaven!'

'Ay, an Acquaintance,' repeated *Jones*, 'and
'an honoured Acquaintance too. When I do
'not love and honour the Man who dares ven-
'ture every Thing to preſerve his Wife and Chil-
'dren from inſtant Deſtruction, may I have a
'Friend capable of diſowning me in Adverſity.'

'O you are an excellent young Man,' cries
Mrs. *Miller*;—'yes, indeed, poor Creature! he
'hath ventured every Thing—If he had not had
'one of the beſt of Conſtitutions, it muſt have
'killed him.'

'Couſin,' cries the Man, who had now pretty
well recovered himſelf; 'this is the Angel from
'Heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom
'before I ſaw you, I owed the Preſervation of
'my *Peggy*. He it was to whoſe Generoſity
'every Comfort, every Support which I have
'procured for her, was owing. He is indeed the
'worthieſt, braveſt, nobleſt of all human Beings.
'O Couſin, I have Obligations to this Gentleman
'of ſuch a Nature!'

'Mention nothing of Obligations,' cries
Jones eagerly; 'not a Word, I inſiſt upon it,
'not a Word.' (Meaning, I ſuppoſe, that he
would not have him betray the Affair of the
Robbery to any Perſon)—'If by the Trifle you
'have received from me, I have preſerved a whole
'Family, ſure Pleaſure was never bought ſo
'cheap.'

'O, Sir,' cries the Man, 'I wiſh you could
'this Inſtant ſee my Houſe. If any Perſon had

'ever a Right to the Pleaſure you mention, I 'am convinced it is yourſelf. My Couſin tells 'me, ſhe acquainted you with the Diſtreſs in 'which ſhe found us. That, Sir, is all greatly 'removed, and chiefly by your Goodneſs.—My 'Children have now a Bed to lie on,———and 'they have———they have———eternal Bleſ-'ſings reward you for it———they have Bread to 'eat. My little Boy is recovered; my Wife is 'out of Danger, and I am happy. All, all owing 'to you, Sir, and to my Couſin here, one of the 'beſt of Women. Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſee you 'at my Houſe.—Indeed my Wife muſt ſee you, 'and thank you. My Children too muſt expreſs 'their Gratitude.———Indeed, Sir, they are not 'without a Senſe of their Obligation; but what 'is my Feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, 'that they are now capable of expreſſing their 'Gratitude.——Oh, Sir! the little Hearts which 'you have warmed had now been cold as Ice 'without your Aſſiſtance.—

Here *Jones* attempted to prevent the poor Man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own Heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his Words. And now Mrs. *Miller* likewiſe began to pour forth Thankſgivings, as well in her own Name, as in that of her Couſin, and concluded with ſaying, ſhe doubted not but ſuch Goodneſs would meet a glorious Reward.

Jones anſwered, 'He had been ſufficiently re-'warded already. Your Couſin's Account, Ma-'dam, ſaith he, hath given me a Senſation more 'pleaſing than I have ever known. He muſt be 'a Wretch who is unmoved at hearing ſuch a 'Story; how tranſporting then muſt be the 'Thought of having happily acted a Part in this 'Scene!

'Scene! If there are Men who cannot feel the 'Delight of giving Happineſs to others, I ſin-'cerely pity them, as they are incapable of taſting 'what is, in my Opinion, a greater Honour, a 'higher Intereſt, and a ſweeter Pleaſure, than the 'ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous Man 'can ever obtain.'

The Hour of Appointment being now come, *Jones* was forced to take a haſty Leave, but not before he had heartily ſhaken his Friend by the Hand, and deſired to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible; promiſing that he would himſelf take the firſt Opportunity of viſiting him at his own Houſe. He then ſtept into his Chair, and proceeded to Lady *Bellaſton*'s, greatly exulting in the Happineſs which he had procured to this poor Family; nor could he forbear reflecting without Horror on the dreadful Conſequences which muſt have attended them, had he liſtened rather to the Voice of ſtrict Juſtice than that of Mercy, when he was attacked on the high Road.

Mrs. *Miller* ſung forth the Praiſes of *Jones* during the whole Evening, in which Mr. *Henderſon*, while he ſtayed, ſo paſſionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very Point of mentioning the Circumſtances of the Robbery. However, he luckily recollected himſelf, and avoided an Indiſcretion, which would have been ſo much the greater, as he knew Mrs. *Miller* to be extremely ſtrict and nice in her Principles. He was likewiſe well apprized of the Loquacity of this Lady; and yet ſuch was his Gratitude, that it had almoſt got the better both of Diſcretion and Shame, and made him publiſh that which would had defamed his own Character, rather than

omit any Circumſtances which might do the fulleſt Honour to his Benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

In which the Reader will be ſurprized.

MR. *Jones* was rather earlier than the Time appointed, and earlier than the Lady, whoſe Arrival was hindered not only by the Diſtance of the Place where ſhe dined, but by ſome other croſs Accidents, very vexatious to one in her Situation of Mind. He was accordingly ſhewn into the Drawing-Room, where he had not been many Minutes before the Door opened, and in came——no other than *Sophia* herſelf, who had left the Play before the End of the firſt Act; for this, as we have already ſaid, being a new Play, at which two large Parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent Uproar, and an Engagement between the two Parties had ſo terrified our Heroine, that ſhe was glad to put herſelf under the Protection of a young Gentleman, who ſafely conveyed her to her Chair.

As Lady *Bellaſton* had acquainted her that ſhe ſhould not be at Home till late, *Sophia* expecting to find no one in the Room, came haſtily in, and went directly to a Glaſs which almoſt fronted her, without once looking towards the upper End of the Room, where the Statue of *Jones* now ſtood motionleſs.——In this Glaſs it was, after contemplating her own lovely Face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid Statue; when inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the Reality of the Viſion, upon which ſhe gave a violent Scream,

and

and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting, till *Jones* was able to move to her and ſupport her in his Arms.

To paint the Looks or Thoughts of either of theſe Lovers is beyond my Power. As their Senſations, from their mutual Silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own Utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed, that I ſhould be able to expreſs them; and the Misfortune is, that few of my Readers have been enough in Love, to feel by their own Hearts what paſſed at this Time in theirs.

After a ſhort Pauſe, *Jones*, with faultering Accents, ſaid,——'I ſee, Madam, you are ſur-'prized.'——'Surprized!' anſwered ſhe; 'Oh 'Heavens! Indeed, I am ſurprized. I almoſt 'doubt whether you are the Perſon you ſeem.' 'Indeed,' cries he, 'my *Sophia*, pardon me, 'Madam, for this once calling you ſo, I am that 'very wretched *Jones*, whom Fortune, after ſo 'many Diſappointments, hath, at laſt, kindly 'conducted to you. Oh! my *Sophia*, did you 'know the Thouſand Torments I have ſuffered 'in this long, fruitleſs Purſuit'———'Pur-'ſuit of whom?' ſaid *Sophia*, a little recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved Air.——'Can 'you be ſo cruel to aſk that Queſtion?' cries *Jones*. Need I ſay of you?' 'Of me?' anſwered *Sophia*: 'Hath Mr. *Jones* then any ſuch 'important Buſineſs with me?' 'To ſome, 'Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'this might ſeem an 'important Buſineſs,' (giving her the Pocket-Book.) 'I hope, Madam, you will find it of 'the ſame Value as when it was loſt.' *Sophia* took the Pocket-Book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her, thus;——'Let us not, 'I beſeech you, loſe one of theſe precious Mo-'ments which Fortune hath ſo kindly ſent us—

'O my

'O my *Sophia*, I have Buſineſs of a much ſupe-
'rior Kind.——Thus, on my Knees, let me
'aſk your Pardon.'——'My Pardon?' cries ſhe:
——'Sure, Sir, after what is paſt, you cannot
'expect, after what I have heard'——'I ſcarce
'know what I ſay, anſwered *Jones*. 'By Hea-
'vens! I ſcarce wiſh you ſhould pardon me. O
'my *Sophia*, henceforth never caſt away a
'Thought on ſuch a Wretch as I am. If any
'Remembrance of me ſhould ever intrude to give
'a Moment's Uneaſineſs to that tender Boſom,
'think of my Unworthineſs; and let the Remem-
'brance of what paſſed at *Upton* blot me for ever
'from your Mind.'——

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her Face was whiter than Snow, and her Heart was throbbing through her Stays. But at the mentioning of *Upton*, a Bluſh aroſe in her Cheeks, and her Eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon *Jones* with a Glance of Diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent Reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my *Sophia*, my only Love, you cannot
'hate or deſpiſe me more for what happened
'there, than I do myſelf: But yet do me the
'Juſtice to think, that my *Heart* was never un-
'faithful to you. *That* had no Share in the Folly
'I was guilty of; it was even then unalterably
'yours. Though I deſpaired of poſſeſſing you,
'nay, almoſt of ever ſeeing you more, I doated
'ſtill on your charming Idea, and could *ſeriouſly*
'love no other Woman. But if my Heart had
'not been engaged, ſhe, into whoſe Company I
'accidentally fell at that curſed Place, was not
'an Object of ſerious Love. Believe me, my
'Angel, I never have ſeen her from that Day to
'this; and never intend, or deſire, to ſee her
'again.' *Sophia*, in her Heart, was very glad

to

to hear this; but forcing into her Face an Air of more Coldneſs than ſhe had yet aſſumed; 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. *Jones*, do you take the Trouble 'to make a Defence, where you are not accuſed? 'If I thought it worth while to accuſe you, I 'have a Charge of an unpardonable Nature in-'deed.' 'What is it, for Heaven's Sake?' anſwered *Jones*, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his Amour with Lady *Bellaſton*. 'Oh,' ſaid ſhe, 'How is it poſſible! Can every Thing 'noble, and every Thing baſe, be lodged toge-'ther in the ſame Boſom?' Lady Bellaſton, and the ignominious Circumſtances of having been *kept*, roſe again in his Mind, and ſtopt his Mouth from any Reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded *Sophia*, 'ſuch Treatment from you? 'Nay, from any Gentleman, from any Man of 'Honour? To have my Name traduced in Pub-'lic; in Inns, among the meaneſt Vulgar! To 'have any little Favours that my unguarded Heart 'may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, 'boaſted of there! Nay, even to hear that you 'had been forced to fly from my Love!'

Nothing could equal *Jones*'s Surprize at theſe Words of *Sophia*; but yet, not being guilty, he was much leſs embarraſſed how to defend himſelf, than if ſhe had touched that tender String, at which his Conſcience had been alarmed. By ſome Examination he preſently found, that her ſuppoſing him guilty of ſo ſhocking an Outrage againſt his Love, and her Reputation, was entirely owing to *Partridge*'s Talk at the Inns, before Landlords and Servants; for *Sophia* confeſſed to him, it was from them that ſhe received her Intelligence. He had no very great Difficulty to make her believe that he was entirely innocent

of

of an Offence ſo foreign to his Character; but ſhe had a great deal to hinder him from going inſtantly home, and putting *Partridge* to Death, which he more than once ſwore he would do. This Point being cleared up, they ſoon found themſelves ſo well pleaſed with each other, that *Jones* quite forgot he had begun the Converſation with conjuring her to give up all Thoughts of him; and ſhe was in a Temper to have given Ear to a Petition of a very different Nature: For before they were aware, they had both gone ſo far, that he let fall ſome Words that ſounded like a Propoſal of Marriage. To which ſhe replied, 'That, did not her Duty to her Father forbid 'her to follow her own Inclinations, Ruin with 'him would be more welcome to her, than the 'moſt affluent Fortune with another Man.' At the Mention of the Word Ruin he ſtarted, let drop her Hand, which he had held for ſome Time, and ſtriking his Breaſt with his own, cried out, 'Oh, *Sophia*, can I then ruin thee? No; by 'Heavens, no! I never will act ſo baſe a Part. 'Deareſt *Sophia*, whatever it coſts me, I will re-'nounce you; I will give you up: I will tear 'all ſuch Hopes from my Heart, as are incon-'ſiſtent with your real Good. My Love I will 'ever retain, but it ſhall be in Silence; it ſhall 'be at a Diſtance from you; it ſhall be in ſome 'foreign Land; from whence no Voice, no Sigh 'of my Deſpair, ſhall ever reach and diſturb 'your Ears. And when I am dead'—He would have gone on, but was ſtopt by a Flood of Tears which *Sophia* let fall in his Boſom, upon which ſhe leaned, without being able to ſpeak one Word. He kiſſed them off, which, for ſome Moments, ſhe allowed him to do without any Reſiſtance; but

but then recollecting herſelf, gently withdrew out of his Arms; and, to turn the Diſcourſe from a Subject too tender, and which ſhe found ſhe could not ſupport, bethought herſelf to aſk him a Queſtion ſhe never had Time to put to him before, 'How he came into that Room?' He begun to ſtammer, and would, in all Probability, have raiſed her Suſpicions by the Anſwer he was going to give, when, at once, the Door opened, and in came Lady *Bellaſton*.

Having advanced a few Steps, and ſeeing *Jones* and *Sophia* together, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt; when after a Pauſe of a few Moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable Preſence of Mind, ſhe ſaid,—tho' with ſufficient Indications of Surprize both in Voice and Countenance——'I thought, Miſs '*Weſtern*, you had been at the Play?'

Though *Sophia* had no Opportunity of learning of *Jones* by what Means he had diſcovered her, yet as ſhe had not the leaſt Suſpicion of the real Truth, or that *Jones* and Lady *Bellaſton* were acquainted, ſo ſhe was very little confounded: And the leſs, as the Lady had, in all their Converſations on the Subject, entirely taken her Side againſt her Father. With very little Heſitation, therefore, ſhe went through the whole Story of what had happened at the Playhouſe, and the Cauſe of her haſty Return.

The Length of this Narrative gave Lady *Bellaſton* an Opportunity of rallying her Spirits, and of conſidering in what Manner to act. And as the Behaviour of *Sophia* gave her Hopes that *Jones* had not betrayed her, ſhe put on an Air of Good-Humour, and ſaid, 'I ſhould not have broke in ſo 'abruptly upon you, Miſs *Weſtern*, if I had 'known you had Company.'

Lady

Lady *Bellaſton* fixed her Eyes on *Sophia* whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe Words. To which that poor young Lady, having her Face overſpread with Bluſhes and Confuſion, anſwered, in a ſtammering Voice, 'I am ſure, Madam, I ſhall always 'think the Honour of your Ladyſhip's Company ——' 'I hope, at leaſt, cries Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I interrupt no Buſineſs.'——'No, Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'our Buſineſs was at an End. 'Your Ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, I 'have often mentioned the Loſs of my Pocket-'Book, which this Gentleman having very luckily 'found, was ſo kind to return it to me with the 'Bill in it.'

Jones, ever ſince the Arrival of Lady *Bellaſton*, had been ready to ſink with Fear. He ſat kicking his Heels, playing with his Fingers, and looking more like a Fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby Squire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite Aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a Hint from the Behaviour of Lady *Bellaſton*, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any Acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the Stranger on his Part. He ſaid, 'Ever ſince he had the Pocket-'Book in his Poſſeſſion, he had uſed great Dili-'gence in enquiring out the Lady whoſe Name 'was writ in it; but never till that Day could be 'ſo fortunate to diſcover her.'

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the Loſs of her Pocket-Book to Lady *Bellaſton*; but as *Jones*, for ſome Reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his Poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one Syllable of what *Sophia* now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the extreme Quickneſs of the young

young Lady, in inventing ſuch an Excuſe. The Reaſon of *Sophia*'s leaving the Playhouſe met with no better Credit; and though ſhe could not account for the Meeting between theſe two Lovers, ſhe was firmly perſuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected Smile, therefore, ſhe ſaid—— 'Indeed, Miſs *Weſtern*, you have had very good 'Luck in recovering your Money. Not only 'as it fell into the Hands of a Gentleman of Ho'nour, but as he happened to diſcover to whom it 'belonged. I think you would not conſent to 'have it advertiſed——It was great good For'tune, Sir, that you found out to whom the Note 'belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries *Jones*, 'it was incloſed in 'a Pocket-Book, in which the young Lady's 'Name was written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the Lady;—'and it was no leſs ſo, that you heard 'Miſs *Weſtern* was at my Houſe; for ſhe is very 'little known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his Spirits; and as he conceived he had now an Opportunity of ſatisfying *Sophia*, as to the Queſtion ſhe had aſked him juſt before Lady *Bellaſton* came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, 'Madam,' anſwered he, 'it was by the luckieſt Chance ima'ginable I made this Diſcovery. I was mention'ing what I had found, and the Name of the 'Owner, the other Night, to a Lady at the 'Maſquerade, who told me, ſhe believed ſhe 'knew where I might ſee Miſs *Weſtern*; and if I 'would come to her Houſe the next Morning, 'ſhe would inform me. I went according to 'her Appointment, but ſhe was not at home;

'nor

'nor could I ever meet with her till this Morn-
'ing, when ſhe directed me to your Ladyſhip's
'Houſe. I came accordingly, and did myſelf the
'Honour to aſk for your Ladyſhip; and upon my
'ſaying that I had very particular Buſineſs, a Ser-
'vant ſhewed me into this Room; where I had
'not been long before the young Lady returned
'from the Play.'

Upon his mentioning the Maſquerade, he looked very ſlyly at Lady *Bellaſton*, without any Fear of being remarked by *Sophia*; for ſhe was viſibly too much confounded to make any Obſervations. This Hint a little alarmed the Lady, and ſhe was ſilent; when *Jones*, who ſaw the Agitations of *Sophia*'s Mind, reſolved to take the only Method of relieving her, which was by retiring: But before he did this, he ſaid, 'I believe,
'Madam, it is cuſtomary to give ſome Reward
'on theſe Occaſions;—I muſt inſiſt on a very
'high one for my Honeſty;—it is, Madam, no
'leſs than the Honour of being permitted to pay
'another Viſit here.'

'Sir,' replied the Lady, 'I make no Doubt
'that you are a Gentleman, and my Doors are
'never ſhut to People of Faſhion.'

Jones then, after proper Ceremonials, departed, highly to his own Satisfaction, and no leſs to that of *Sophia*; who was terribly alarmed leſt Lady *Bellaſton* ſhould diſcover what ſhe knew already but too well.

Upon the Stairs *Jones* met his old Acquaintance Mrs. *Honour*, who, notwithſtanding all ſhe had ſaid againſt him, was now ſo well-bred to behave with great Civility. This Meeting proved indeed a lucky Circumſtance, as he communicated

cated to her the Houſe where he lodged, with which *Sophia* was unacquainted.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Thirteenth Book is concluded.

THE elegant Lord *Shaftſbury* ſomewhere objects to telling too much Truth: By which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome Caſes, to lie, is not only excuſable but commendable.

And ſurely there are no Perſons who may ſo properly challenge a Right to this commendable Deviation from Truth, as young Women in the Affair of Love; for which they may plead Precept, Education, and, above all, the Sanction, nay, I may ſay, the Neceſſity of Cuſtom, by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt Impulſes of Nature (for that would be a fooliſh Prohibition) but from owning them.

We are not therefore aſhamed to ſay, that our Heroine now purſued the Dictates of the abovementioned Right Honourable Philoſopher. As ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied then, that Lady *Bellaſton* was ignorant of the Perſon of *Jones*, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that Ignorance, though at the Expence of a little Fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before Lady *Bellaſton* cry'd, 'Upon my Word, a good pretty 'young Fellow; I wonder who he is: For I 'don't remember ever to have ſeen his Face be'fore.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries *Sophia*; 'I muſt 'ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to 'my Note.'

'Yes;

'Yes; and he is a very handſome Fellow,' ſaid the Lady; 'don't you think ſo?'

'I did not take much Notice of him,' anſwered *Sophia*; 'but I thought he ſeemed rather aukward 'and ungenteel than otherwiſe.'

'You are extremely right,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*: 'You may ſee, by his Manner, that he hath 'not kept good Company. Nay, notwithſtanding 'his returning your Note, and refuſing the Re-'ward, I almoſt queſtion whether he is a Gentle-'man.——I have always obſerved there is a Some-'thing in Perſons well-born, which others can 'never acquire——I think I will give Orders not 'to be at home to him.'

'Nay ſure, Madam,' anſwered *Sophia*, 'one 'can't ſuſpect after what he hath done:——Be-'ſides, if your Ladyſhip obſerved him, there was 'an Elegance in his Diſcourſe, a Delicacy, a 'Prettineſs of Expreſſion that, that—'

'I confeſs,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'the Fellow 'hath Words—— And indeed, *Sophia*, you muſt 'forgive me, indeed you muſt.'

'I forgive your Ladyſhip!' ſaid *Sophia*.

'Yes indeed you muſt, anſwered ſhe laughing; 'for I had a horrible Suſpicion when I firſt came 'into the Room—I vow you muſt forgive it; but 'I ſuſpected it was Mr. *Jones* himſelf.'

'Did your Ladyſhip indeed?' cries *Sophia*, bluſhing, and affecting a Laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' anſwered ſhe; 'I can't 'imagine what put it into my Head: For, give the 'Fellow his Due, he was genteely dreſt; which, 'I think, dear *Sophy*, is not commonly the Caſe 'with your Friend.'

This

'This Raillery,' cries *Sophia*, 'is a little cruel, 'Lady *Bellaſton*, after my Promiſe to your Lady-'ſhip.'

'Not at all, Child,' ſaid the Lady:—'It would 'have been cruel before; but after you have pro-'miſed me never to marry without your Father's 'Conſent, in which you know is implied your 'giving up *Jones*, ſure you can bear a little Rail-'lery on a Paſſion which was pardonable enough 'in a young Girl in the Country, and of which 'you tell me you have ſo entirely got the better. 'What muſt I think, my dear *Sophy*, if you can-'not bear a little Ridicule even on his Dreſs? I 'ſhall begin to fear you are very far gone indeed; 'and almoſt queſtion whether you have dealt in-'genuouſly with me.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries *Sophia*, 'your Lady-'ſhip miſtakes me, if you imagine I had any 'Concern on his Account.'

'On his Account?' anſwered the Lady: 'You 'muſt have miſtaken me; I went no farther than 'his Dreſs;—for I would not injure your Taſte 'by any other Compariſon—I don't imagine, my 'dear *Sophy*, if your Mr. *Jones* had been ſuch a 'Fellow as this—'

'I thought,' ſays *Sophia*, 'your Ladyſhip had 'allowed him to be handſome.'——

'Whom, pray?' cries the Lady haſtily.

'Mr. *Jones*,' anſwered *Sophia*;—and immedi-ately recollecting herſelf, 'Mr. *Jones!*——no, 'no; I aſk your Pardon;—I mean the Gentle-'man who was juſt now here.'

'O *Sophy! Sophy!*' cries the Lady; 'this 'Mr. *Jones*, I am afraid, ſtill runs in your 'Head.'

'Then

'Then upon my Honour, Madam,' ſaid *Sophia*, 'Mr. *Jones* is as entirely indifferent to me, 'as the Gentleman who juſt now left us.'

'Upon my Honour,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I 'believe it. Forgive me, therefore, a little inno-'cent Raillery; but I promiſe you I will never 'mention his Name any more.'

And now the two Ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the Delight of *Sophia* than of Lady *Bellaſton*, who would willingly have tormented her Rival a little longer, had not Buſineſs of more Importance called her away. As for *Sophia*, her Mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt Practice of Deceit: Upon which when ſhe retired to her Chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt Uneaſineſs and conſcious Shame. Nor could the peculiar Hardſhip of her Situation, and the Neceſſity of the Caſe, at all reconcile her Mind to her Conduct; for the Frame of her Mind was too delicate to bear the Thought of having been guilty of a Falſehood, however qualified by Circumſtances. Nor did this Thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her Eyes during the whole ſucceding Night.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.